WEEK ENDING FEB. 16, 1929

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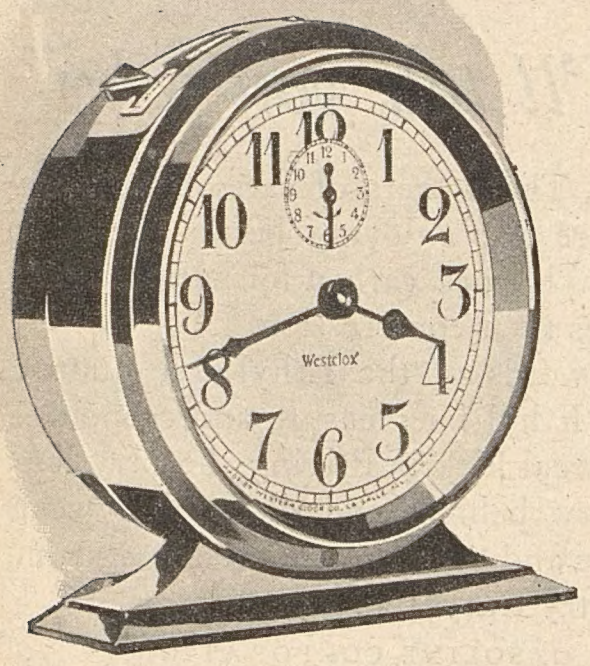

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FEB. 16, 1929

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

VOL. 6 No. 6

Editorial, Executive, and Advertising Offices:
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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong." —*Stephen Decatur.*

MICHIGAN, 1929

Under its habitual criminal law, the state of Michigan has been sending bootleggers to prison for life if they have been convicted of four previous crimes. The previous crimes may be, and in some cases have been, of various kinds. Recently, however, bootleggers have been going to prison for life for no other crime than bootlegging.

Unfortunately Michigan has no capital punishment law. We should like to ask, now that Michigan has bootleggers to deal with, if it wouldn't be a good thing to have one.

It would save the state the expense of feeding and housing its bootlegger prisoners. It would put a considerable check on the sale of liquor in Michigan and show the people of the state what it means not to be able to get any.

This is not likely to come until we see a few executions for bootlegging, either by the electric chair, the lethal gas, or the good old rope.

We believe it would be a good thing to have these executions public, so that as many spectators as possible may see and shudder at the final consequences of bootlegging.

It is true that Michigan's latest victim said wine, beer, and moonshine had been planted in his home by his wife, who wanted to get rid of him.

Well, that is just one of the risks inherent in the industry. If bootlegging were done away with the risks would be done away with too. It is easier to plant a few pints of whisky in your husband's garage than it is to maintain he has committed murder, which is hard to prove.

If a little whisky is all a wife needs to send her husband to prison for life it makes things very simple. Why can't she just as well be permitted to send him to the gallows and be done with it? One less bootlegger in the world is a bootlegger to the good. Of course the man from whom she gets her whisky may go to the gallows too, but that makes it two less bootleggers.

This Michigan law and the way it is operating undoubtedly will rank with future historians as an episode to be linked with the Salem witchcraft tales and other chapters out of the past that seem now at once comic and terrible.

It is a little comic already, in view of Detroit's activities in importing things to drink from across the border. Canadians claim they are actually importing bootleg from Detroit, and since bootleg does not pay the Canadian tax they are angry about it.

It is ironic and may make the residents of Michigan uncomfortable if they think about it, but why need they think about it? Adopting a capital punishment law and putting a good, substantial number of bootleggers to death should be a source of more than enough satisfaction all over the country to make up for any slight injustice in Michigan.

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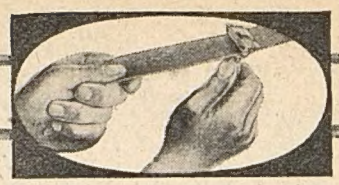

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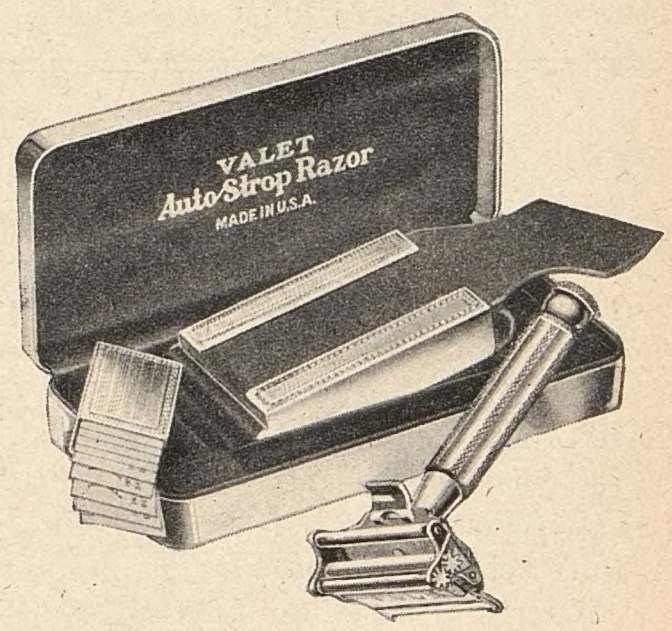

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CRIPPLED GIRL STRANGLED BY HUSBAND ON WEDDING DAY

Pictures by
ARTHUR D. FULLER

A Story Behind the Headlines

By VIÑA DELMAR

BILL'S irritation was expressed in the very way he turned the pages of his newspaper. It was not necessary to make them crackle and rustle so loudly, but he was furious. First of all, he had had a hard day at the office and had counted on a quiet evening at home with bedtime somewhere around 10 o'clock. With this end in view he had undressed after dinner and had thought of lounging about in his bathrobe for the few remaining hours. And Laila Glynn had dropped in.

It had been necessary to fly upstairs again and dress. Kathleen was always decent about things like that. She understood that he was tired and had tried to talk him into either going to bed at once or remaining in his comfortable old bathrobe.

He had dressed. It would be necessary for him to take Laila home.

"You go to bed and read, dear," Kathleen had said. "She won't expect you to get out of bed to take her home."

"No, but she's got a long, dark walk from here, Kathie. I might as well get dressed because I feel that I should take her home."

"But look, Bill, if you're in bed and she sees that she'll have to go home alone, she'll leave early enough for it to be safe. Whereas if you're there you'll have to wait till all hours for her to go."

Kathie had been right. It was now a quarter to 12 and Laila was still talking busily and showed no signs of getting ready to depart. Bill was sleepy and peevish. He rattled his newspaper and sent a dark glance in Laila's direction.

Kathleen met his glance and smiled sympathetically. She was looking rather weary herself. It had been the maid's day off and Kathie had had little Billy all day to amuse and the house to clean and dinner to prepare. No wonder Laila could be bright and wide awake at midnight. She'd spent the day reading one of the new novels. Kathie was decent, though.

She was still listening interestedly to Laila's chatter and contributing comments and smiles where comments or smiles were expected.

She made Bill feel ashamed of his actions. He folded up his newspaper and tried to look deeply intrigued by Laila's account of what the shoe salesman had said about her insteps.

Well, maybe she wasn't just letting her imagination run away with her. She did have well shaped feet. Bill sat there surveying her idly. She was graceful. A nice form, slim, white hands. She certainly had gorgeous hair. It was a dark warm red and naturally wavy. Her eyes were gray and keen. A darn good-looking girl, he supposed. Of course he was in no position to judge her fairly because Kathleen was sitting right beside Laila

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[DAILY TABLOID
Continued from page seven]

and to him every woman in the world looked like nothing beside Kathie.

Still, Jim Lauder had gone crazy about Laila. And he wasn't the only one. Bill smiled as it occurred to him that the only strong feeling that he had for Laila Glynn had to do with her going home. She could be beautiful or otherwise for all he cared if only she'd go home.

It was twenty minutes to 1 when Laila looked at her watch. A little surprised gasp escaped her as she rushed for her coat and hat. Bill picked up his hat, too.

"Now, you needn't come home with me, Bill. Don't be silly. It's only a few blocks. Kathleen, don't let him be so silly."

Kathie smiled. "No, Bill doesn't mind," she said. "He'd rather you didn't go alone."

It was six blocks to Laila's home through the silent, suburban darkness. She lived in one of the apartment houses down near the station. Bill wondered what he'd talk to her about, but she began the conversation.

"I've a hard day ahead of me tomorrow," she said.

"Yes?" he responded encouragingly.

"I have to buy six yards of transparent velvet for a lady in Divide, Montana, a dressing table set for a Minnesota widow, and a baby's layette for an excited, expectant aunt in Des Moines."

"What's all this?" asked Bill wonderingly.

"My shopping bureau. My business. For heaven's sake, didn't you know I worked for a living? Did you think I had a private income? No such luck. Why, I advertise in small town newspapers, Bill, and in magazines. The lady in Oklahoma shops on Fifth Avenue through the medium of yours truly. My service is given for a nominal fee and everybody is satisfied."

She talked at some length about the shopping bureau and Bill was at liberty to wonder if he wouldn't do just as well by catching the 9:15 train in the morning instead of the 8:20. There wouldn't be much doing before 10 o'clock.

AT the door of Laila's apartment he said good-by to her. She was standing one step above him, smiling curiously down at him. Her orange-colored lips were purple in the street lights. He thought of the petals of a soft purple flower. Enticing perhaps to Jim Lauder. A little too artificial and conscious of their appeal for Bill's tastes.

"Well, now I'm going up to my lonesome little home," she said. "You don't know how much I envy Kathleen. She seems to have everything."

"You'll have a home and a kid in another two years or so."

"Yes, but Kathie has something else, too. She has you, Bill. There aren't many men like you."

"Nor many girls like Kathleen, Laila. I'm nothing, but she's one of the world's fine ladies. Just remember that."

"It's the thing I keep remembering, Bill. I don't know what would happen if I forgot."

She looked at him meaningly and he felt moved to say something that would silence her once and for all.

"I remember it," he said. "That will keep you from falling into difficulties even if you forget."

"I'm sorry, Bill. I deserve a bawling out. Any woman who lets a man see how she feels about him is a fool."

"Good night, Laila." He raised his hat and walked away from her.

Nothing so extraordinary had ever happened to Bill before, but he felt no surprise. Laila was the hysterical, theatrical type. Unusual scenes would be played whereever she felt the urge for one. He was as little touched by her words as he would have been had he read them in a book. He walked home whistling.

Kathleen was in her bedroom undressing. She had reached the stage of the paper curlers. He always got a kick out of seeing Kathie with her head all bristling with little bumps. She looked like a small girl two hours before a Sunday-school picnic.

"'Lo, Topsy."

"'Lo, Uncle Tom."

They both giggled.

"Come on, Bill." Laila took his arm

"Did you look at the baby?" he asked.

"Yep, all covered and sleeping soundly. Gee, I thought Laila would never go home. She certainly likes to talk. What all did she tell you about?"

"About her shopping bureau."

"And you believed her, of course."

"Doesn't she shop?"

"And how! But for herself. She's got no more shopping bureau than a rabbit. That's her pet bit of fiction. Without it I'm afraid there'd be some sad stories told in the neighborhood about little Laila."

"How does she live?"

"On Jim Lauder and on Harry Phillips and I suppose there are minor contributors to the worthy cause."

"Well, for heaven's sakes, Kathleen! You mean that she's—"

"No, I don't think so, dear. I think she's pretty clever. Oh, I don't mean that I think that she's as innocent as an archangel, but I don't think she's actually cheap."

Kathleen walked about the room putting Bill's suit on a hanger, her shoes on trees.

rtable familiarity. "Good night, Kathie."

"I don't care," she said after a minute had passed, "how she lives. That's her own business, Bill. I find her amusing and she isn't gossipy or mean like some of our more reputable neighbors are."

"You're a broad-minded little devil, Kathie."

"Well, I try to be sensible."

"You're perfect, sweetheart."

"That is, *you* think so."

"Other people see it, too."

"Oh, you imagine they do. Everybody isn't in love with me, Bill."

"Well, I don't see why they aren't."

"Hush, don't talk so loud you'll wake Billy and then we'll be in a fine fix."

"I've a good mind to go wake him anyhow just to tell him what a wonderful mother I got him."

"Oh, go to sleep."

"Well, if you insist."

Bill bought a little car. It would be fun, he thought, to drive to work now and then, and a car is handy to have if there's a kid in the family. There can be picnics. Bill had to take instructions in driving. There had not been enough money in his family to allow for a car so he had never become familiar with one. He liked the smart, chubby fellow who called to give him his lessons. It was interesting, too, to learn which was the brake and which was the accelerator.

There came at last the day of days when Bill took his test, passed, and became the proud possessor of a license to drive his car. Kathie was sure that he was a fine driver. She said that she was ready to ride with him, but it would be some time before she'd expose little Billy to any mistakes Bill might make. Bill didn't blame her. This driving wasn't as easy as it looked. A fellow had to keep his mind working every minute.

He'd been driving a month when Laila Glynn called again to visit Kathie. She wore a dull green frock that clung to her lithe figure. She lay back against the pillows on the couch and talked and talked. Bill and Kathie weren't tired tonight. They didn't mind her lengthy call.

"Oh, it's snowing," said Laila suddenly.

"For heaven's sake!" Kathie ran to the window and drew the curtains back. "Bill, you'd better put the car away."

"I'll need it to take Laila home," he said. "We can't walk. That's a mean, slippery snow."

"I have to go now, Bill." Laila consulted her watch. "It's nearly one o'clock. I had a grand evening, Kathie." Laila pulled her hat down over her eyes and bundled her fur coat tightly about her. "Are you going to play bridge Tuesday over at Crystal's house, Kathie?"

"I think so."

"Well, I'll see you there. Come on, Bill." Laila took his arm with a comfortable familiarity. "Good night, Kathie."

KATHIE shut the door against the cold and stood watching Bill and Laila through the glass sections of the door. They started down the three steps of the porch and Laila slipped. She had to hang tightly to Bill's arm to keep from falling.

Bill hated to be with Laila in the cozy warmth of the little car. There is something devastating about a shelter from the elements. Something that goes back to the days of caves. A man and a woman safe in a tiny place beyond danger. Not that Bill had doubts about himself, but he hated to play again one of Laila's little scenes.

A car whizzed past them toward the hill which raised itself beyond Bill's house. Laila eyed it speculatively.

"Hm," she said, "there's a bird attempting that hill without chains and it's slippery there, I'll bet."

Her forehead puckered as she strained her eyes to follow the car into the darkness.

"I guess he made it all right," she said as Bill rolled his car out crosswise in the street preparing to make his turn toward Laila's house.

Suddenly Laila screamed. "Step on your gas, Bill! The gas. The g—"

There was a sickening thud, the tinkle of glass falling on the pavement, a man's profanity that sounded like a prayer, Laila's cry of pain, another woman's piercing shriek, and the sensation of falling into space. Then blackness.

He had only fainted. When he opened his eyes he was on the couch in the living room. Kathie was bending over him.

"Honey, how are you? Are you all right? Does anything hurt you?"

He touched his cheek and looked at Kathie. He did not feel like talking.

"That's a cut, darling," she said. "The doctor says it isn't bad. He says you're all right. Do you want anything?"

He shook his head. His stomach was sick. He was thinking of that thud. He shuddered.

There was a step on the stairs. Kathie answered the question in his eyes.

"That's the doctor," she said. "He's been upstairs with Laila. Mr. and Mrs. Gardner helped me get you both in. I'm afraid that Laila's not as lucky as you."

He felt ashamed that he had not asked for Laila. He

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[DAILY TABLOID
Continued from page nine]

remembered now that she had shouted for him to step on the gas. Had he done so they would have been out of the road when the big car slipped down backwards from the top of the hill. He had stepped on the brake and they had been caught crosswise in the way of the swiftly rolling car.

"What's the matter with her?" he asked.

"Something happened to her legs. She can't walk and her arm's broken."

"Good God!" Bill closed his eyes and the sickening blackness rushed at him again.

When he came back to life it was morning. Somebody had undressed him and made a bed around him. Kathie was sitting in a chair beside him.

"All right?" she asked.

"Yes, I guess so. How's Laila?"

"They've set her arm. That's going to be all right. They don't know much about her legs yet. Doctor Tilford is getting a man from town to come look at her."

The man from town came. Then other men from town. There were X rays, many a diagnosis, and many types of massage. A week passed and Laila sat motionless and white in the window of Kathie's guest room.

"But what is wrong with her legs?" Bill asked each doctor, and the answers would be frank or evasive, according to the nature of the man. The frank declared themselves as baffled after examination as before. The evasive spoke vaguely of spinal or mental kinks for which they were not prepared at the present to offer treatment.

"It is no use," Laila said to Kathie and Bill, "I know I'll never walk again." She blinked back her tears and continued bravely: "I'll never be able to repay you two for your kindness, and as for the money you've spent on me, I'm afraid that's lost. I know you can't afford it either, but it seems there are some people born to be burdens to other people and I guess I'm one of them."

"OH, Laila, don't talk that way," Kathie admonished. "You're welcome here for always."

"Yes, I know, Kathie, and I appreciate it, but I want to be in my own place. If I'm going to be like this I want to be in my own little house. I have about six hundred dollars and I can buy one of those chairs that will get me around the apartment and I can take care of myself like that till my money is gone and then—"

"Yes, and then what?"

"And then I'll have sense enough to do something else with my useless self."

"Oh, Laila!"

But Laila had her way. She was taken back to her sunny little living room with its painted furniture and taffeta drapes. Kathie saw her comfortably installed.

"Now, always telephone me if you want anything," Kathie said. "We'll be over to see you often and if you change your mind about living alone remember the house is open to you."

"Thank you, Kathie."

Bill did not come home directly from the station that night. He stopped at Laila's and found her looking out her window at the people who milled briskly about the station. He was appalled at the melancholy picture of young, pretty Laila suddenly alone and helpless.

"Laila," he said, "I'm going to hire somebody to stay up here with you."

She smiled wanly. "You can't afford it, Bill," she said.

"I'll manage to afford it."

"Can you buy me a spontaneous friendship? Can you buy anything but a creature who is paid to talk to me?"

He shook his head. "Perhaps not, Laila, but I can come and talk to you myself."

LAILA'S bright, long eyes suddenly were wet with tears. "Oh, Bill, you're a saint, if ever one lived. I'm deserted by everyone on earth but you."

"Hasn't anybody been to see you today?"

"Nobody."

"Don't you think Jim Lauder will come?"

"He telephoned. He's become terribly busy all of a sudden. He can't possibly drop in." She motioned disdainfully toward an unopened box of candy. "He sent that."

"Would you have sooner had something else, Laila? Don't hesitate to ask me for anything you need."

"Thank you, Bill."

And so the suburban winter slipped away and spring came to the little community so near and yet so far from town. The light silver rain of April beat against the windowpane at which Laila sat in her wheel chair watching impatiently for Bill to come.

In the house at the foot of the hill Kathie stood with her back to the fireplace talking to her husband.

"Is it always going to be like this?" she asked. "I'm no early Christian martyr, Bill. I can't bear it. Night after night after night I sit alone waiting for you to come back from Laila's. Isn't there anybody else to visit her? Or can't she be left alone at least one night out of a week?"

Bill's eyes met Kathie's pleadingly. "There isn't anybody else to visit her, my dear. The women of this town never cared about her and she appears to have no other contacts. The men—well, their wives remember that she is a pretty girl. Truthfully, Kathie, I don't like Laila. I never liked her. If she'd been with Jim Lauder or Perry Chase when the accident happened, I'm

"Is it always going to be like this?" she asked. "Isn't there anybody else to visit her?"

afraid I'd never have given her a thought. But, God, she was with me; it's my fault. I owe her something."

"Don't you owe me anything?"

Bill clasped his hands behind his back and began to pace the floor. "Kathie, be reasonable. I've crippled this girl. I've ruined her life."

"Listen, Bill, I offered her a home here and she refused it."

"Wouldn't you want to be in your own place if you were in her condition? Would you want to be a dependent in a strange house? She's conscious of her helplessness. She doesn't want to be the death's head at the feast. She wants to be alone in her misery."

"Bill, she wants to be alone with you."

The conversation had grown too deep for silly modesties. There was more to consider than the possibility of appearing conceited.

"Perhaps she does, Kathie. She's a girl who thrives on attention from men. Good God, Kathie, if she thrived on purple peaches I'd try to get them for her. I've ruined that girl's life."

"Well, sweetheart, she isn't going to ruin mine. You may not like the girl, but she's a helpless female who appeals to your masculine chivalry. I'm willing to stint and be poor for your duty toward Laila. Isn't that fair enough? I'm satisfied if you offer her one-fourth of your weekly salary. That would permit her to live and to have a hired companion."

There was a half-defiant, half-pleading look on her pretty face.

"SHE wouldn't take it. She's not the girl she was, Kathie. She doesn't care for grafting any more."

"Well, I'm sorry, Bill, I'll have to deliver an ultimatum. You must make Laila either take part of your salary or come to live with us. If she won't do either, I'm going to leave you. If she has no scruples for what you owe your home and your family, I'm damned if I can see why you should be so conscientious about her."

"But it's all my fault."

"Suppose it is? Aren't you offering restitution to the best of your power when you are willing to give her a weekly sum for comfortable maintenance?"

"You don't understand, Kathie."

"I understand that if she refuses to take that money or come live here it's only because she wants to keep you all to herself. I'm not cruel, Bill. You look as though you were being tortured, but what I'm saying is fair to all concerned."

"Just listen a minute, Kathie. The girl doesn't want to live here. She'd feel that she was a burden to you and a killjoy to us all. She wants to be where she can roll herself from the bed to the kitchenette, play the Victrola when she feels like it, and have quiet when she feels like it.

"She wouldn't ask for everything she wanted here for fear of being a nuisance. That's the first point. Secondly, she doesn't want a weekly allotment from me. She knows I can't afford it and she'd feel like an object of charity. I have no right to put her in that position when the whole thing is my fault."

"Have sense, Bill, and talk sense. Isn't she taking your money now?"

"She only takes gifts from me."

"Yes, gifts of checks for her rent and groceries. I paid her electric bill last week and you sent a woman up to clean for her. Where's your argument?"

"Right in that wheel chair over in number fourteen! Her way of doing things may be wrong, but it's my fault she's the way she is and I'm going to make her as comfortable as I can."

"You're going to continue to spend all your evenings and Sundays with her?"

"She doesn't ask me to."

"No, but when you missed one night she made you sorry, didn't she?"

"Certainly I was sorry when I got there next evening and found her so low and talking suicide."

"Bill, I'm afraid our marriage is on the well known rocks. I'm not going to wait for a miracle. You have stated that Laila is your greatest concern in life and that's enough for me."

"But I love you, Kathie, you and Billy. But, God Almighty, every man has his own ethics and I feel duty bound to do all I can to make Laila happy. All I can ask is that you stand by and wait for Laila's recovery."

"Bill, are you asking me to sit every night alone perhaps till my death?"

He did not answer and she shook her head.

"I love you, Bill, and I wanted our marriage to be a happy one. I wanted you and Billy to be pals, but Laila has changed everything. Maybe I'm small. I don't know, but I'm not going to waste my life for a foolish, selfish woman."

"Kathie, I can't beg you to waste your life, but if you and Billy go I'll be finished."

"You have your duty to live for," she said. And then she broke into tears of shame at the pettiness of her remark.

"Kathie, don't cry."

Bill came to her and held her close in his arms and they wept together for their love and the little house and Billy and the stern unrelentlessness of a man's duty as he saw it.

KATHIE was gone. Bill sat with Laila playing chess. He had taught her the game, but tonight she was calling his attention to mistakes he had made. He did not tell her about Kathie. He thought he would wait till a later date when he had grown used to the idea and could tell her without breaking down. No sense in inflicting his troubles upon Laila. She had enough of her own.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[DAILY TABLOID
Continued from page eleven]

Poor Kathie and poor Bill. He felt sorry for them both and for little Billy. They'd had everything to make them happy.

"Gosh, you can be dumb, Bill," Laila said as she snapped his bishop off the board. He smiled, but without feeling like it. He hated her way of gloating over her victories.

They played another game and then he read a story to Laila. After that they sat and talked for a few minutes. It was time then for Bill to go home. He didn't want to go to the dark, lonely house, but he didn't want to talk to Laila any longer. Pity he could feel for her and a deep obligation, but he could not like her. There was something so false and unwholesome about her, but she had screamed, "The gas, Bill, the gas!" and he had stepped on his brake.

There came a day when Kathie was no longer his wife. A document from the West informed him of the divorce. He stared at the printed page till his vision was blurred and the letters all ran together and he seemed to see tiny Kathies and tinier Billies walking, walking eternally on in the distance.

Well, he'd given almost everything now to expiate his crime against Laila. Why not give her the only remaining thing? Why not marry her?

He remembered how her tears had fallen on a magazine story about a wedding. "I was always afraid of going into middle age alone and unloved," she had said. "I'd planned to marry while I was young so that somebody would be with me in the less cheerful years. But now"—she had glanced at her stiff, motionless legs—"who would marry me now?"

She had said that. Well, he could marry her. What did life mean to him now with Kathie and Billy gone? Might as well build complete happiness for Laila on the site of what had been his own. Yes, he would marry her. But not yet. He couldn't bring himself to that just yet.

HE hated himself for withholding anything from Laila and after a month he asked her to marry him. She wept at his kindness. She refused him, but at length permitted him to talk her down.

They were married in the little living room of Laila's apartment. Bill had got the license and the minister. As he looked at Laila, glorious in a white, feathered negligee, with her burnished hair waving about her slim, white face and her gray eyes soft and starry, he did not know whether he was doing a kindness or a wicked deed. He could not care for her. She irritated him. Was he right in marrying her?

Before he had reached a decision Laila was his wife. He stooped and kissed her. The orange paste on her lips was warm and slightly sticky.

"I'll have to go down to the office," he said.

Laila pouted. "You said you wouldn't go in today," she reminded him.

"I didn't think the minister would come so early. If I go down, I can get at least three hours' work cleared away."

He took his hat. "See you later," he said. "Do you want me to bring you anything?"

"No, just yourself, dear. Will you be moving in here this evening?"

"I guess so."

He went out then.

A funny wedding day, he thought. He steeled himself against remembering another wedding day. Flowers, young people, rice, laughter, love. He sighed and turned his steps toward his own house to get his mail. He had left there before the delivery.

There was one letter for him. It was from Texas and in Kathleen's handwriting. He broke the seal and slowly read the letter:

DEAR BILL:

Just a line to let you know that Billy and I are both well and that Billy is happy. He missed you at first, but you know what children are. They get over things fast and I know you'll be glad he is not grieving.

Bill, I am married. I married Frank Hanson whom you will remember as your rival in the old days. I met him in Chicago and Billy and he took to each other at once. Frank will be good to us both. Don't worry about Billy. He has a grand place to play here and I'll have him write to you as soon as he learns how to write. I hope things are well with you, Bill. I think about you often and Frank knows that I do. He doesn't mind though. He's a wonderful man. Next to you he's the best man in the world to be a father to Billy.

Lots of love and deep wishes for your happiness from

KATHIE.

SO that was life. There was another man now seeing Kathie with her hair all done up in curlers and Billy was saying cute things to this stranger. God, what a world! If only he were passionately devoted to Laila so that he wouldn't mind about Kathie and Billy. They were happy.

He ought to be glad, but it was better to think that he had no right any more to love Kathie. She was Mrs. Hanson now and Laila was his wife.

He felt that he couldn't bear it. The realization that Kathie was gone forever was a sharp, stinging pain.

He had meant to go to town but he couldn't. He found himself at the door of Laila's apartment.

Perhaps being with her would keep him from going to pieces. He must hold himself together.

He mustn't let her see how he felt about Kathie and Billy.

He opened the door and walked in. His eyes, from force of habit, flew to the chair by the window. It was empty!

He turned his head. Laila was in the little hall that ran to her bedroom. There was a closet there and she was standing before it changing her negligee.

"Laila, how did you get across the room without your chair?"

There was a half-defiant, half-pleading look on her pretty face. She smiled winningly at him.

"Bill, you'll have to forgive me. I adored you. All's fair in love and war. I didn't mean to shock you like this though, Bill. I meant to break it to you gently that I wasn't crippled. Bill, Bill, don't look so terrible. Mary, Mother of God, don't, for the love of—"

CRIPPLED GIRL STRANGLED BY HUSBAND ON WEDDING DAY

THE END

NEXT WEEK—

Short Stories by

Arthur Somers Roche

Shirley Seifert

Llewellyn Hughes

—AND—

Apes and Atheism in Arkansas

How another state has "outlawed" evolution

By

J. N. HEISKELL

Brown Bros. photo

A warrior of Old Japan—a common sight not more than seventy years ago. Above are some present day Japanese schoolboys in military maneuvers that are part of their regular course.

The EAST Tucks In Its Shirt

A Survey of Some Breeding Grounds of War

By LOTHROP STODDARD

SOMEBODY with insight and a sense of humor once remarked that the Filipino is easy to get on with till he tucks in his shirt; but that thereafter he becomes a problem, growing more acute as he displays further signs of westernization. A sack suit and a smattering of English seem almost always to breed a violent dislike of white men and angry demands for instant independence. Trouble brews, kept down only by the patent fact of America's overwhelming strength. Yet the problem remains, and the future is darkly uncertain.

If this regrettable situation were confined to the Philippine Islands it would not greatly matter. Unfortunately, such is not the case. All over the Orient (that vast region which includes most of Asia and northern Africa) the same process is at work—with the same ominous results. The entire East is today "tucking in its shirt"—rapidly and eagerly adopting western inventions and methods.

But the more those Oriental peoples borrow our tools and technique, the less use they have for us personally and the more determined they are to assert themselves at our expense. That is why the East is bent on learning the western art of war. That is why every Oriental people seeks to build up a modern military machine.

All this may not be pleasant news to persons engrossed with peace pacts and good business forecasts. But it is the truth, and it ought to be intelligently faced.

Let us, then, survey this rapidly changing Orient, stirred by new ambitions and desires.

Japan it was which blazed the trail. Up to the middle years of the last century Japan was a hermit nation, knowing and caring next to nothing about the outer world. When Japan reluctantly opened its gates, the first visitors from the West discovered a land quaintly charming as a fairy tale; a land of ancient temples, cherry blossoms, and grotesque warriors in lacquer armor carrying two swords. It was all very charming and picturesque, but no Westerner then took the Japanese seriously. The prevailing attitude toward Japan in those days was that of Gilbert and Sullivan in their comic opera, The Mikado.

However, though the West did not take Japan seriously, the Japanese did, and soon things began to happen. Recognizing their helplessness, the Japanese set themselves resolutely to learn the secrets of western power—especially military power. So well were those lessons learned that within a generation an efficient Japanese army and navy beat huge, unawakened China to its knees, and ten years later humbled mighty Russia on the battlefields of Manchuria. This defeat of a European great power by an Asiatic people shocked the whole world broad awake. The West was dumbfounded; the peoples of the Orient exulted—and resolved to follow Japan's example. The weakening of the West by the Great War merely quickened a general trend begun a decade before.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTEEN]

Today, Japan is one of the foremost nations of the world, possessing the full material equipment of our modern civilization. Her great cities hum with business and roar with motor traffic. Her industry blackens the sky with the smoke of tall factory chimneys, shot by the lurid glare of blast furnaces, just as in Manchester, Essen, or Pittsburgh. Her wares are carried by a flourishing merchant marine to the ends of the earth. Her people read their daily newspapers, go to the movies, and tune in their radio sets, just like ourselves. A busy, hustling, up-to-date folk, those Japanese, getting more western every day.

Brown Bros. photo

Yes; and also a folk with pressing needs of expansion and far-flung ambitions which they intend somehow to attain. And as instruments of attainment they possess, among other things, the third largest navy in the world and a great army whose all-round efficiency is probably second to none. Restless, enterprising, unsatisfied Japan is one of the gravest factors in the problem of world politics. Modernized Japan is by no means a comfortable neighbor, as we Americans well know after our diplomatic tilts with her during the past ten years. Just now, Japanese-American relations are smoother; but the issues between us are not really settled, and causes of friction remain.

Such are the momentous consequences produced by the westernization of one small portion of the Far East. For we must not forget that, geographically speaking, Japan is merely a group of islands off the Asiatic coast. Even including its colonial possessions (Korea, Formosa, etc.) the Japanese Empire is no larger than our Pacific Coast states, with a population a trifle over 80,000,000. Compared with the entire Orient, these figures are insignificant, since Asia and North Africa cover almost half the entire land surface of the globe and are inhabited by about 1,000,000,000 human beings.

Yet today, the entire Orient, even its remotest regions, is astir, and other peoples, following the Japanese lead, seek to modernize themselves on the western plan. To this larger field let us now extend our survey that we may learn what it portends for ourselves of the West.

Ewing Galloway photo

Modern traffic in the main street of Tokyo, and above, Japanese maidens in the costumes and the jinrikishas of the old days when Tokyo was Yeddo.

CROSSING from Japan to the Asiatic mainland, we come to China. Here, indeed, is something to look at. For China is a huge country, much larger than the United States, and with over 400,000,000 inhabitants—more than three times our population. If this inconceivable mass of humanity ever gets really in motion, it may well shake the entire planet with its massive tread.

A generation ago, China was a sleeping giant. Petrified in the mold of an ancient civilization, the Chinese led their own life, almost as much a hermit nation as was Old Japan. The first shock to Chinese self-complacency was the war with Japan. The way they were beaten by those hitherto despised "island dwarfs" roused many Chinese to the dangers threatening their national life from the unknown outer world.

The first reaction of Chinese public opinion was one of blind rage, and a great secret society known as the Boxers undertook to expel all foreigners from the country. But this merely drew down fresh humiliation. The western powers and Japan sent a punitive expedition to rescue their representatives besieged in the Chinese capital, Peking, and to avenge Boxer massacres of foreigners.

The Chinese armies, with their absurd equipment, stood no chance against western and Japanese troops. Many of the Chinese "braves" were actually armed with spears or with bows and arrows, supplemented by banners, gongs, and firecrackers to scare the enemy! The upshot was crushing defeat with a humiliating peace imposed by the victors.

THE Boxer disaster really roused China from its lethargy. Like Japan some decades earlier, China now began to study and copy the West. Ten years after the Boxer War, China astonished the world by overthrowing its imperial Manchu dynasty and proclaiming a republic. The new republic was not a success, and China fell into the welter of civil war which still persists. Brigand armies led by ambitious generals ravage the country and cause incalculable suffering and loss.

Nevertheless, amid all this turmoil, the westernizing process goes steadily on. A generation of young men and women is growing up who scorn China's venerable past and have their heads full of ultramodern ideas. Railways, motor cars, factories and steel mills, movies and radios, bobbed hair and Bolshevism — the whole paraphernalia of westernism, good, bad, and indifferent, penetrates to China's innermost provinces. And from all this emerge two factors of dubious import for the future; a touchy nationalism and a growing militarism.

Old China was probably the most pacifist country that the world has ever seen. It had practically no national spirit, and the art of war was despised. "You do not take good iron for a nail, or a good man for a soldier," runs an old Chinese proverb; so the Chinese "braves" and "bannermen" were recruited mostly from the dregs of the population.

But China's awakening soon changed the situation. A real national spirit came into being, and hot fires of patriotism began to glow here and there.

Only a few years after the Boxer disaster, foreign observers reported significant happenings like that related by a French traveler who found the primary school children of a Chinese province chanting these startling lines:

"I pray that the frontiers of my country may become hard as bronze; that it may surpass Europe and America; that it may subjugate Japan; that its land and sea armies may cover themselves with resplendent glory. May our empire, like a sleeping tiger suddenly awakened, spring roaring into the arena of combats."

More than twenty years have passed since our French traveler made his startling discovery. The little tots of those days are now grown men and women; members of that new generation which proclaims the gospel of "Young China" and walks with a chip on its shoulder, ready to fight if it cannot have its way.

Indeed, Young China has been reared in a fighting atmosphere, because for nearly twenty years China has

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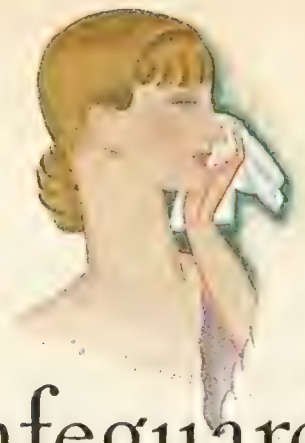

Do this Every Night
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How olive oil, in this facial soap, produces a lather which brings out natural beauty

TODAY, more than ever before, there is vital meaning in the phrase, "washing for beauty." And yet you may be one of those who overlook its importance. The layers of rouge and powder which you are likely to apply during the course of a day; the dust and dirt, oil secretions, dead skin that find their way into the pores are simply an invitation to blackheads, pimples, dreaded blemishes!

Perhaps you, yourself, go on from day to day abusing a pricelessly lovely complexion. Changes come so gradually that you scarcely notice them. Then—suddenly, one day—you find coarsened texture, lifeless color replacing your naturally youthful skin. The best way to combat these evils is to wash the face, in this way, with a soap containing olive oil.

Olive oil and your skin

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Millions use Palmolive for the bath as well, because it is so inexpensive. To make the most of your own beauty, you should begin these treatments tonight!

At night—Make a rich lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water. With both hands, apply it to face and throat, massaging gently in an upward and outward motion, to stimulate circulation. Rinse thoroughly with warm water graduated to cold until you actually feel all impurities, oil secretions and make-up carried away. Then dry the skin tenderly with a soft towel.

In the morning—Repeat this treatment and add a touch of finishing cream before putting on rouge and powder. That's all! A simple treatment, but it must be observed twice every day to keep the skin lovely and youthful. At 10c Palmolive is the world's least expensive beauty formula. Buy a bar, begin using it today. Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co., Chicago, Illinois.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FOURTEEN]

been scourged by civil war. During this long period of strife many millions of Chinese have been mobilized and have seen actual service on the battlefield. That implies a long course of education in the art of war. Today, at least 1,300,000 men are under arms in China, and the best of them are real soldiers in the western sense, well equipped with artillery, machine guns, trench mortars, rifles, and other up-to-date war material imported from abroad or manufactured in the arsenals which have been built in various parts of the country.

ONE thing is certain: China is no longer the pacifist land of former days. On the contrary, China has built up a very respectable war machine, which runs more smoothly and gets more efficient with every passing year.

So long as the Chinese continue to fight among themselves, China's arming need not greatly disturb the world at large. But if a strong government should establish internal order, the outlook would instantly change. Inspired by a touchy nationalism, and with ambitious generals and millions of veteran soldiers as instruments of national power, Young China might prove to be a very uncomfortable neighbor.

Indeed, such a China would be likely to prove more difficult to get along with than Japan, not only because it would bulk much larger but also because its new power would be under less effective control. Here is the paradox of Far Eastern politics: although the Chinese masses are (and probably will long remain) less warlike and less patriotic than the Japanese masses, Japan is ruled by a caste of shrewd, far-sighted leaders strong enough to control their people; whereas in China, rash leaders might easily sweep the masses into foreign adventures which would shake the world.

From China, let us jump clear across Asia to Turkey, where we shall discover another highly interesting and instructive example of what is going on in the Orient these days. Turkey used to be an old-fashioned Oriental despotism, run on such inefficient lines that it was known as the "Sick Man" of the Near East. When Turkey joined Germany in the late war and shared in her defeat, many persons predicted the Sick Man's speedy demise, and the Allied powers did their best to bring this about by framing a peace treaty which practically wiped Turkey off the map.

However, the Allies had not reckoned with the Turkish people. Traditionally good fighters, the Turks shouted "Liberty or Death!" raised a scratch army, found an able general in a certain Mustapha Kemal, won a decisive victory, tore up the treaty, and put their country on the map once more.

M.-G.-M. photo

Young China knows how to fight. Nationalist troops in a charge against the Southern Chinese army.

Eastern countries that have "tucked in their shirts," or are doing so now, are shown in black. The shaded areas are those colonial possessions of western powers in which there have been formidable revolts in the last ten years.

The same persons who had predicted the Sick Man's end now prophesied that the Turks would relapse into their old Oriental ways. The prophets were wrong again, for Turkey began to modernize itself even more drastically and dramatically than Japan had done half a century before.

And how Turkey's dictator has made things hum since he took the reins of government into his strong grasp! An extraordinary man, this Mustapha Kemal, with his cold gray eyes and his steel-trap jaw. Since he took charge five years ago, he has transformed his country almost beyond recognition.

IN those five short years Turkey has been changed from an Oriental sultanate into a republic—of sorts. The old Arabic style of writing, with its weird quirks and elaborate traceries, has been officially abolished in favor of our simple western alphabet and script. Turkish men have been forced to doff fez and turban for cap or derby hat. Turkish ladies are "stepping out" from the harem, have thrown aside their veils, and today favor short skirts, jazz, and bobbed hair.

Last, but emphatically not least, Turkey's new boss has armed his country to the teeth and has built up so formidable a military machine that even the Russians and Mussolini bow politely when Mustapha Kemal looks their way.

Yes, indeed, a *very* extraordinary person, this Mustapha Kemal. The world has not seen his like since Peter the Great. When Peter became Czar, some two centuries ago, Russia was an ultra-Oriental land. Peter, however, determined to "open a window to the West," and did it in thoroughgoing fashion. He manhandled his protesting

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

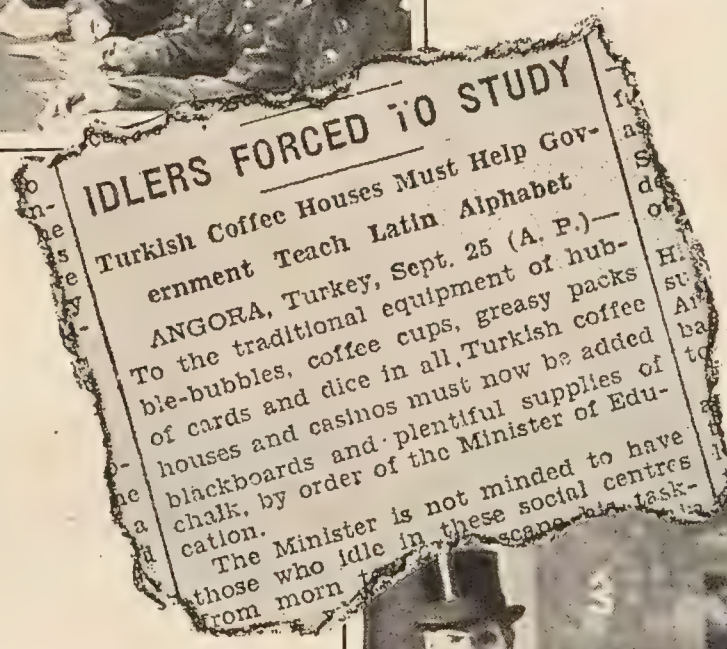
[THE EAST TUCKS IN ITS SHIRT]
Continued from page seventeen

subjects as he would a pack of growling, shaggy bears, cut off long beards, ripped off long coat tails, dragged screaming women from their haremlike seclusion, and in a few years had put at least a western veneer on everything.

How like Czar Peter is Mustapha Kemal in all his little ways! In his task of westernizing Turkey, the boss' eagle eye is everywhere, and he sees to it that his humblest fellow citizens do their bit. Even the idlers in Turkish coffee houses have to listen to lectures from government agents who, equipped with chalk and blackboards, invade those haunts of sleepy leisure to teach the new alphabet.

Wide World photo

Turkey is even tucking in its alphabet. Here's an Irishman teaching English speech and the new way of writing Turkish to policemen of Constantinople.



IDLERS FORCED TO STUDY

Turkish Coffee Houses Must Help Government Teach Latin Alphabet

ANGORA, Turkey, Sept. 25 (A. P.)— To the traditional equipment of hubble-bubbles, coffee cups, greasy packs of cards and dice in all Turkish coffee houses and casinos must now be added blackboards and plentiful supplies of chalk, by order of the Minister of Education.

The Minister is not minded to have those who idle in these social centres from morn to ...

Thus, in countless ways, from saxophones to Fordson tractors and from schoolhouses to machine guns, Mustapha Kemal and his enthusiastic lieutenants are hustling a backward Oriental land into the swift currents of our strenuous western life. But, here as elsewhere in the awakening Orient, let us note that the final emphasis is on military preparedness. It is a well armed Turkey which today confronts us, able to play a strong hand in the game of international politics and ready to back its diplomats with trained manpower and heavy guns.

Thus, at the opposite ends of the Orient, the same process is working out along similar lines. But even this is not the whole story. In order fully to appreciate the magnitude of the transformation which is today sweeping the eastern world, let us turn from familiar countries like Japan, China, and Turkey to one of the least known regions of the Orient—Afghanistan.

If a spot so apparently unpromising as Afghanistan is being westernized, almost anything is possible.

WELL, what about Afghanistan? That remote buffer state, wedged in between British India and Asiatic Russia, is a land of rugged mountains inhabited by even more rugged mountaineers who from time immemorial have lived the exhilarating life of brigands, joyously killing one another off in blood feuds when not engaged in plundering their neighbors. Until very recently Afghanistan was a hermit nation, holding itself jealously aloof from the outer world and rigorously excluding Westerners from its borders.

Some years ago a new Ameer ascended the Afghan throne. This young man determined to bring his country up to date, and he has certainly been on the job ever since. Not content with getting matters at second hand, Ameer Amanullah and his queen, Souriya, left home for a "grand tour" of the West. The results of that trip were momentous, and Afghanistan was being modernized almost as dizzily as Turkey. So dizzily, in fact, that Amanullah was finally forced to flee the country before the ire of some of the fundamentalists who were not in accord with his western ideas.

Like Mustapha Kemal, Amanullah took a leaf out of Czar Peter's book, and Afghan standpatters were not having a happy time of it. For instance: consider the startling scenes which marked the opening of the first Afghan Parliament at the brand-new capital which the Ameer founded, Turkish fashion.

The great event drew not merely the elected representatives of the people but also crowds of visitors from all parts of the realm, each man striving to outdo his neighbor in Oriental finery!

BUT an unpleasant surprise awaited many a dignified old notable or swaggering mountaineer. That they should find the Ameer and his court officials in European dress was probably what they had expected. But that their liege lord should expect all his visitors to follow suit must have been a terrible shock. Yet so it was. The royal edict went forth, and had to be obeyed.

First, the parliamentary representatives were taken in hand by a corps of European tailors and men's outfitters, especially imported for the occasion. Herded into a big hall, the bewildered deputies were ordered to discard their voluminous turbans, robes, and slippers. The tailors and

Ewing Galloway photo

The silk topper replaces the fez. Mustapha Kemal Pasha with members of his cabinet.

others deftly measured their victims and soon had the deputies fitted with top hats, frock coats, and patent leather shoes—large stocks of which had been previously ordered from London, Paris, and Berlin.

Then followed another blow. The Ameer appeared and surveyed the scene. But the deputies still did not look westernized enough for his liking; so Amanullah gave a crisp order, and the tailors were replaced by a corps of barbers, who shaved off bushy beards and trimmed tangled manes of hair until the scandalized deputies did not know themselves, much less one another.

The parliamentary deputies having been attended to, it was now the turn of the visiting multitude. One and

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY]

Busy—*He takes a short-cut to sound investments*

—so can you

In these "high pressure" days you must make every working minute count. Instead of shopping leisurely as you did a decade ago, you now save time by settling on one reliable house in each line—be it clothing, jewelry, furniture, or investments. The National City Company makes it easy for you to handle your investments on this time-and-worry-saving principle. It maintains offices in over fifty leading American cities for the convenience of busy men. Just telephone our office nearest you when you have funds to invest or wish market quotations or other investment information. Our experienced men will gladly help you.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE EIGHTEEN]

all, they were subjected to a "modernizing" process of a somewhat simpler character, being clad from a miscellaneous stock of European hats and second-hand clothing.

But—less lucky than the deputies, these casual visitors had to pay for their western garments.

So the first Afghan parliament convened in thoroughgoing western fashion, unmarred by a single jarring Oriental note. And the Ameer kept right on with the good work. For another royal edict was issued restricting attendance at theaters and moving-picture houses to persons wearing European dress.

Of course, alongside these humorous episodes were others of a less humorous character, such as the rapid and effectual modernization of the Afghan army. Today, Afghanistan would be a mighty tough nut for either England or Russia to crack. Furthermore, should British India ever get out of hand, the new-model Afghan army might descend from its mountains and make history on India's plains, as Afghans have done before.

Wide World photo

Ex-Ameer Amanullah of Afghanistan, with Queen Souriya, picking up pointers at the Royal Air Force School of Technical Training in England. His tucking in of his country's shirt was not altogether unresisted, as the clipping shows.

King and Queen Flee As Afghan Rage Boils Over Modern Fashions

Royal Reforms in Dress and Customs Rejected in Armed Uprising

Rulers Marooned in Fort and City of Kabul Is Assailed by Mob

QUEEN IN PARIS GOWN THAT AROUSED RAGE OF AFGHAN SUBJECTS

QUEEN SOURIYA

QUITTING Afghanistan, we might, if we were so disposed, take glimpses of other out-of-the-way Oriental lands like Arabia and Persia. But such glimpses would teach us little new, because we should find substantially the same situation. The truth is that everywhere the "immovable East" moves at last; everywhere ancient peoples are once more astir, once more on the march, en route to westernization.

Now, what does this mean? It means many things, some good and some evil. But one thing is sure: all those sudden, revolutionary changes must cause a prodigious turmoil and make a deal of trouble.

Let us see why this is so. In the first place, the westernizing of countries like Turkey and Afghanistan, rapid and dramatic though they be, are daring experiments which are only in their first stage and which are being put through by a small group of forceful men. Where strong men do not dominate the situation, westernization acts as a violent, destructive ferment. The old order dissolves, with nothing stable to take its place, and you get a chaotic welter like China.

So far, the only Oriental country that has succeeded in orderly westernization is Japan, and even there the future is not certain. Despite the capacity of its ruling class, dangerous forces of unrest exist which might produce revolutionary upheavals. Thus the process of westernization in the Orient seems, on the whole, to bring not peace, but a sword.

This becomes even clearer when we consider the next point: the effect of westernization upon the subject Oriental peoples. Thus far we have mentioned only independent Oriental states. However, we must not forget that most of Asia and Africa is not independent but is ruled by western nations. Britain, France, Italy, Holland, Belgium, Portugal—each has in the Orient a colonial empire. Even the United States is in the game, through the Philippines. Yet throughout subject Asia and Africa, westernization proceeds apace and produces a growing desire for freedom from western control.

OF course nothing so stimulates such desires as the sight of those Oriental states which are today working out their own destiny. And it does no good to warn agitators in India, the Philippines, and elsewhere that immediate independence would probably spell for them the fate of China. They are quite ready to take the gamble—or even to suffer the worst consequences. As a prominent Filipino agitator pithily remarks: "Better a government run like hell by the Filipinos than one run like heaven by the Americans."

How do the discontented elements hope to obtain independence? In the last analysis by force. They know perfectly well that the basic reason why Japan and Turkey are today independent is because those countries possess formidable military machines. They likewise know that even lesser Oriental countries such as Arabia, Afghanistan, and Persia are modernizing their armaments to the limit of their resources.

The upshot is that in every western colonial possession the partisans of independence strive to prepare for the day when they can back their verbal propaganda by arguments of a more warlike nature. Therefore we may as well resign ourselves to seeing western rule in the Orient challenged by a series of agitations and sporadic revolts which may culminate in great explosions of rebellion.

Indeed, if we analyzed the ten years which have elapsed since the late war, we shall be astonished to find how many armed outbreaks have already taken place. In North Africa, in Egypt, in Syria, in Mesopotamia, in India, and elsewhere, the European powers have been faced by armed uprisings, some of a very serious character, which cost much blood and treasure to put down.

The recent war in Morocco well illustrates how even a small uprising may flare into a conflagration big with perilous possibilities. That war began with a local revolt of the Riff mountaineers against Spain, the ruler of northern Morocco. The rebels were commanded by an able leader named Abd-el-Krim, who won a series of suc-

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE TWENTY-TWO]

$3 Eversharp Pencil FREE!

Generous Offer Introduces New Chocolate Yeast Food

New discovery brings wonderful health properties of yeast in delicious chocolate bar called Tastyeast. Big inducement offered to new users

THE makers of Tastyeast offer you an opportunity to get a genuine Wahl Eversharp Pencil—free! All you have to do is clip the coupon at the bottom of this page. Send it in with the wrappers as indicated in the coupon, and the pencil—a regular minimum $3.00 value, is yours.

This offer (limited to one pencil to a customer) will be held open for only a short while. We want you to try Tastyeast today. We want you to know how good it is. And we gladly give you this expensive pencil as a reward for giving Tastyeast a fair trial.

Doctors prescribe it

You know, of course, that doctors everywhere prescribe yeast as a health food. And you know how thousands have used yeast to fight constipation, skin troubles, indigestion, and general run-down condition.

Many people do not like the taste of yeast, but now you can take it easily and pleasantly. After three years of research, science has found a way to combine yeast in a chocolate bar. The result is a creamy, delicious chocolate bar called Tastyeast. *The only original chocolate yeast food!* All the wonderful properties of yeast are there. Vitamin B in abundance. Everything but that unpleasant yeasty taste.

Make the 8-day health test

Thousands have already made the 8-day health test and *proved* what Tastyeast can do. You can prove it, too. Get a 24-bar box of Tastyeast. Eat three of these creamy delicious bars every day. Then note the results! Your whole system will be toned up. New vigor, new zest will be your reward!

"YOUR PENCIL IS WONDERFUL," writes Mrs. T. F. B. "I never thought it would be so nice. I can hardly believe I got such a gift just for trying your delicious Tastyeast, which did me so much good."

Right now, go to your local store and get a box of Tastyeast. If you cannot get it, send $1.20 and your dealer's name to Green Bros. Co., 33 Essex St., Springfield, Mass., for one 24-bar box of Tastyeast, sent postpaid. Send back the wrappers with your name and address plainly written on the coupon below, and get your $3.00 Eversharp Pencil, free.

Green Bros. Co., 33 Essex St., Springfield, Mass.
I enclose 24 Tastyeast wrappers*. Please send me a genuine $3.00 Eversharp Pencil free.

Name.....

City.....State.....

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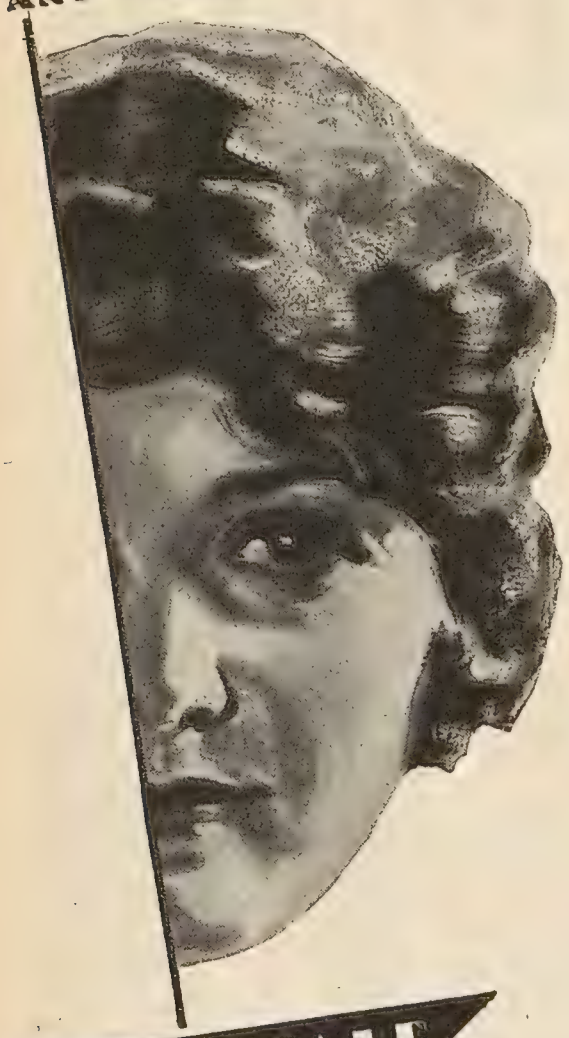
*We will accept 12 Tastyeast and 12 Big Banker Candy Bar wrappers. Big Banker is that delicious wholesome 5-cent candy bar—the nutty nougat caramel treat—made by the makers of Tastyeast.

IF YOU ARE RUN DOWN, FAGGED OUT, CONSTIPATED AND *IN FACT* . . .



ONLY HALF THERE

EAT YEAST IN THIS MODERN FORM

Eat yeast for your health's sake. It's good for you. It's a marvelous tonic and conditioner. But eat it in a form that you like, such as Yeast Foam Tablets. No water, no starch, no other ingredients—just yeast. Delicious little tablets that are easy to swallow, although most people like them so well that they chew them like candy.

Eat this yeast for constipation, indigestion, skin disorders, "nerves," run-down condition. Only 5c for the little glassine envelope (6 tablets) or 50c for the 10-day bottle. At drug stores. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. This yeast is the standard for research work in leading universities. Northwestern Yeast Co., 1750 North Ashland Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY]

cesses culminating in a great victory and the destruction of an entire Spanish army of 20,000 men.

Instantly all Morocco was astir, and Abd-el-Krim became the hero of Oriental imaginations in many lands. Involved in disputes with the French, who control most of Morocco, Abd-el-Krim boldly attacked them too, and gained some opening success. The local danger now became a general peril. Not only did Morocco as a whole threaten to revolt; France's entire north African empire was menaced with rebellion. Faced with this acute crisis, France rushed a great army to Africa, joined hands with the Spaniards, and after two campaigns of ferocious mountain fighting crushed Abd-el-Krim.

That particular crisis was successfully weathered. But let us look at the broader aspect of the case. The Riff country is only a small part of Morocco, which in turn is merely part of North Africa. Abd-el-Krim never had more than 10,000 disciplined troops, and perhaps 50,000 tribal irregulars under his banner at any one time. Lastly, his armament did not go much beyond rifles, supplemented by a few machine guns. On the other hand, the Franco-Spanish armies totaled possibly 300,000 soldiers equipped with every resource of modern warfare.

Wide World photo

Abd-el-Krim, the Riffian leader who gave French and Spanish armies so much trouble in Morocco.

That Abd-el-Krim was able to hold out so long, even in his rugged mountains, shows up the gravest handicap to western nations in their colonial wars. The truth is that modern military machines are enormously costly, complicated affairs, which tend to become more complicated and costly as time goes on. Certainly, this is fully appreciated in the Orient.

I REMEMBER a conversation I had years ago with an Afghan commander. This man, an experienced soldier, confidently predicted that the European powers, bled white and half bankrupt from the Great War, would be unable to stand the drain which a long series of colonial troubles would entail. Stirred by such thoughts and heartened by examples like the Riff, it is easy to see how the threat of revolt must always be lurking in Oriental lands under western control.

Right here some apprehensive souls may exclaim: "Well, then, why don't the western powers clear out, bag and baggage, and so save lots of trouble?"

Offhand, that sounds like a cheap and easy solution. But is it? A general policy of scuttle out of Asia and Africa might prove to be a remedy worse than the disease. For, leaving entirely aside the welfare of those subject peoples and the duties we have assumed toward them, what would happen to us of the West?

How about the enormous amounts of western capital invested in the colonies? And, even more important, how about the disruption of commerce which would inevitably ensue? If India, the Philippines, the Dutch Indies, and most of Africa should suddenly be loosed from western control and should fall into a welter of turmoil, the whole delicate fabric of international trade would be disrupted, and both Europe and America would suffer a business crisis such as the modern world has never seen. Not only would business be struck a staggering blow through loss of foreign markets; our factories would be closed down wholesale for sheer lack of raw materials.

THE fact is that our civilization is built up largely on products obtained from the Oriental tropics which are today under western control. How, for example, could we get along if our supplies of rubber should suddenly be cut to the vanishing point? And what is true of rubber applies to many other products of which the Orient is the chief source.

Of course, this does not mean that the western powers should stick to a mere stand-pat attitude. The growing westernization of Oriental peoples implies a corresponding change of attitude toward them, involving such matters as an increasing degree of self-government, and even ultimate independence.

But those changes cannot come in a day. They should be worked out with mutual regard for the legitimate interests of both sides. It should be a case of evolution rather than revolution, if the world is to be spared catastrophes.

Meanwhile, during the transition times which lie ahead, we of the West must make up our minds to pay the price in a long series of colonial ructions ranging from riots to revolts on a large scale. We will likewise be faced by some very ticklish crises in our relations with China and other independent Oriental peoples. It will all be part of the game.

Finally, do not let pollyanna optimists delude us into thinking that because the Oriental is changing into long pants, bobbing his wife's hair, and sending his children to public school, the millennium is just around the corner.

THE END

Handsome Is as Handsome Does

Meaning the Misses Ralston and Carroll in Two New Films

A Page of Movie Reviews by
FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

In the following reviews the photoplays are rated by stars. One star preceding a review means fairly good; two stars, good; three stars, excellent; and four stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★

NOW and then the screen essays a human document told with insight and irony. The Case of Lena Smith, Paramount's new film directed by Josef von Sternberg, is an ambitious effort of this type.

After pointing out that the comedy and tragedy of Lena might well be the story of any woman anywhere, the film proceeds to show a Hungarian peasant girl in conflict with society—and what society does to a rebel.

Lena drifts to Vienna on a lark, becomes the mother of a dashing young officer's baby, and serves as a browbeaten servant in the house of the boy's tyrannical father. The authorities take Lena's child away for a more moral upbringing and Lena threatens to reveal the identity of its father. The boy kills himself and Lena is shunted to the workhouse while the scandal blows over.

She manages to escape, steals her child, and flees back to the friendly farm country. But society has not done with Lena. Years later the World War comes—and organized society reaches out once more for the child, now grown to boyhood. Thus ironically the story ends.

Von Sternberg, who grew up in Vienna, paints the Austrian city less as a city of gayety than one of stern and arbitrary moral autocracy and tight military caste. The home life of the Hofrats, where Lena serves her lover's despotic father, is a sharp and accurate domestic portrait.

Paramount has just terminated its starring contract with Esther Ralston who, by an odd twist of fate, scores the biggest hit of her career in this rôle of the Hungarian peasant girl.

Esther Ralston as Lena in The Case of Lena Smith doesn't do a thing—but work. The Hofrats (Gustav von Seyffertitz and Emily Fitzroy) provide the work.

Nancy Carroll in The Shopworn Angel giving the gawky, ingenuous doughboy, Gary Cooper, a little glimpse of paradise.

★ ★ ★

The Shopworn Angel, still another Paramount film, is one of those screen surprises—a fresh and charming little story told with taste and sentiment. It is the bittersweet 1917 romance of a gawky, girl-shy doughboy and a merry magdalen of a New York musical show.

The two young people meet in a strange way. The boy stands dazed in the Broadway traffic, trying to find his way to the ferry and his regiment. A kindly policeman halts a passing Rolls-Royce and barks to the driver: "Take this boy to the ferry or I'll give you a ticket!" Inside the car is the chorus girl.

Between the boy's ingenuousness and the beat of war drums, the predatory chorine is lifted out of herself. She gives the boy a few brief days of happiness—at the cost of her luxuries, but the boy never knows.

The two odd romanticists of wartime are delightfully played by Nancy Carroll and Gary Cooper. Miss Carroll has done nothing to equal this before, nor has Gary Cooper ever before revealed such an engaging humor. The film is amazingly well directed by Richard Wallace, hitherto known as the maker of such pictures as McFadden's Flats.

★

Ever since The Cat and the Canary, Paul Leni, the imported German director, has been doomed to continue up the spooky avenue of mystery melodrama.

But his newest film for Universal, The Last Warning, is a poor piece of screen entertainment.

The action takes place in a deserted New York theater closed for years because of its reputation as a haunted building. Director Leni has made liberal use of artificial cobwebs, trapdoors, and eerie masked figures—but the result is pretty much of a dud.

Personalities—

Nancy Carroll used to be in the Winter Garden chorus as late as 1924. . . . Esther Louise Ralston was born in Bar Harbor, Maine, in 1902. She has been on the stage or in pictures since she was two. . . . James Hall, the naughty young officer of The Case of Lena Smith, was in the Winter Garden revue of 1923.

Pictures by
RALPH P. COLEMAN

Half a Brick

By B. L. JACOT

WHEN the buzzer sounded imperatively in Henry's glass-paneled office that portentous afternoon, he never suspected that the fates were fingering half a brick. Henry was not of a suspicious turn, anyway. He obeyed that summons without a second thought.

"Take a seat, Henry," advised the head of the firm. "Busy?"

From the hips, as he sat down, Henry shrugged professionally, for inasmuch as he had recently been admitted to the Roll he was a solicitor too. And this buzzor was his brother—eldest of the three men of iron, brothers all—whose habit it was as partners in the family business to look sternly on the puerile efforts at soliciting of this the last addition to the firm.

"Oh, soso," offered Henry, and left it advisedly at that. When the summons had arrived, he had been compiling football forecasts in collaboration with the office boy.

"I have a job for you," his eldest brother informed him tensely. "Urgent, but simple. Try," he added wistfully, "not to make a mess of it for a change."

Henry Le S. Harbottle was going to show this gang of dagos how it is said with knuckles.

for HENRY

A Story of Love and a Little Rough Stuff

For a thoughtful moment Henry bent his mind to the exhortation. "Righty-ho," he agreed. He fingered his tie expectantly.

That man of iron who had inherited the family baronetcy with the family business eyed the family afterthought for a while in silence. More than twenty years separated them, and there was no denying that Henry's late parents had thought fit to change the model when they brought him into a family already crowded with brains. At school Henry had drifted into an inheritance of scholarship, but he had done that inheritance little beyond giving it a perpetual pain in the neck. Cheerful—yes; easy-going and with a single-figure handicap—certainly. But as regards depth of intellect—without doubt the model had been changed.

"You will be leaving for the Continent tonight. Paris."

Henry's eyebrows shifted northward. It seemed a good idea.

"You remember Laura McCanlis, daughter of W. P. McCanlis, the American leather king?"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[HALF A BRICK FOR HENRY
Continued from page twenty-five]

A swift light kindled in Henry's eyes. This girl, he had long since acknowledged, was one of the things he could never forget. "Laura McCanlis? I met her," he began reverently, "that night—"

"At dinner at my house. And by way of encouraging business with her father you spilt a cocktail over her aunt's gown. But never mind that. We have just received a cable from McCanlis in Boston. Yesterday I had a visit from the aunt—the girl's chaperon in this country. You know that we see to the girl's affairs on this side of the Atlantic?"

Henry inclined his head sagaciously. Not that he knew it. Had he been aware that this world-famous firm of solicitors in which the family name, Harbottle, occurred like a persistent hiccough was intrusted with the financial affairs of Laura McCanlis, life in Chancery Lane would have been sweeter for him. "And what do I—" he began, when the man of iron interrupted him.

"You begin by not wasting time with inconsequent questions. Your train leaves Victoria at 9 P. M., but in case it should strike you to make a note of it let me tell you there is no need. Full instructions, typewritten, are inclosed in your ticket wallet. Read this cable, then listen to me."

Henry took the mauve form. Still it did not occur to him to look for the kick. As has been said, his was a trusting, open nature. Anybody could land one twice, three times even, on Henry.

Here was a trip to Paris—and a trip moreover which had something to do with a peach, a cracker, a riot of a girl. Good enough, thought Henry, forgetting, as was his habit, that it was not with flowers, but with half a brick that the fates invariably said it for Henry Le Strange Harbottle.

He stared at the text of the cable, glanced up at his brother, hurriedly reapplied himself to the cable.

HOOPS [it ran]—HASTA—HUP—HAMBONE—HOLLYHOCKS—HOUP—HOOPS—AAA

It seemed a trifle vague. Pursing his lips he inclined his head knowingly. "Good," he said, and prepared to fold the slip away.

"In your left hand," his brother informed him, "you have our key sheet. The message is in code. You will need that key sheet. A duplicate is permanently attached to the inner cover of your passport, so that when you have lost the first you may turn to the second, provided you have not in the meantime lost your passport. Do you follow me?"

HENRY understood. He had a fair mind and was the last to deny that there had been trouble with important legal documents intrusted to his care. "Then this—"

"To save you trouble with the key sheet, on this occasion I will decode the wire. McCanlis says: 'Most urgent you should act without delay—send representative immediately to trace goods—ditto to recover goods—expenditure no object—urgent goods should be returned home shore without delay—sailing first boat to join you—message ends."

Still it did not seem a model of lucidity to Henry. "This 'goods' in the cable?" he queried.

"Laura McCanlis—his daughter." Sir Malcolm cleared his throat. "It appears the girl has run away to Paris with friends. High-spirited. Her aunt, with whom she was living in England, has washed her hands of the matter. Miss McCanlis, however, is a minor, and armed with the authority of her father, together with that of the firm, her legal guardians in this country, you should have no difficulty in bringing her home. One could not expect her to travel with one of the clerks: I could not make the journey myself. Now listen carefully to me—"

Henry lent an ear. Like a man in a dream he pocketed his papers. In a golden haze of sunshine he cashed his check *to* expenses. As one who hears the beat of the wings of the bluebird, he stepped punctually aboard the boat train. At 5:30 next morning he was turned loose on Paris from the Gare St. Lazare.

. . . . . .

When her maid brought in a visiting card like a bad smell on a salver, Laura McCanlis was accepting her own congratulations with enthusiasm, lost in the thrill of the wide spaces of the Place de la Concorde as viewed from the windows of her palatial suite at the Hotel Crillon. Thirty-six hours she had spent in this Paris—most of them in the Rue de la Paix—and the infection of it had not as yet had time to feel more than comfortably settled.

"Harbottle?" she mused as she took the slip of pasteboard. "I seem to know the name. Henry Le S. Harbottle. Why—surely not that—"

"A young gentleman," Hayward, that veteran maid, offered, "with hair that sticks up on the top, miss." Some sixteen or seventeen years ago she used to push Miss McCanlis in a pram.

Laura considered, slim finger pressed to exquisite lips. "And ears that stick out at the side, poor dear?"

"Yes, miss."

"That's Henry." A fond, dreamy look drifted into her eyes. "Oh, I remember Henry!" she said. "Mr. Harbottle, Hayward, once spilt a gin-and-vermouth over Miss Cruikshank."

"Indeed, miss?"

"Most of it," added Miss McCanlis, "down the back of her neck. We were dining out and she could not change." She shook her head. "Better see what he wants, Hayward. Show him up."

THE platinum and onyx traveling clock at her elbow showed the hour of 9:40. It stood firm in support of Hayward's eloquent sniff as she disappeared on her mission. Running caressing fingers over the creation in Sèvres blue looped over her shoulders, Laura waited.

With a second day of freedom before her, she had breakfasted early, and already she had collected those critical second impressions of the fruits of the first day's raid on the spiritual home of all that comes between the skin and the eye of the public. The Rue de la Paix had not let her down. . . .

"Mr. Harbottle," announced Hayward, and Laura advanced on the dry Martini hero with a slim, white hand outstretched.

It had an odd effect on Henry. Following the French custom—forced on him by circumstances—he had brought his hat, stick, and gloves into the presence with him. He found now that he had these articles parked in the wrong hand. His feet, too, appeared to have found the pile of the carpet particularly adhesive in texture.

"Oh—good morning, Miss McCanlis," he greeted nervously. "I trust you will excall this early cuse."

Puzzled lines gathered about the starry eyes of this dream in Sèvres blue. "Early cuse?" she echoed uncertainly.

"I mean excuse this early call."

"Oh!"

"What I mean is," Henry amplified, "dropping in like this."

The heiress to some $12,000,000 laughed, and Henry knew that that was the finest sound he had ever heard.

"Why, I'm very glad to see you," she said. "Passing through Paris?"

At that historic dinner party it had seemed to Henry that this boyish, unaffected girl with a profile clear-cut as a movie queen was the ultimate edge in heartaches. Now he realized that time had notched that edge a little further and made the heartache keener still. He summoned up that resolution which had made his brothers what they were.

"Well," he began, "as a matter of fact, I've come to—" But an urgent voice inside him whispered: "Not yet, you poor fish! Not yet!" For one dreamy, hesitant second he held her eye; then he knew that the advice was good.

Miss McCanlis noted his shy hesitance and a swift,

pleasurable thought took her. "My birthday! You remembered? You came to—"

"To wish you many happy returns." A flash of intellect. Not within a hundred miles of such intimacies as birthdays had he come in the few words he had exchanged with this girl at the dinner party. But unprecedented activity was stirring Henry's brain.

"But it's not until tomorrow!"

"I know. I know," protested Henry. "I wanted to be in time."

From the outstanding ears she ran her eyes up to the upstanding thatch of yellow hair. "That was very kind."

"And what I wanted to do," Henry pursued hurriedly, "was to—what I mean is, just a little birthday present. Flowers, if you see what I mean. To match your eyes . . ."

No bouquets were in sight. Laura recalled her eyes to his face inquiringly.

"You to come with me and choose them," explained Henry. "Ready for tomorrow, what?"

"But I have to go out shopping with Hayward—"

"That's just what I mean."

Laura had fled her aunt's Hampshire house to join a party of seven for Paris. A day spent in the company of seven—even though one of the party was Jans Olesen—had left her with a vague desire for sequestration. "But I have to see Jans this afternoon."

Henry knew about Jans. He had heard about this painter in the neo-never style from his brother—and it was Laura's aunt who had poured it into Sir Malcolm's ear. Yes, Henry knew about this Jans.

"I know," he said. "But—this morning . . ."

In eight minutes Henry was handing her up into a taxi.

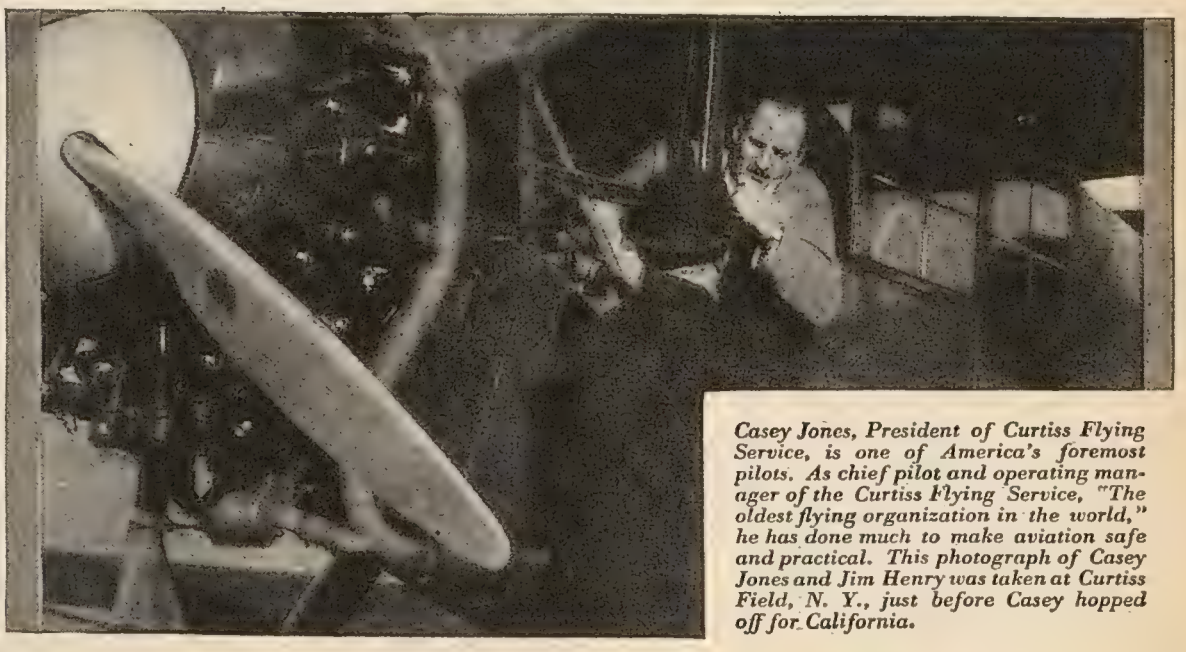
THAT afternoon Henry found himself sizing up facts. In his room at the Bristol (as per instructions, typewritten) he reflected with pride on the luncheon for two, won by sheer eloquence. But it was marred by the thought of the surrender of Miss McCanlis to a greasy-necked modernist in a soft hat fit only for a drain cover. By the flowered railings of the Opéra Métro station this man was waiting, and he took her to some exposition of paintings, hand-done by himself, somewhere up on the southern hill.

"Jans is so clever," Miss McCanlis had confided, and Henry turned aside to grit his teeth. It seemed the girl was thick with this wart. Miss Cruikshank had said as much, citing the man as the cause of the outbreak. An odd cause to break loose about, thought Henry. But he did not realize the facts.

Twelve million dollars from her late grandmother became hers at the age of twenty. So much Henry legally knew. What Olesen was concentrating on, Miss Cruikshank had left open

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

CASEY JONES tells Jim Henry (Mennen Salesman)



Casey Jones, President of Curtiss Flying Service, is one of America's foremost pilots. As chief pilot and operating manager of the Curtiss Flying Service, "The oldest flying organization in the world," he has done much to make aviation safe and practical. This photograph of Casey Jones and Jim Henry was taken at Curtiss Field, N. Y., just before Casey hopped off for California.

"We flyers vote for cool heads and Cool Shaves"

Jim Henry—famous Mennen salesman—is interviewing some famous users of Mennen Shaving Cream. His reports will be published frequently in this magazine.

JIM HENRY: "Before you take off, Casey, I want to ask a question. What do you think of our new idea of Menthol-iced Shaving Cream?"

CASEY JONES: "Say, a flying field is certainly a good place to ask *that* question! A flyer is a crank on shaving and shaving cream. And there's a good reason for it. Out in all kinds of weather—flying every day—sometimes in an open cockpit where the wind hits you full in the face. Every morning my face feels grateful for the cooling, soothing feeling that I get from Mennen Menthol-iced and my whiskers come off without a yank. Mennen Menthol-iced gives me the coolest, smoothest shave I've ever had. I'm for it . . . . every day."

Mennen Menthol-iced—
The Young Man's Shave!

Modern — refreshing — unique — that's the new Mennen Menthol-iced.

Young men are using it—men who appreciate cooler, cleaner, smoother shaves. Jim Henry has talked with hundreds of men asking what they think of Menthol-iced. Here are some of the answers:

An executive—"Mennen Menthol-iced certainly makes a difference in my shave! I can sense it in the smooth way my blade works; I can see it in the mirror; I can feel the difference through a whole business day."

A well known artist—"Particularly good for blue Mondays. I like the invigorating after-effect on my skin."

A famous doctor—"The soothing menthol relaxes the facial nerves and protects the skin. I recommend it highly."

Mennen Menthol-iced Shaving Cream is the newest member of the Mennen line—a modern team-mate for the regular Mennen Shaving Cream. Both Mennen creams have *dermutation*—a three-way shaving improvement—exclusively Mennen's. 1—it softens the beard, 2—it lubricates the razor blade, 3—it invigorates the skin. . . . The proof is in a trial! Send the coupon.

Also Mennen Skin Balm—the touch of luxury to a perfect shave, and Mennen Talcum for Men—the man's powder that does not show. Great after a bath!

MENNEN MENTHOL-ICED SHAVING CREAM

Jim Henry's treat—14 COOL shaves.

JIM HENRY, The Mennen Company, Dept. L-1, Newark, N. J. All right, Jim! If Mennen Menthol-iced is as good as you and Casey Jones say it is, send me a FREE tube. And a trial tube of Skin Balm, too.

*Name*_____

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[HALF A BRICK FOR HENRY
Continued from page twenty-seven]

to no doubt. Henry, however, did not appreciate what tough luck it can be to be born a millionaire's only child.

From the moment she mastered the trick of speech Laura McCanlis had had every luxury showered on her by a preoccupied but doting father who had gained her to lose his wife. She soon learned that she had only to sigh and the gifts of the gods arrived by special messenger dispatched f.o.b. by W. P. McCanlis.

At the age of fourteen she had already tired of motor-yachts, automobiles, marble swimming baths, and all that jewels could offer. It was when she left college for a finishing trip to Europe that she came into conflict with her maiden aunt—and at that time it gave her a pain to realize that there was no one who could capture a star for her or induce King George to rent her Buckingham Palace, furnished, for the season.

IT was an attitude that amused her aunt—a lady of Victorian ideas. But what Miss Cruikshank did not appreciate was this. Her charge might wear about half as much as a cannibal queen, smoke cigarettes in public, incline toward freedom in language, embrace young men as a token of esteem and regard, prefer orchids to buttercups because orchids cost two guineas a bloom—Laura might, and did, do these things; but these were trifles of circumstance and environment, not essentials which eat into the heart.

The serene beauty of this philosophy was not revealed to Henry. But as he fingered the bill *to* floral tribute he found himself in agreement with Miss Cruikshank to the effect that this Jans Olesen was a disease.

"Oh, oh, oh!" she cried. "I won't go back! Look at my frock—torn to ribbons! Look at my stockings—"

And she had pinned gardenia of his choice in her coat. . . . Henry sighed. His idea of the birthday present had developed that morning into something in platinum and emeralds as viewed in a window in the Rue St. Honoré, but after catching sight of the string of ciphers embodied in the price Laura had led him firmly away.

"If you take a girl like Miss McCanlis," Henry argued as he set the florist's bill aside tenderly, "and cage her up in a country house with a wart like her aunt—a place where the only thrill is distributing the prizes for the egg-and-spoon race at the vicar's tea party—you cannot blame that girl if she cuts off with a week-end party that's moving over to Paris. After all, she stuck the old wart for three months. . . . And—anyway—nothing was said about there being any particular hurry to run her back. . . ."

This man Olesen . . .

Shifting the filmy French curtains aside from the window, Henry stared down into the street. The result of sizing up facts had arrived. "Oh, gosh!" he breathed miserably. "What a perishing fool to fall for a girl like Laura McCanlis . . . a peach, a cracker, and rolling in the stuff. . . . The sooner I get away the better. Oh, gosh! . . ."

Henry dined by himself that night at his hotel. Afterward he returned to perambulate the Place de la Concorde. But he got no glimpse.

As he wandered into his hotel, a clerk leaned over the counter of the reception office and seized him by the coat tail.

"Pardon," he said. "A wire."

Henry tore it open and read:

HALIBUT — HAWFINCH — HOOPS — HOUPLA — HANDCART—HUPJONS—AAA

PERSPIRATION started on Henry's brow. In a palm-shaded corner of the lounge he grappled with the key sheet. Half an hour later he drew back to survey the result. It brought him little cheer. The opening was easy: "The following has been received from our consignee (principal) (forwarding agents)—Ditto is sent for your attention—Most urgent you should act without delay."

"Old McCanlis at it again," decided Henry. But the rest of his transcription dropped on his ears as pure Fanny Adams. "Heavy outgoings," it read, "mature on the property within twenty-four hours—It is essential to regain control before the expiry of this period—A cable has been received direct from the market that an amalgamation is scheduled for tomorrow in opposition to our interests—Amalgamation is scheduled as subjoined to the code word—Message ends."

Pure Fanny Adams! Henry turned his eyes helplessly to the ceiling. Outgoings? Amalgamation? Subjoined to the code word? He turned back to the code word, and inspiration arrived. "Hupjons." Hupjons. Hupjons! Amalgamation with Olesen!

He leapt to his feet. "Fetch me a telegraph form!" he cried, and they fetched it. "Harbottle, Legalside, Chanlane, London," he wrote, then fumbled in the key sheet. When his finger reached "I am acting urgently and without delay," he seized his pencil afresh. "Hoopo Henry," he added, and charged out of the building.

At the Crillon he found Hayward, the maid. He left her hysterical, but with the information written on his cuff that Laura McCanlis was giving a dinner party to her friends at *Le Rat Mort* in Montmartre. With the willing aid of a rake-hell taxi he tracked this Dead Rat down. For ten francs he won an admission that the party had dined there; for five more (a hasty bargain with the language against him) that the party had left; an extra ten following an open scuffle, and Henry heard that a *garçon* had been sent to reserve accommodation at a cabaret entertainment styled the Stinking Fish.

It took two gendarmes and the sacrifice of half his coat to force a connection with his taxi through half of Paris which had gathered on the pavement to see the fun. At the Stinking Fish bibulous remnants of Laura's party informed him that the next lap lay across the city and the river to a street (jotted down on his sole remaining cuff) off the Boulevard Raspail.

HENRY found that street. He found a studio up six flights of Parisian stairs. And in a corner, smoking a languid cigarette on a couch of piled canvases, he found Laura.

Someone had been playing a ukulele when he stumbled through the door. It stopped, but Henry did not notice. By the side of the girl sprawled a lank shadow. Henry kicked it on the chance that it was Olesen. He was right. The girl followed Olesen to her feet. Henry ran a ragged cuff across his streaming brow.

"Look here," he said. "I've come to take you back."

The room was lit with candles stuck for effect in bottles as bottles qualified themselves for the purpose. Through the flickering light the girl eyed him coldly. "Oh?" was all she said.

Henry gulped, avoiding her eyes. "I've been sent by the firm, and I have an authority from your father. Better pack up now and come along. . . ."

It seemed to Henry that half Paris had once more gathered round. A chilly little laugh took the air.

"I should have taken you back to London this morning," he persisted, "but we've only just heard that you get control of your legacy tomorrow —your twentieth birthday—and that you intend marrying . . ."

"I think," interrupted Laura McCanlis, "that you must be intoxicated." She addressed the crowd. "This man," she laughed, "has come to take me home!"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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THE present hour sees a great change taking place in business. Small businesses are being gathered together into great institutions. The position of Vice-President in charge of Production, or Sales or Finance, in one of these great institutions is a larger responsibility than the presidency of a small business used to be. There has come an increasing demand for an expansion of the Institute's program to meet these changed conditions.

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[HALF A BRICK FOR HENRY
Continued from page twenty-nine]

In the ordinary way the assembly would have made Henry long to connect with a bath without delay. Now it made him think of a rough channel crossing. The man with the ukulele had thrust his nose into Henry's face. He was pretending to smell his breath. Roars of mirth greeted this exquisite morsel of comedy acting.

Henry pushed the man gently aside, biting his lips. "She loathes you. She detests you now!" he was telling himself, but he met her eyes squarely. "Are you coming quietly?" he demanded. "Or are we going to have a fuss?"

"If you won't come with me," he said, "I'll have to take you."

Laura's lashes were spread wide with amazement. This was a new sensation for her. "Do you mean—am I coming back to England with you?"

"Yes."

"Well, I admire your nerve!"

Elbowing her way from the back of the crowd, a female with prominent teeth and a soulful expression pulled a cushion cover down like an extinguisher over Henry's head. As he struggled with it hands began to push him this way and that. It took him some time to work clear. When he was free of it he found Laura at his side. She was not smiling now; she looked scared.

"If you won't come with me," he said, "I'll have to take you." He closed his fingers over her wrist.

He had forgotten about Olesen. With one of Henry's hands occupied in warding off the attentions of the revelers, and the other safely attached to Laura's wrist, this was Olesen's chance. With his open palm he struck Henry across the cheek. . . .

IT was then that things in that attic studio became a blur of disconnected movement. In the niceties of the law he might be a fool; he might generally be trusted to do and say the wrong thing; this girl might be laughing at him, and her party joshing him along—but, from the word go, Henry Le S. Harbottle was going to show this gang of dagos how it is said with knuckles.

First he pushed Olesen's chin two and a half inches nearer the tip of his nose—it happened before the man had time to get his fingers back from Henry's cheek—then he ploughed around a while. Women screamed. Bottles rolled. Chairs, mats, canvases drifted about. Yards of stovepiping toppled and crashed.

When Henry sought the girl again he walked to her with one foot through a ukulele, stepping over bohemians as over the Field of Flodden. Nothing male on two legs: nothing male stirring except Henry.

"Well?" inquired Henry.

The girl was eying him curiously, biting her lip. She made no effort to resist when he took her wrist again and led her toward the door. At the door, however, her arm jerked. "Look out!" she screamed, and a bottle splintered on the back of Henry's head.

For some time Henry, propped with his head supported in an angle of the wall, strove to collect a few dependable facts. An altercation seemed to have been in progress for some time between two indistinct figures. Out of the long perspectives Henry focused them as Laura and Olesen, and struggled to his feet. He saw Olesen shrug; then, with the rest of the room, the man faded away.

"If you'll tell me where I can drop you—?"

The voice came on his ears soft as the breath of spring. Henry found himself in a taxi, Laura at his side. He fingered his bandaged head.

"Tell me one thing," he begged. "Who threw that bottle?"

For a while the girl made no reply; then, "Don't you think you have made enough trouble for one night?" she demanded.

"Was it Olesen?"

"What difference can it make who threw it? You were asking for trouble . . ."

"I was doing my job," Henry put in. "And I'm not grumbling. It was Olesen, then?"

She nodded.

Henry rubbed his bandages tenderly. "The world is a small place," he said. "Perhaps we shall meet again. Who tied me up?"

The girl turned on him fiercely. "What else could I do with a poor blundering fool who—"

"Keep it," urged Henry, "for your biography. I'm coming in to watch you pack."

ANGER blazed in her eyes again. "You're not coming near my hotel! I'm not going to pack! I'm not going back to England! And I hope I never see your face again!"

"Just watch and see," Henry told her. That bit of a scrap up in the studio had given him confidence. As a swift spot of work he was rather proud of it.

He rapped on the window, and the Parisian at the wheel twisted his head round to insert it through the narrow crack of the window, driving ahead under the guidance of the back of his hat.

"Hotel Crillon?" inquired Henry.

"*Assurément!*" confirmed the driver.

"Well, bean ahead. This isn't a funeral."

Outside the hotel Henry held the door of the taxi shut until he had paid the man, then he opened it and followed the girl across the foyer and upstairs.

At the door of her suite Laura faced him, lips a-tremble. "I think you're odious—insufferable," she said. "If you dare follow me into my suite I'll—I'll scream the place down!"

Taking her key, Henry opened the door, pocketed the key, and followed her through. "A scene would only make it worse," he offered. "But have it your own way, of course."

On a settee Laura sat tight-lipped with her hands pressed between her knees. "You can make Hayward pack," she said, "but nothing will induce me to catch that train."

Henry sat on the trunks and rammed them shut while Hayward snapped the locks. Henry examined his watch. Bandages covered one blackening eye. His trousers were torn. He had less than half a dinner jacket round his shoulders, and none but the extremely short-sighted could have been left in any doubt as to the color of his underwear.

"Twenty-seven minutes, Hayward," he announced. "Make it slippy!"

"Nothing will induce me to put on a hat and coat!" cried Laura. "Nothing will induce me to catch that train!"

"Have the trunks taken down into the taxi, Hayward." Henry ordered, and took the mink wrap and the hat from her hands. "The hat first," he said, and pulled it over her ears. "And now the coat." Taking her by the elbow,

he marched her down the broad stairs and into the taxi.

"Legally," offered Henry as they sped through the deserted streets to the Gare du Nord—"legally you have to obey your father tonight. Tomorrow you can do as you like. If you still want to marry that greasy-necked bottle-heaver, legally you may do so."

"Thank you!" breathed Laura, biting back tears. "And legally I'd like to do a lot of things to you. Oh, I hate you, I hate you, I HATE YOU!"

Henry shrugged professionally. "Tomorrow that girl will be ready to tread my face against a live rail," he was telling himself. "You've done it now, you ghastly fool. And you thought, when she was pinning that gardenia in her coat—" Henry shrugged again, forgetting the first one. A game loser—he had been well trained since nursery days to see things go elsewhere. But he could not help a small pain under the heart—even now.

ON her trunks they sat waiting for the train to back into the *voie*, while Hayward acted under instructions concerning tickets. Henry's hand was still clamped round her wrist. His bandages had slipped; he released her hand to push at them. She leaped to her feet.

"Oh, oh, oh!" she cried. "I won't go back! Look at my frock—torn to ribbons! Look at my stockings—look at my hair! I can't, I won't travel like this. . . ."

Painfully Henry prized himself to his feet. It hurt him to look at her, and somehow that made him lose grip. "If you go back to Olesen now," he said huskily, "I shan't try to stop you."

For a moment she eyed him in silence—an odd sight under the sizzling blue arc lamps of the station—then, gathering her wrap determinedly about her, she turned to walk hurriedly away down the platform.

Like a man in a dream Henry watched her go. Ten yards—fifteen—twenty—then suddenly she turned. "My trunks—" she began, then stopped. "Your head — bandages slipped. It's—it's bleeding. . . ."

With the tips of his fingers Henry tested the statement and found it true. It did not concern him much.

Gently but firmly she pushed him back to sit, and knelt beside him to bind and pin and bind again. An expressionless mask had dropped over Henry's face. He sat like a man cut in stone.

"At the first stop I shall slip off the train," Laura promised herself. "He can't spend the night in our carriage—"

But Henry spent the night standing in the corridor outside the door of the compartment.

"At Calais, going through the *douane*—" she decided.

But Henry staggered along at her side.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

No More Sleepless Nights

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If you are troubled with restless nights, we urge you to accept the test offered here. Doing so has made a great difference in the lives of thousands of nervous people.

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Who's Who on Brunswick

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Tom Gerunovich

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Jesse is a trombone virtuoso whose talent and colorful personality gained fame for him in theatrical engagements before he joined Herb Wiedoeft's Orchestra. He recently succeeded to leadership of this organization. Stafford is known for his remarkable playing of "Cinderella Blues" and "Shine," two of the most famous fox trots ever written. Brunswick Record No. 4048.

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[HALF A BRICK FOR HENRY]
[Continued from page thirty-one]

"When we get on to the boat," Laura determined, biting her lip, "with a cabin to myself—"

Henry braved the Channel in a deck chair drawn up close under the porthole.

"You're the most detestable, loathsome thing I've ever met," she told him as he led her aboard the train at Dover in the early hours. "Besides—what do you think I look like in daylight?"

Henry could have written a book on the subject, but he said nothing, seating himself miserably but firmly beside her in the carriage.

"Since it is my birthday, do you think I could have a cigarette?" she asked.

The irony bounced off Henry. His face was concrete. "I have sent Hayward to get a packet and a cup of tea."

She accepted a cigarette; she accepted a light from a hand that shook; but she refused the tea.

"Your face," she said, "would make me feel a little less ill if you made it more human and lifelike."

"Meaning?" inquired Henry.

"A cup of hot tea."

In the end they shared the cup.

At Victoria Henry found her looking at him curiously. In the compartment they were waiting to make a dash for the taxi Hayward was fetching. A plaid traveling rug was draped over Henry's shoulders, but it did not conceal the tattered trousers. From the waist up he looked like a turbaned sheik.

"I take it that I have only to call a policeman—now," she said.

Henry considered. "Yes," he replied.

"Well—what do you propose to do with me?"

Henry considered again. "Take you," he decided, "with me back to Chancery Lane."

"And if I won't go?"

With one eye and a third of the other Henry held her steadily. "You will," he said, and she did.

SIR MALCOLM HARBOTTLE was examining his morning mail when the procession trooped in on him. He half rose in his chair, then sat down again. The turbaned head, the traveling rug, this girl with her hat over her eyes and torn stockings, was astounding in a solicitor's office at 10 in the morning.

"This is Miss McCanlis," explained Henry, and waited for the worst.

"Miss — ah — McCan — that is," stammered Henry's brother, "my dear young lady!"

"Oh, oh, oh!" sobbed Laura, and flung herself on Hayward's neck.

"There, there!" comforted the maid. "I'm sure the young gentleman acted for the best."

"The best!" echoed Laura, shaken with her sobs. "The best! I hate him! I loathe him! I hate him!"

Avoiding his brother's gimlet eye, Henry dropped his gaze to his shoes.

Sir Malcolm, sizing up the situation with a practiced intellect, dived round his desk to offer a chair. With a stamp of the foot the millionaire's daughter sent him diving back again.

"Do I understand the situation correctly," he demanded of Henry, "when I take it that you have brought Miss McCanlis here against—ah—her will?"

Henry shifted uneasily. "What I thought was—"

A snort interrupted him. "We can have that later, if at all," said Sir Malcolm, then paused judicially. "Circumstances have been difficult, let us admit that from the first, but one never anticipated that you would resort to—ah—hooliganism in following instructions." He cleared his throat nervously. "Last night we had a second cable from Mr. McCanlis, and up till midnight we were trying to get you on the telephone. You had not returned at that hour to your hotel. . . ."

Henry became aware that a mauve cablegram was being held before him.

"Read it," urged his brother. He read it.

HOOPS—HOOTS—HIPPOGRIFF—HOCKEYKNOCKERS—HAMBONE—HOOTS—AAA

HENRY thrust it from him with a groan.

"A cuc-cable?" Laura dabbed at her eyes.

Sir Malcolm fingered his pince-nez. "You were expecting a cable?"

She nodded. "When I wired pop I was marrying J-Jans, he cabled for particulars—and I sent him pup-particulars. . . ."

Sir Malcolm took up the mauve slip. "That explains a good deal," he said. "In this cable your father says he got the name wrong. He wants you to meet him with Mr. Olesen at Cherbourg when he arrives, and he would prefer for you to wait for him to be present at the—ah—ceremony. I trust," added Sir Malcolm, "that all is in order about Mr. Olesen?"

A queer little laugh came from Laura's lips. "In order? In order—when old Mr. Olesen was at Harvard with Pop!" She bit at the fragment of lace that was her handkerchief. "I've known Jans ever since I could walk. . . . Oh, oh! . . . And that bub-bottle . . . when Henry wasn't lul-looking . . ."

Henry pulled himself together. "Better be getting along to polish up and hop into some clothes, what?" he suggested. Henry was a game loser.

The man of iron at the desk stared right through him. "I will do my best," he said, "to explain to Miss McCanlis—and apologize."

Henry wandered to the door. Nobody stopped him.

"Miss McCanlis," he heard the voice of that man of brains and many accomplishments protesting, "believe

me, we regret all this very much. Anything we can do at this late hour —I beg your pardon?"

But Laura did not answer. Her eyes were fixed on the back of Henry as he staggered out.

"Anything we can do shall be done. You are, of course, free to go where you like—to do what you like—to marry Mr. Olesen as soo—"

"Oh! I don't want to do what I like!" cried Laura. "I don't want to go where I like! I don't want to marry Mr. Olesen!"

"You don't want to marry Mr. Olesen!"

"Oh—won't somebody stop him?" Laura sobbed. "I don't want to marry Jans. I want to marry Henry."

Henry's steps in the passage were heard to halt. Then came the sound of footsteps retraced. A bandaged head appeared at the door.

"Would you mind saying that again?" Henry asked. His voice was tinged with suspicion. Laura said it.

For a moment Henry reflected. Then: "That will be all right," he said. "Come into the office."

Closing his fingers over her wrist, he led her toward that little glass-paneled room at the back.

"One moment!" begged Sir Malcolm feebly, his hands flapping in front of his face. "What am I to say to Mr. McCanlis?"

"Hoops," recommended Henry. "Hoops, hoots, hambone, hollyhocks, hippogriffs, and handcarts."

THE END

Bright Sayings *of* Children

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Scotch?

In the old days it was the custom of the local minister to visit the school at intervals. During his visits the teacher sent a boy out to hold the minister's pony. On one occasion a class was busy with figures as the minister entered, and on the blackboard was written, "Two from two leaves nothing."

"What is nothing?" he asked the class. "Has anyone seen it?"

One little chap snapped his fingers eagerly.

"What you give us for holding your pony," was the prompt reply.—Alexander Cowan, 1258 John St., Seattle, Wash.

* * *

He'd Show Her

While visiting his paternal grandmother, Tommy's mother and grandmother could not agree, and when things got too hot his mother would leave the room, slamming the door.

One day, resenting a needed punishment, Tommy irately remarked, in a spirit of revenge, "Now I'm going out and slam the door."—Miss G. Heinig, 1247 S. Floyd St., Louisville, Ky.

"Light a Lucky — when you crave things which make you fat"

Damon Runyon

Damon Runyon, Popular Sporting Writer

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The MYSTERY of the

A Fantasy with a Shotgun Ending

THE story of Madalynne Obenchain and her trial in Los Angeles for the murder on August 5, 1921, of J. Belton Kennedy, properly commences in 1893—and these are the threads which, unwinding from their various human spools, were finally woven into a tapestry of mystery and assassination by the bobbin of destiny.

Madalynne Connor was born in Superior, Wisconsin, on September 7, 1893. Her father, J. D. Connor, was a hotel man and real estate dealer. In 1896 he divorced his wife, and she reappears in the scene for a moment twenty years later.

From kindergarten, Madalynne went to schools in the Dakotas and in Iowa, whither her father moved, living with him in hotels or in girls' boarding houses. This developed a self-reliant character and nimbleness of wit which were to fortify her in the crisis of her life. In 1914 she left a finishing school in St. Paul, Minnesota, and went to Northwestern University in Evanston, Illinois, where she enrolled in music and liberal arts.

At twenty-one, Madalynne had attained the full measure of her growth and beauty. She is of that type which, charming in person, registers inadequately with the camera. She was large, with full, sweeping curves, big strong hands, and wide shoulders. Her hair was a silken nut-brown, her forehead impressive, her cheekbones prominent, her mouth as ample and shapely as Juno's, and her eyes gray.

A tall, strong, jolly, wholesome, artistic girl. And incurably romantic! Though intelligent and balanced, she was naïve and irresponsible and actually silly when it came to pouring out her heart via pen and ink; her letters to men being lovely in phrasing but ominous in consequence. As you shall behold.

At Northwestern University Madalynne met two men whose lives thereafter were closely entwined with hers. Ralph Riley Obenchain, then twenty-four, was a senior in the law school, a Phi Kappa Sigma, president of his class and of the fraternity council, a bright and likable chap. He met Madalynne at a dance and they became sweethearts.

Arthur Courtney Burch, the same age as Madalynne, also swam into her orbit. The son of the Rev. William A. Burch, he was the favorite grandchild of a wealthy grandmother. Short and eccentric, both as to dress and conduct, Burch's bulging brow and errand-boy propensities when around the co-eds amused the university.

Burch soon became a satellite of Madalynne, and the girl was always warmly welcome in the Burch home.

In February, 1915, Ralph and Madalynne announced their engagement. Not long afterward she departed for New York City and joined the Sargent School of Music. This led to a mild quarrel with Ralph, and their troth was broken temporarily. In November her father died in the Mayo Brothers' hospital at Rochester, Minnesota.

Madalynne was alone. Her father left her well provided for, and early the next year she went to Los Angeles to spend the rest of the winter. There she lived for a short time with her mother, who had married a man named Edgar Smart, to whom she had borne a daughter named Glenys. In her mother's home Madalynne met J. Belton Kennedy. He had come with his parents to Mrs. Smart's where the elders were to talk over a matter of real estate. He and Madalynne were introduced—a tragic meeting. Belton was twenty-three years old. His father was J. D. Kennedy, an insurance broker. The boy had attended public schools and for a short time was enrolled at the University of Southern California.

Madalynne Obenchain as she looked as the central figure in the Kennedy tragedy in 1921. P. & A. photo

An only son, Belton appears to have been subjected to severe family discipline. His mother's attitude seems to have been that of fierce resentment against any feminine attachment that would take him from her. The father kept him grinding away at the insurance office in Room 416 of the Laughlin Building on South Broadway, Los Angeles.

Belton and Madalynne fell in love and the courtship became a hectic affair. Telephone calls and secret meet-

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THE Mystery of the Bungalow in the Glen is the fourth of a series of ten stories of celebrated, never solved detective problems.

Since everybody is a detective at heart, it has occurred to the publishers of this magazine that interest in the stories—most of which will be told in this series from beginning to end for the first time—may be pleasantly heightened by offering cash prizes for the best feats of detective reasoning.

LIBERTY therefore is going to give its readers $10,000 in prizes for solutions of these ten mysteries. There will be eight prizes for each mystery: one of $500, one of $250, one of $100, one of $50, and four of $25. In case of a tie, the prizes will be duplicated.

Read the story, figure out who killed J. Belton Kennedy, and mail your solution to me in care of LIBERTY, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

You don't have to be a professional writer, or even a subscriber to LIBERTY. Everyone except employees of LIBERTY and members of their families is eligible. *What* you say will count, not *how* you say it. It might be well to say it within 500 words, simply telling who you think did the killing, and why you think so.

Neatness, brevity, logic, originality of deduction—these will count with me in considering your contributions. The publishers have decided that I am to have the only and final say as to the winners.

To be considered, any solution mailed to me must be postmarked within four weeks after the date of the issue in which the story appears. Names of winners will be published as soon after they are selected as is mechanically possible in the printing of a weekly magazine. SIDNEY SUTHERLAND.

BUNGALOW *in the* *Glen*

By SIDNEY SUTHERLAND

ings and frenzied letters gave the young pair relief from the tyranny of his home.

For years the thing went on, the correspondence read at the murder trials revealing the love and despair on both sides.

THEY would be together in Los Angeles for a few months, and then Madalynne would go to Evanston or to Chicago for visits, and the missives would become flamingly fervid. There are no early letters from Belton to Madalynne, because she returned them to him after one of their quarrels. There are many from her to him, found after his death, and taken in homeopathic doses they are interesting revelations of a woman's heart expressing itself through an educated mind: in allopathic dosages they become tiresomely sophomoric.

P. & A. photos

Mrs. Obenchain, on the verge of collapse, being escorted by Sheriff Bill Treager, left, and her ex-husband, Ralph Obenchain.

"Oh, Belton, my life," she would write: "to lie in your arms; to sleep, sleep dreamlessly until the end of time, this would be paradise." "You are the wonder flower of the passions of my life. I tremble at the consciousness of having been loved by you so completely." And so on and on *ad infinitum.*

Belton must have been equally ebullient, for we have some of his wires, when she would chide him for breaking a promise: "Have faith, have faith. You know what it is at home. Do not doubt, beloved; be of strong faith," and so on and on, ignoring telegraph tolls.

By late 1918 Madalynne was desperate. Often had he promised to marry her and as often had he evaded the issue. About the middle of the year they had had influenza, he in Los Angeles and she in Evanston. Burch and Obenchain called on her in her Evanston apartment;

A composite photograph of the scene of the Kennedy slaying and the victim's cabin. (1) Where the body was found. (2) Where the slayer hid. (3) Foliage screening the cabin, which is actually hidden, but is shown above as it appears behind the shrubbery. The arrow points to Mrs. Obenchain and Deputy Sheriff Fox. Dimly visible above them is Assistant Prosecutor Keyes.

and she had a nurse named Selma Cullander. (Don't forget that name.)

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE MYSTERY OF THE BUNGALOW IN THE GLEN]
Continued from page thirty-five

In the fall she returned to the Coast. Obenchain, meanwhile, expected to sail for France with his regiment, and he wrote he would like to come out and say farewell. She gave him permission, and though the Armistice was signed he arrived in his uniform on Christmas Eve—and on January 1, 1919, she married him!

First, though, she told him candidly that she loved Belton, but Ralph said he would make her forget him. A day or so later she was once more seeing Kennedy, unable to control her infatuation for the lad.

Obenchain returned to Chicago where he was a lawyer for an insurance firm. Madalynne lingered in Los Angeles, loving and quarreling with Belton, and finally she went to Evanston to divorce Ralph. Early in 1920, after notes and telegrams had been exchanged, she wrote Belton that she was happier among her Evanston friends, that she doubted if he ever had unselfishly loved a girl, begged him to be a gentleman and return her letters, and sent him all that he had written to her.

The slain man, J. Belton Kennedy, stormy petrel of Madalynne Obenchain's life.

"Some mistake. Keep faith. Coming soon," he wired. A little later he wired again: "Leaving soon as possible. Can you go abroad? Wire immediately."

On January 19 Madalynne was given her divorce, Ralph gallantly confessing to adultery and promising her $80 a month alimony. Ralph was ever a gentleman.

Still Belton sidestepped the banns, and on March 1 she wrote: "You are a coward. Everything in me is dead. You have killed it. If you care to return my letters, all right—if not, know that it is hard for me to keep from hating you for keeping them."

Yet she returned to Los Angeles; stayed for a year while they resumed their love. Then she went back to Chicago, quarreled with him, and then telegraphed that she could not live without him, and asked him to meet her in San Francisco. "I want to lie unquestioning in your arms to the end. Mazzalin." This was in May, 1921.

June 4 he telegraphed: "I am sick and will wire again." She replied imploringly, and he answered on June 7: "Things serious here tonight. Wait until you hear from me before going to San Francisco."

THE next day Madalynne wired Mrs. Mabel Louise Wilson to address her at Lake Louise, Canada, "where I am going to fight it out alone."

Mrs. Wilson was Madalynne's closest friend in Los Angeles. She ran a beauty parlor in the Security Bank building, and acted as a sort of post office through which Madalynne and Belton exchanged letters and phone calls and wires.

Madalynne reached Los Angeles from Canada on July 6. She took a room at the Alexandria Hotel. That night she saw Mrs. Wilson and they sent this telegram to Chicago: "Mr. A. C. Burch. Please send immediately following wire from me from Chicago to J. B. Kennedy, 2859 Frances Avenue, Los Angeles. Arrived in Chicago this morning. Good-by forever. Madalynne. Received your wire. Am feeling better. Do this at once for me. Goddess."

Let us see what Burch had been doing since we last saw him. Some time in 1916 he married Allie Gail Quayle, daughter of Bishop W. A. Quayle, prominent in the Methodist Church. On August 31, 1921, she was granted a divorce at Lawrence, Kansas, on the ground that Burch had grossly neglected his duty and abandoned her. Custody of a four-year-old son, Courtney, remained with her.

Burch sent the wire to Kennedy and wired Madalynne in care of Mrs. Wilson: "Have sent message requested. Hurry home. Much love always. Jeff." Jeff was a name Madalynne had for him.

In spite of the fact that Madalynne thus tried to inform Belton that she had gone from San Francisco to Chicago, we find her calling Belton on the telephone and again resuming their joys and their griefs.

The state's contention that Madalynne was a woman scorned receives some substatiation in the fact that for days Belton would neither call her up at the hotel nor see her. Her contention that he loved her is supported by the fact that when they did see each other, or telephone, he would rave about how savagely his mother was opposing their marriage. Nevertheless, Madalynne testified, he was eager to marry her at once, but now she demanded that they first go together to see his mother.

While this mad situation was engulfing them, Madalynne was continuing in touch with Burch. Soon after her arrival in Los Angeles "Jeff" wired her to "come on back to Chicago. We will get a little place on the north shore and settle down. Much love. Write often." This indicates that at that time he had no intention of going to Los Angeles, although Madalynne said they had agreed long before that he was to come out there and spend his vacation.

Arthur C. Burch, who went free after standing three trials as Kennedy's slayer.

ON July 14 she heard from "Jeff" in cryptic wording: "Will wire balance love Saturday 16th instead of 15th. Love."

On July 18 Madalynne sent Burch the famous telegram that threatened to send her to the hangman's noose: "Have sent two letters general (delivery). Receive by Thursday. Wait for them. Then if possible wish you could leave for here just for two weeks. If there is any chance for this wire me. Have been prostrated last few days. I need you and your friend I had last summer. Goddess."

The district attorney claimed that "your friend" meant a shotgun, and that Burch brought one out and murdered Kennedy. Madalynne and Burch claimed it meant Selma Cullander, the nurse.

The next day Burch wired: "Will leave Thursday or Friday. Rest and pray. All love. Arthur."

On the 19th she wrote Belton a passionate letter, praising him for his brave fight, saying she understood, and repledging deathless devotion.

His answer was prose doggerel, knowing it would turn her heart inside out: "Do not think me cold, ungrateful. Ah, no; 'tis only that I wander in the dark, and Oh, Madalynne, I cannot see the light—the darkness is smothering, smothering me. Oh, Madalynne, do you not hear the wild cries far, far out on the desert's yellow sands where the blood red sun is dipping now to sleep? God bless you."

Burch reached Los Angeles and Madalynne met him at the station. Before we proceed, let me report that on August 3 he wired his mother in Evanston: "Having fine time. Please wire me a hundred care Western Union. Do not worry, everything clean and straight."

To which Mrs. Burch replied that she had certain obligations to meet and could not send the money. The next morning he wired he must have it, and she telegraphed him to draw on her.

Introducing Thomas M. Haley, proprietor of the Russell Hotel at 316½ South Broadway, who deposeth as follows:

At 3 P. M. on Sunday, July 24, the phone rang and a man asked Haley if he had a vacant room overlooking Broadway. Told there was one, he said to hold the room; that he, Mr. Burch, would be right over.

At 3:30 o'clock Burch came in and was shown Room 21. The hotel is a three-story building, the street level being filled with stores, the hotel office being on the second floor. Room 21 is on the top floor. Haley says Burch didn't stop to look at the furnishings, as guests normally do, but darted to the window, lifted the lace curtains, and stared across the street at the Laughlin Building directly oppo-

site, where J. Belton Kennedy had his office.

Then Burch insisted that he be given Room 20 which was farther south and more directly in line with the Kennedy office, Room 416. He even offered a dollar a day extra if he could get the people in No. 20 to take No. 21 and let him have theirs.

Burch then said [still quoting Haley] that he might want the room for a day, or two days, or a week, and arranged for a refund if he paid in advance and left before the date prepaid. Also he argued with Haley until he agreed to let a woman, his cousin, visit him in his room in the afternoons. He offered to prop the door open while she was there. He paid $12 for a week in advance.

Then he said he wanted to rent a car and drive it himself, and Haley told him where to go. Burch thereupon registered as "Arthur C. Burch, Evanston, Illinois," and departed for his suitcase, a big bellows affair.

On Tuesday, July 26, a woman came to visit Burch. Haley identified her as Madalynne. She came four or five times.

And both at the times she was there and on many other occasions when Burch had his door open or when Haley peeked through the keyhole, he never saw his guest except in one position—seated in a chair before the window and staring fixedly at the Kennedy offices.

LET us see what Madalynne and Kennedy were doing between July 24 and August 5, the day of the murder; and what Burch did in the same period.

The affair between the lovers became a nightmare of reproaches and reconciliations, via telephone, via letters, and in person. On July 31, Madalynne swore, Kennedy stayed in her hotel room until after midnight, raving and weeping and threatening to shoot himself, demanding that they leave town forthwith and be married.

Burch had rented an automobile. Hiram T. Utley, night man at C. B. Leader's Auto Park, testified that on July 25 Burch rented a Dodge touring car at $45 a week. He was allowed 500 miles. He deposited $90, kept the car six days, drove 554 miles, and got his refund. He rented the machine under the name of M. C. Obenchain.

On July 31 Burch went to Parsons Brothers' agency and rented a Dodge roadster. He put up a $30 deposit and drove thirty-seven miles the first day. Each time he took the car out he made a little deposit and when he brought it back—almost invariably near 7 o'clock at night—he was given his refund of about $25. At this place Burch signed the rental slips as J. L. Jones of 502 South Mathews Street.

Dick Parsons, owner of the agency, testified that the roadster was equipped with a Lancaster cord and a Miller cord on the rear wheels and ribbed-tread tires on the front. This was not brought out for an idle purpose.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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Fayro is the concentrate of the natural mineral salts that makes it as effective as are the waters of the hot springs of America, England and Continental Europe. For years the spas and hot springs bathing resorts have been the retreat of fair women and well-groomed men.

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Fayro will refresh you and help your body throw off worn out fat and bodily poisons. Your skin will be clearer and smoother. You will sleep better after your Fayro bath and awaken feeling as though you had enjoyed a week's vacation.

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Fayro reduces weight generally, but you can also concentrate its effect on abdomen, hips, legs, ankles, chin or any part of the body you may wish.

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Weigh yourself before and after your Fayro bath. You will find you have lost from 2 to 4 pounds. And a few nights later when you again add Fayro to your bath, you will once more reduce your weight. Soon you will be the correct weight for your height. No need to deny yourself food you really want. No need for violent exercise. No need for drugs or medicines. Merely a refreshing Fayro bath in the privacy of your own home.

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The regular price of Fayro is $1.00 a package. With the coupon you get 3 full sized packages and an interesting booklet "Health and Open Pores" for $2.50 plus the necessary postage. Send no money. Pay the postman. Your money refunded instantly if you want it.

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For obvious reasons, names are not quoted, but every letter published has been authorized and names and addresses will be given on request.

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Send me 3 full sized boxes of Fayro in plain package. I will pay the postman $2.50 plus the necessary postage. It is understood that if I do not get satisfactory results with the first package I use, I am to return the other two and you will refund all of my money at once.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

If you live outside the United States send International Money Order with coupon.

[THE MYSTERY OF THE BUNGALOW IN THE GLEN]
Continued from page thirty-seven

On Friday, August 5, Haley says a woman called up at 2:15 P. M., found Burch was out, and asked Haley to tell him "his cousin had called." Burch came in at 2:30 and got his key. Given the message, he replaced the key and hurried out.

About 7:30 P. M. he returned, got the key, and went to his room; and a few moments later came down with a package wrapped in newspapers. The package was about twenty-eight inches long, bigger at one end than the other, and about three inches thick and six inches wide. Such a package definitely describes a shotgun knocked down, the state declared.

At 7:32 P. M. Burch took the roadster out of the garage. He brought it back at 11:05 o'clock. He had driven forty-four miles. It is well to remember that mileage.

We will now jump across the important hours between early afternoon and the climax of our story, returning to them presently, and travel out to the scene of the murder.

Beverly Glen is one of numerous cañons which separate the hills north of Beverly Hills, a suburb of Los Angeles where many celebrated motion picture stars reside. In the Glen, a mile or so from its entrance on Wilshire Boulevard, were a number of cabins, one of them the Kennedys'. This was a small frame dwelling about twenty feet up the steep side of the ravine.

About eighteen steps up the stairway from the road was a lattice gate which swung out toward a person ascending. A plain lumber handrail was at each side of the steps. The undergrowth was heavy and tangled and came up to the handrails, and it surrounded the cabin completely. In this undergrowth were scrub sycamore, poison oak, wild walnuts, and vines—some of these with sharp thorns, such as the wild blackberry.

At about 9:05 o'clock on the night of August 5, somebody concealed in the brush just below the gate—at the left of any person descending the stairs—fired two shots from a twelve-gauge shotgun. The first missed its target and splintered some small saplings across the stairway. The second tore a hole two inches in diameter one inch behind the left ear of J. Belton Kennedy.

He slumped in a heap, his head resting on the eighth step, a small pistol he had carried since being beaten four years before by two unidentified men, clasped in his right hand.

AT 9:10 o'clock George Deering, a railroad night worker who lived farther up the Glen, reached the spot in his little car, en route to his job in Los Angeles. He was stopped by a woman running out into the glare of his headlights, screaming and waving her arms. This is what she said to him:

"Something terrible has happened. My friend is lying over there on the steps. I heard two shots and I saw two roughly dressed men. My friend called, 'Madalynne, Madalynne, good night.'"

Deering turned his car so the headlights showed the stairway and the Kennedy car, which had its lights turned on. He got out, examined the body, and said, "He's dead."

Madalynne screamed: "My God, why did they do it?"

Just then a couple approached, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Besenty, whose cabin was 200 feet north of Kennedy's. They offered to stay with the body while Deering took Madalynne to the Beverly Hills police station three or four miles away. The testimony of this pair will be given later.

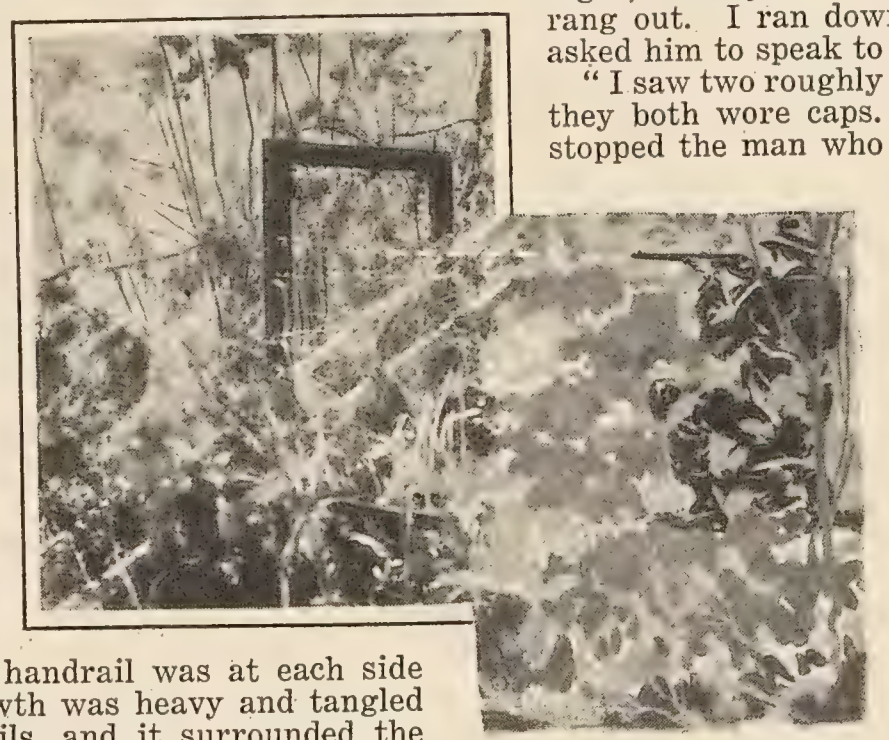
At the police station Madalynne told her first story. She told two others later, one the next day or so to District Attorney Woolwine and the other on the witness stand the following year. Substantially they were in accord, dissimilarities being eagerly pounced on by the prosecution. Madalynne says she remembers nothing after leaving the Glen until several days later.

"My name is Madalynne Obenchain," runs her first story. "I am at the Alexandria Hotel, and a lady friend of mine named Mrs. Wilson is there now waiting my return. The wounded man is Mr. Belton Kennedy, my fiancé. During the afternoon we motored out to the beach; it was below El Segundo. On the return we drove to the Brentwood (Country) Club intending to have dinner. It was closed. We then started for the hotel, but went by the Glen to a cabin owned by Mr. Kennedy.

"We went up the steps. I remarked when we had gotten up there that about a year and a half ago I placed a penny under a rock. He said, 'Let's find it.' And he said he would go back to the motor and get some matches.

"He started down the steps and I heard the voice of a strange man and a shot rang out. Kennedy called, 'Good night, Madalynne.' I screamed and a second shot rang out. I ran down the steps and stooped and asked him to speak to me.

"I saw two roughly dressed men in the brush and they both wore caps. I ran out in the road and stopped the man who brought me here."



A composite photograph showing the lattice gate on the steps of the Kennedy cabin, and the ambush of the unknown assassin.

The next statement was made in the prosecutor's office, when Madalynne said the penny had been hidden by herself and her half-sister, Glenys Smart, under a jardinière which stood on the steps of the cottage. Also that Kennedy had said, "Oh, Mazzlyn, good night."

AT the trial she said that the penny had been hidden in the gravel in the jardinière and that she stood idly running her fingers through the gravel while Kennedy went down to get the matches. Also that Kennedy's emphasis on the word night indicated he spoke slangily, as one would say when surprised: "Good *night*, Madalynne."

The undertaker got the body and Madalynne was held in jail as a material witness. While the investigation was on, Boniface Haley showed up at the prosecutor's office with this story.

He had been suspicious of Burch since he had seen him watching Kennedy's office for hours at a time. The morning of the 6th Haley had read about the shooting, and happening to pass Burch's room had glanced in and seen him eagerly reading the morning papers.

About 9 o'clock Burch came down and said he guessed he would check out—although he still had several days paid in advance. Haley rushed up to the room and in a wastebasket found a telegram torn to bits. He pieced it together: it was from Mrs. Burch in Evanston saying Burch might draw on her for $100.

Having read that Madalynne was from Evanston, he dashed over to the officials and told his story. The prosecutor suddenly hurled this question at Madalynne: "Who is Arthur C. Burch?" Madalynne was confused and, after hesitating and stammering, said he was a friend, but she would not discuss him until she had consulted with counsel.

The sheriff then phoned the railway offices and learned that Burch was on the Union Pacific bound for Chicago. A wire to the sheriff at Las Vegas, Nevada, intercepted Burch, who, saucy as ever, laughed and waived extradition.

The conclusion of the tragedy and the stories of some of the witnesses—there were 100, and about 150 exhibits—can be compressed in these salient paragraphs:

Madalynne and Burch were indicted on charges of first-degree murder on August 12. Burch was put on trial November 21, his defense being three-pronged:

first, that he wasn't at the scene of the murder; second, that he did not commit it; and, third, that if he did commit it he was insane. The trial ended January 16, 1922, the jury being discharged after deliberating seventy-two hours and standing eleven to one for conviction.

Madalynne went to trial on February 10, also before a mixed jury. Jud Rush and William Beirne were her attorneys. After thinking it over fifty-six hours, the jury was dismissed March 19, standing nine to three for conviction.

Burch's second trial ran from April 24 to May 22, the jury being unable to agree after sixty-five hours, and polling seven to five for acquittal.

Madalynne's second trial began June 9 and continued until August 1, a record being set in Los Angeles when the jurors stayed out ninety-seven hours and could not agree, standing eight to four for acquittal.

Burch went on trial for the third time on October 25, and after talking it over thirty hours the jury stood seven to five for acquittal and was discharged.

Chandler Sprague, a reporter for the Los Angeles Examiner, scooped his colleagues when he wrote a story purporting to be a full confession by Burch. Yet this confession was not used at the trials because it developed that the Examiner had paid Burch a sum of money for the exclusive story, according to lawyers.

Some of the stories told on the witness stand during the five hearings are summarized here:

Ralph Cummings and Nicholas Hanly parked their car in Beverly Glen the night of the murder. Next day they examined the neighborhood and found tire marks identical to those on the Burch roadster in a little gravel pit where, the state claimed, Burch left his car while he waited in ambush by the stairway till Madalynne brought Kennedy there to be assassinated.

Henry Leifer, who lived opposite the gravel pit, heard the two shots, but saw nobody drive out of the little pit.

R. J. SANDERSEN, Santa Fe railway Pullman porter, said Burch had a large bellows suitcase and a leather shotgun case on the train going west.

Officers who reached the scene that night said that the stairway gate was open only about a foot, which would have been impossible if Madalynne had gone through it, unless she instinctively closed it behind her.

The state's contention here was that Madalynne never got out of the car at the foot of the steps, but on some pretext persuaded Kennedy to ascend the stairs alone; that he started to open the gate, heard the assassin stir in his ambush, turned, pistol in hand, and started down, when he was shot.

The Besentys, between them, alleged that Burch drove the Dodge roadster up to their house in the Glen a day or so before the tragedy and asked them to point out the Kennedy cabin. This doesn't ring true, because if he and Madalynne had plotted the assassination they would have visited the spot and rehearsed their plans soon after Burch arrived, twelve days before.

Also, the Besentys stated, a man was heard sliding down through the brush after the two shots were fired; the man said, "I got him," and the woman who never had alighted from the Kennedy car answered something; the Kennedy headlights were extinguished until after the killer vanished and were then turned on, and the woman got out of the car only when she heard Deering coming.

J. J. Finn, a prisoner who worked in the county jail clinic, said that on August 10 Burch came in with a sore knee and that he removed a little black thorn from it. The thorn was offered in evidence, as was a length of blackberry vine which was taken from the killer's ambush and which had identical thorns on it.

W. J. Bright, deputy sheriff, said that at 6 P. M. the day following the murder, Mrs. Wilson brought him an envelope for Madalynne. It contained five or six sheets of blank paper and $85 in bills. Madalynne's name was printed in ink, but an expert identified it as in Burch's writing. The prosecution claimed Burch had sent her what he could spare and fled, while Madalynne claimed she had loaned that sum to Burch and he was merely repaying her. To which the state replied that if Burch were

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[THE MYSTERY OF THE BUNGALOW IN THE GLEN]
Continued from page thirty-nine

innocent he would not have tried to disguise his writing and run away while the woman he loved was in a cell.

The most astonishing coup staged by the prosecution was the appearance on the stand of Paul Roman. This was a stunning blow to the defense. Roman, convicted of larceny, had been sentenced to the penitentiary and was waiting in the county jail for his appeal to be heard.

He testified that he met Madalynne in August and thereafter saw her three or four times a week until December 23, when he left for Folsom prison. At these meetings, Roman said, they hatched a plot to sidetrack the killing on two strangers Roman was supposed to have met at Sixth and Main streets. These men were supposed to be blackmailing Kennedy because of a flashlight picture of him and a woman, and when Kennedy finally balked they followed him and Madalynne and shot Belton in Beverly Glen.

As a result of this plot, Roman went on, Madalynne had him meet Ralph Obenchain, who had dropped his practice in Chicago to hurry to Los Angeles to help his former wife, and Roman told Ralph a circumstantial story about the two strangers.

Then Madalynne, with her bewildering propensity for romantic letter writing—a propensity which she grimly assured me when I saw her, is totally cured—began to write to the roughneck Roman while he was in Folsom.

P. & A. photo

The gravel pit where the state said Burch left his car the night of the murder. The Kennedy cabin is just behind the windmill.

It was agreed, Roman says, that he was to pretend he was writing a book and that Madalynne was helping him by developing his characters. Under this pretext she was to describe herself and Kennedy thoroughly so that when Roman shocked the prosecution by taking the stand for the defense he could tell a glib story of knowing Kennedy and her intimately, as well as telling about the two mythical blackmailers.

Madalynne claimed it was Roman who originally suggested the idea of creating the characters so he could win a pardon for himself by solving the Kennedy mystery, and that she, like a fool, fell headlong into his trap.

In any event, Roman, who was a rat in numerous ways, was borrowing small sums from Madalynne, and he finally went to the Folsom warden with all of Madalynne's letters and his version of the plot. The warden sent for District Attorney Woolwine and, much to the horror of her lawyers, she was forced to sit in court and listen to the reading of her idiotic love letters to an incorrigible crook.

HERE are some of the phrases—from a girl of culture addressed to a felon: "Your nearness as I try to sleep seems like a caress." "Just play I am a dream girl and you a dream boy, and hold me close to your heart and kiss my tears away." "In my dreams your lips caress my brow, my hair, my throat. Tonight I have a little pale pink rose near me—the rose will be your soft warm lips, dear Paul."

Roman, a Polish Jew and named Romanowski, also was a prolific writer. But he was quite ignorant, so he borrowed a book on love-letter writing from the prison library, and wrote such junk as this, his coarseness creeping in in spite of himself: "I dream quietly of you, darling girl, and though prison bars detain me, my free soul flies swiftly across to your little cot, my passion blossom. What you need is a lot of attention and I'm the guy to give it to you."

With this bombshell, the prosecution rested its case.

Selma Cullander, the Chicago nurse, testified that Burch came out to see her at her hospital shortly after Madalynne sent the famous telegram, and asked her to accompany him to Los Angeles so she might nurse her former patient. But she was too busy to go.

Burch's testimony as to the route he took in the roadster that night was used to offset that of Parsons, the auto renting man. Parsons had testified that with a man from the district attorney's office he had driven the roadster from the garage to Beverly Glen, back to Wilshire Boulevard, on to the beach at Santa Monica—where the state claimed Burch threw his shotgun in the ocean—and back to the agency at 116 West Ninth Street, Los Angeles. The mileage was exactly forty-four miles.

BURCH said he drove down to Long Beach and around, asking one or two men, who testified for him, for directions here and there, and back to the garage, also exactly forty-four miles.

After Madalynne told her appealing and circumstantial story from the stand, the defense tossed a little bomb of its own: it introduced Mrs. W. A. Osgood, who ran a costume shop called the La Rue Costume Company. She testified that Belton Kennedy and Paul Roman had twice called on her in company and rented female costumes to attend a dance of male inverts; that Kennedy's "friend" was a youth he referred to as Freddie; that he said Freddie had beaten him for dancing with another boy; and that Roman remarked that he hoped Freddie wouldn't attack him for taking Kennedy to the dance.

One of these precious parties, in January, 1920, had ended in a police raid during which Kennedy and Roman escaped through a window. The second party was on July 2, 1921, while Madalynne was waiting in San Francisco for Kennedy to come up and marry her.

It has been a theory in Los Angeles that maybe Freddie slew Kennedy; that, having learned of his association with Madalynne, he had followed them to the beach and the Glen and fired the shotgun.

After the five trials had resulted in hung juries, Woolwine had the indictments dismissed on December 4, 1922, on the ground of insufficiency of evidence, and the pair were freed, having been in prison for sixteen months.

Today, Madalynne sits in her little home atop a high hill near Pasadena. She is alone. A strange thing happened to her that fatal night in the Glen—her hair turned white in streaks and she was stricken with leucodermia, white spots appearing all over her body. She showed me faint traces of them on her throat and knuckles, seven years after the tragedy. She has a little income, most of her patrimony having gone for the expenses of her trials; and Ralph Obenchain still sends her $80 a month.

Following his release, Burch was examined on an insanity charge. He defended himself and was released. In April, 1926, he married a southern girl. He is working for a company that makes fire extinguishers.

Ralph—the man in a million, or the boob in a million, as he was called during the trials—is back in Chicago, married and a father, his law practice having profited by the publicity he received in 1921 and 1922.

Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy sit in their lonely home, disconsolate and bitter, bereft of their only son. Occasionally Kennedy's temper flares up and he denounces Jud Rush when he meets him on the street, but he has been warned by the authorities to stop that.

Another real life mystery story by Mr. Sutherland will appear in Liberty next week.

The Right Knife

The Story of a Meek Man's Adventure

By

Don Marquis

Pictures by Fortunino Matania

Willie began to dance with the fatter and drunker of her two men.

"AND so," said Walt Morgan, "I've come on to New York to look at the skyscrapers and ride in the subway and see Coney Island and the Metropolitan Museum and get myself all refined and cultured up."

"You look a good deal more civilized than the average New Yorker," I said, smiling back at the smile on his keen, alert face, and appraising the natural grace with which he wore his clothes. "Nobody would take you for the western roughneck you are."

"Now, listen, Bill!" said Walt, with half-humorous earnestness. "Get me right! I'm not a roughneck and I never was. All my instincts are for dress suits and college socks and slicked hair. You could even call me a social climber—hand over hand and the devil take the hindmost. I'm as meek as a glass-eyed woolly lamb. And in a year from now, if I ain't got a glass eye of my own, you'll see me wearin' a monocle, if I can get my nerve up to it.

"In a few weeks I'm going over and intrude myself on to Europe and learn to talk about wine lists and cathedrals and cheese, and maybe I'll trade a few oil leases for a castle. I'm really only pausin' a while at this water hole to find out more about pickle forks and monogrammed pajamas and which is the right knife to use."

I hadn't seen Walt for a good many years—forty of them, in fact. I had taken him to an uptown night club, none too savory as to reputation, where the music and the drinks and the dancing make up in violence for what they lack in quality; and I had been trying to get the story of those forty years out of him. But he had been deliberately baffling me.

As boys we had wallowed in the same swimming holes and skated on the same ponds in a little middle western community, and read the same paper-backed dime novels and thrilled over and worshiped the same heroes. At sixteen he had gone West—to the real West—confessedly and avowedly to live the romance he had found in the paper-covered books; and a few years later I had come East to write it, or something like it. And we had both learned that there wasn't anything in it.

"Maybe there was all that rough stuff and romance in the West somewheres," said Walt, "but none of it ever came my way. I never got mixed up personal in anything excitin' or unusual. And by the time I was twenty years old I had quit looking for it."

I admired the man, but he exasperated me. There was a chapter of America in him. He had seen the West, and been a part of it, in a transition period. He could give me authentic pictures in place of falsely colored chromos; but he wouldn't do it. He knew what I wanted well enough, but he steadfastly refused to be anybody's hero.

THERE never was a man whose mere looks exuded story more certainly; he was fifty-six and straight and weathered and springy like a good piece of hickory, and you could tell he had the elastic blood vessels and endurance of an ordinary man in the thirties. There was sinew there. Fiber. Good bones, good blood, guts. And he took a perverse pleasure in denying the gods and heroes of our youth, grinning at my eager questions.

"Never ran across any bad men?" I persisted.

"Nope," he said, "never. I did see several that *wanted* to be bad, quite a good many years ago. Probably had been readin' the same slush you and I read when we were kids."

"What happened to them?"

"They were persuaded out of it," replied Walt. "People didn't like the way they acted." And before I could ask him the form which the persuasion had taken he waved his hand about the crowded room in which we sat and hazarded, "Must be sort of wearing on you New Yorkers who have to do this kind of thing all the time."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE RIGHT KNIFE
Cont'd from page forty-one]

"I don't do it all the time," I said. "I haven't been to ten night clubs or cabarets in ten years. I'm about the worst guide you could have picked to the gay life of New York, if there is any such thing."

"These women, now," inquired Walt, "what kind are they?"

"All kinds, I guess," I said.

"All of them that ain't too fat are too slim," said Walt; and the observation seemed justified. "But they all try to dance *younger* than they are. Good many of 'em workin' for the house, I suppose?"

"Some, perhaps," I said. "And some are conventional matrons with babies at home crying for their bottles, I suspect; and some of them are possibly the real goods, socially, and think they're on a kind of slumming party; and possibly some of them are vamps of the most vampish kind. I don't know how to classify the people in these places; I couldn't even give a guess as to whether all that jewelry we see is the real thing or fake."

"Plenty of it, anyhow," said Walt. "Seems to me I've heard this is a kind of a tough place, too."

One of the gunmen tried to wrest the bag from her.

"I DON'T know what is a tough place, any more, and what isn't," I said truthfully.

"How about the men?" asked Walt.

"How should I know?" I said. "Spenders, some of them, however they may get it. Possibly the fat fellow over there is a Chicago buyer out with the party girl of some New York firm; or maybe he's the head of some bootleg ring, or merely the usual ordinary Wall Street broker. Anyhow, they're drinking bad champagne at twenty-five dollars a quart. For all I know, there may be a dozen sleek young crooks of the modern variety mixed in here. This place has been hijacked twice during the last year, and it wouldn't surprise me to learn that the management has a fifty-fifty arrangement with the hijackers. I wouldn't put it past the hostess."

"Hostess, huh? That's what they call themselves, is it?" said Walt. "That's her over there, now, isn't it?"

He nodded toward a florid woman who had paused to say something to a girl and two men at a table opposite to us.

"*That* girl, the one the hostess party just spoke to," said Walt, "looks like a nice kind of a kid. Innocent-lookin' kid—not like some of these dames here. You could tell *she* was o. k. with one look."

I looked more closely at the girl whom he had indicated. And I got a shock. For it just happened that I did know who she was. No one who has read the New York papers the last five or six years could altogether avoid knowing something about her. Willie Larkins, she calls herself; and no matter how many husbands she may acquire in her spectacular career, which is by no means drawing toward its close, she will always be called Willie and Larkins. No man's name will ever stick to her. She is a little demon who looks like a little angel; and in the last twelve months she has had the dubious distinction of being named by three different women as the person who stole their husbands' love away from them—or, at least, their husbands.

"Pure-lookin'," said Walt; and for an instant I thought perhaps he had heard all about her and was spoofing me. And then I saw, from the manner in which he was looking at her, that he was in earnest.

I opened my mouth to speak, and then closed it again.

She resisted, and the metal links cut into her straining arm.

It struck me suddenly that I could not deny that she was pure-looking. She is. There is a wistful, appealing look in her deep blue eyes, as if a startled violet were begging you, for the love of heaven, not rudely to brush the morning dews from its fresh bloom. She's as sweet-looking a hussy as ever broke up a home or emerged from a sordid scandal with $100,000 worth of U. S. Govt. 4s in her steady grasp.

"Those men with her ought to have better sense than to bring a girl like that to this kind of a joint," said Walt, with a tinge of indignation in his voice.

I agreed with him. One was a fat old fool, slightly intoxicated, who looked like ready money; and the other a slim young fool who looked like a haberdashery advertisement. Neither seemed unsophisticated, but I agreed with Walt: they should have had better sense than to bring Willie here. Any man should have at all times better sense than to take Willie anywhere.

But it appears from the young lady's chronicled history that but few men who have had the opportunity to take her about have ever seemed to care whether it were a sensible thing to do or not. One gentleman, whose letters got into the papers, epitomized the general sentiment among correspondents and co-respondents who had known her in a widely quoted phrase: "Of course Willie runs into money, but what the hell do I care?"

I THOUGHT, as Walt continued to gaze upon this enchanting gold digger, that it might be just as well to drop him a hint. Willie could get through an awful lot of oil in a year, crude or refined. And you can never tell about men of fifty-six, which is a bit of wisdom I have deduced from a first-hand study and analysis of the occasional impulses of a man of fifty-five.

"She *might* be a gold digger, you know," I suggested.

"Not her!" said Walt, with deep conviction. "And if there was any sense of decency left in you, you could tell she ain't."

I realized then that it might become my painful duty sooner or later to acquaint him with the sordid fact that Willie is a past mistress of all the predatory arts and more mentionable vices, and rather proud of it than otherwise, and speed him on his way to Europe unscathed.

"And I'll bet you," said he, "that the jewelry *she's* wearin' is just as genuine and on the square as she is."

I had the impulse to say, "More so." But I checked it temporarily. Willie was wearing a notorious string of pearls, which had been given her by a man whose wife had claimed later that he had previously given them to said wife, and they had figured in the courts and in the papers. But Willie had them now. She joyously flaunted them everywhere, perhaps on the theory that it pays to advertise.

Willie got up, just then, and began to dance with the fatter and drunker of her two men, if the evolutions performed in the restricted and crowded space can rightly be called dancing. He believed, Willie's partner, in the laying on of hands; and I saw that Walt did not like his manners. But Willie Larkins did not seem to mind. They revolved past our table, and Willie's string of notorious pearls, as she turned, swung outward with a centrifugal sweep that called attention once more to their exquisite faint pink glow. I wondered how safe it was for her to wear them everywhere; and evidently

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[THE RIGHT KNIFE
Continued from page forty-three]

the same reflection came to Walt.

"Probably more hold-ups in New York in one year than there ever were in twenty years in the West," said Walt, his eyes following the girl and the pearls. And during the rest of the evening, from time to time, he continued to look at Willie Larkins; although only once afterward did he speak of her to me.

"I don't know the statistics with regard to relative wickedness," I returned, "but you may be right."

"I don't see why you should want to dig into *my* mild past," he said, "when you've been livin' right here at the center of excitement for a quarter of a century."

"I've never seen anything," I said. "A newspaper man seldom *sees* things happen. He's sent out by his city editor to get the story a couple of hours after it's all over with. Nothing exciting has ever come my way."

"Same here," said Walt.

"Liar," I said, returning to my inquisition. "You're hiding a gun with fifteen notches on it and a criminal past under all this reticence."

"Listen, Bill," said Walt more seriously. "I admit I was a fool when I went West as a kid, expectin' to see bad men and all that, like the stuff we used to read about. But I never found any of it. I made a pretty good cow hand as a young fellow—learned to ride a horse and rope a steer and all that—but I never saw any of the stuff we've been seeing in the movies the last fifteen years.

"THE men I knew were all quiet, hard-working, unromantic cusses that knew their own business and minded it. The outfit I knew didn't have any use for trouble makers or barroom fighters or grand-stand rowdies. We worked, and we worked like hell, and I always led a peaceable life, with no excitement in it anywhere."

"Not even a killing in the way of business?" I said, launching into spectacular exaggeration in the hope of getting his real story out of him.

"What would I want to kill anybody for?" he countered. "Just so some bird like you could sit down and write it up? No, Bill, I never saw any excitement anywheres, I tell you."

"Not after you quit punching cattle and went to Alaska in the first days of the gold rush?" I said.

"They didn't encourage excitability up there," said Walt. "A couple of fellows tried to start some excitability in a place where I was, once, probably because they'd read the trash you and I read, but the rest of the crowd discouraged 'em about it."

"What happened to them?"

"They froze," said Walt. "Froze stiff."

"Froze?"

"Well," Walt explained, "to get a hole in the ground deep enough to bury a man in, if it's the middle of winter up there, is considerable of a job, and it takes time. So it's only natural these fellows that started out full of cheap literature should be froze stiff before they were planted."

I was impolitely insistent. "There must have been some excitement in seeing those fellows killed."

"I didn't see 'em killed," replied Walt. "I was in under a billiard table when they were killed. I couldn't see anything but the heads and shoulders and arms and legs of people who were tryin' to get under the same billiard table."

"SEE here," I accused, suddenly remembering. "You say you never killed a man—but how about that letter I got from you fifteen years ago right after that fight at Torreon?"

"Oh, revolutions," said Walt, quietly waving revolutions into the discard with a gesture. "I *did* know some of the boys that were foolin' around a little with some of those greaser revolutions."

"You operated a machine gun," I said, recalling more and more of Walt's past, as if some reluctant cell in my brain had finally opened, "and yet you say you never killed a man."

"I made a pretty good cow hand as a young fellow."

"Operatin' a machine gun ain't killing a man," said Walt.

"What is it, then?" I inquired.

"A machine gun," Walt patiently explained, "is used to break up military formations with."

"Well, isn't that excitement?" I said. "And I remember, now, reading in the home paper how you joined the Canadians in 1915 and got nicked through the shoulder. Wasn't that excitement?"

"Of course," said Walt. "But you've changed the subject, Bill. You're dragging in wars now. Nearly everybody was in that war. I thought you meant just personal stuff. Wars ain't personal. I always get plumb excited in wars, unless I get too scared to be excited. Anybody does that ain't a darned fool. But you've changed the subject, Bill. A war ain't private life. It's public; everybody's in it.

"What I mean is that personal and private I never been much of anywhere, or mixed into anything, nor had anything but peaceable things happen to me, nor seen anything but the quietest kind of life. And now, since I've been lucky enough to clean up some real money on my oil leases, what I am gunning for is culture and refinement. Please, Bill, *don't* go on trying to make a rough guy out of me—please don't! All I want is to know how to tie one of these deep-notched butterfly ties right, and feel sure which is the right knife."

I was not to be diverted. "Walt," I said, "before you went over to France you had spent two years with the Canadian Mounted Police."

"Bill," he replied solemnly, "believe it or not, but they were the dullest two years in my whole dull life. Nothing to do but ride around tellin' folks they ought to be good."

"Were they, always? Didn't you ever have to pinch anybody?"

"LISTEN, Bill. If you're a mounted policeman in Canada, you're the King of England and the British Navy and Westminster Abbey all rolled into one. When you ride up to a guy and tell him to come along, he recognizes the British Empire has got him by the seat of the pants and he don't argue."

"But suppose he does?"

"Once I heard of a guy that tried to get romantic and argue, but the British Empire just simply nolprossed him and threw him out of court," said Walt, "before he even got there."

"I heard," I went on, "that you had done a lot of prospecting on your own hook at one time."

"I don't want to even talk about that," said Walt, with a humorous frown. "It makes me thirsty even to think of it." And he took a sip of his whisky and water. "Pretty decent rye," he said approvingly. "I wonder if we could get anything fit to eat here—I'd like a steak if we could get the right sort."

"I don't think these joints specialize much in good food," I replied. "We'd better go somewhere else."

But Walt wanted to stay where we were, it seemed; he was interested in studying the place and attempting to appraise the people in it. He continued to gaze from time to time at Willie Larkins, and she noticed it, although I am bound to say that there was nothing in her demeanor that could have been called encouraging. I thought perhaps that Walt

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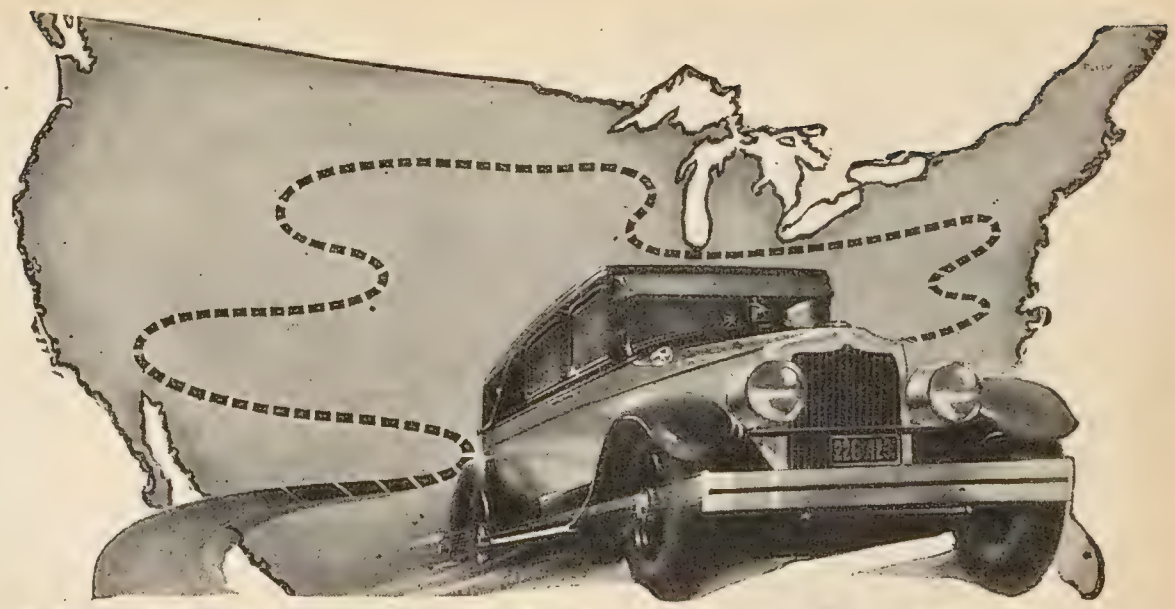

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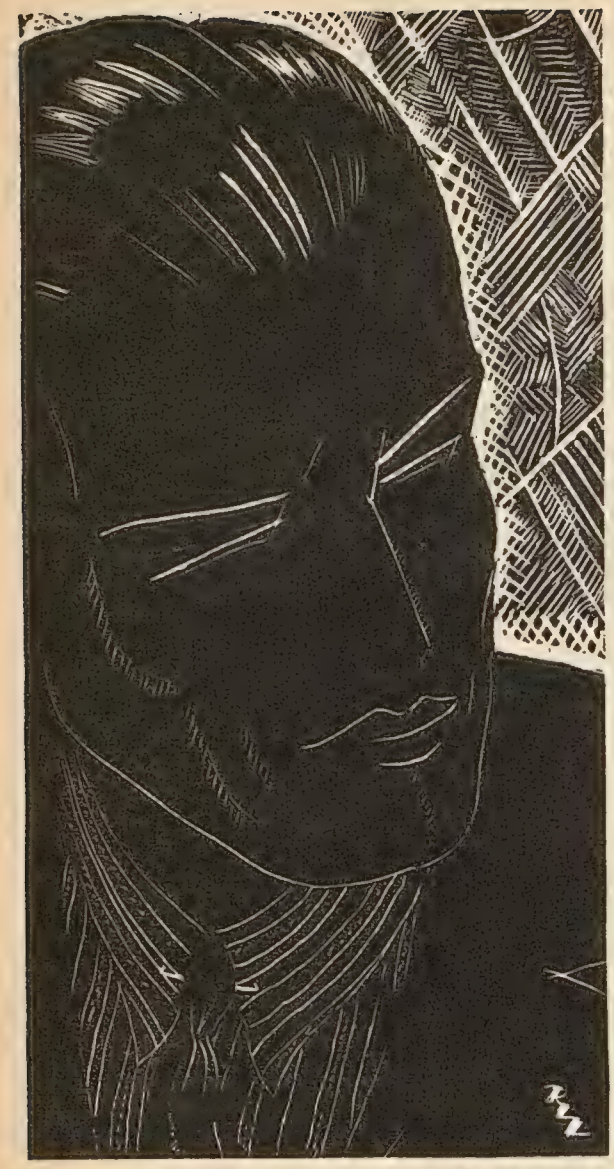

DANDRUFF
a social error

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Sergeant's for the HAIR

[THE RIGHT KNIFE
Continued from page forty-five]

was checking up on his first impulsive estimate of her, and might be coming to the conclusion, as he watched her with her drinks and her men, that perhaps she was, after all, an habitué of places such as this, and quite at home in the thick and sensual atmosphere. I was willing to let this thought come to him in the natural course, rather than through any talk of mine.

SO we ordered our steak of a pallid night-blooming waiter who was a part of the fauna of these regions, moving like a gray slug among their distempered flora, and continued, while we waited, to discuss the surprisingly excellent rye and the greater, opener spaces in which Walt still claimed nothing exciting had ever come to his personal attention.

"Bill," said Walt presently, "I'm gettin' kind of sore at you! Suppose you were stuck on New York City, and proud of it—proud of its big things, like its museums and its art shows, and its big bridges, and all these here tunnels, and the big ships floatin' around the water front, and the way it wakes up and does things that amount to something once in a while, and all the big intellects centered here, and that Hudson River over there, and all the things worth while.

"Suppose you were proud of all that, and of bein' a part of all that, and some guy come along and couldn't see anything to New York but just a few miserable hold-ups and gang fights and bootleg and hijacker shootin's, and littler personal rough stuff like that—now, wouldn't you be sore at him, Bill?

"Well, I'm sore at you. All you been askin' me about the West is like that stuff, and I've been stalling you off. Hell's bells, yes—I suppose, as a matter of fact, in the last forty years I've seen a lot of rough personal stuff here and there, and maybe I've been in some of it. But what of it? That ain't the stuff I like to think of nor remember. What I remember is—"

And he paused, staring up at the ceiling. Now, I thought, now he will come through with what I have been digging for; now he will talk of the real, the authentic West, as he knew it in its period of change; he will reveal what it meant to him, and sing his saga. But presently I realized that he would not speak; perhaps he could not.

He left me to guess at the quick pictures that were flashing before his inner vision—the memories of unending plains, the fabulous seas of piled mountains throwing their waves of rock and snow against the eternal skies, the incredible gorges worried out of the brute stone by ageless rivers, the humming cities where there had been only wilderness when he was a boy and the loud camps and roaring towns of hot desire that had sprung up overnight and been engulfed by wilderness once more, the illimitable reaches of desert that lay in loneliness and beauty beneath the passage of the grieving moons.

"I remember you joined the Canadians in 1915 and got nicked through the shoulder."

These things he could not, or would not, utter; nor could he express his sense that the contemplation of them had somehow put an indefinable bigness and hopefulness into the spirits of the western people. He would have felt strangely ashamed and abashed if his feeling of the poetry and glamour of that land and its folk had been presented in poetic speech.

"Tripe," he would have said, "tripe!"

"All I want," said Walt, after a while, coming out of his reverie with one of his engaging grins—"all I want out of life nowadays is to spend my money cultured and refined, and to find out which is the best slickum for the hair, and which is the right knife."

AND a few minutes later, when the pale reptilian waiter brought us our steak, Walt picked up the knife which had come with it and said, looking reproachfully at him:

"*Is* this the right knife, Jack?"

The waiter would have attempted some sort of mumbling argument, after the manner of these creatures, but that Walt said to him sharply: "Get me the right knife!"

And while the waiter was gone Walt whimsically pursued the minor theme: "I may not always be sure of the right eating tool at a fussed-up dinner," he said, "but I sure *do* know that it takes a piece of honest-to-goodness steel to cut into a slab of cow like this!"

Even as the waiter brought it, a swift and deadly change came over the current of this night club's life.

"Stick 'em up!"

The cry came out of nowhere. And out of nowhere came the apparition of two slender youths, in the irreproachable and immaculate clothing that modern Broadway has put upon the former gunman of the lower East Side, and each of these hopped-up unrealities had an automatic pistol in his hand.

"Stick 'em up!"

In the gibbering and scrambling confusion that ensued I had the time to observe that these gunmen were really of the current dangerous type: the deadly, luxurious criminal of New York's present day, young and sybaritic and severed from anything genuine in life, drawing a false, temporary nerve and carelessness of result from drugs, and just as likely as not to take the notion to shoot first and rummage for loot afterward.

I realized the type, and I was, frankly, afraid. And the crowded room whirled with a like fear. Sweating men and overpowdered women, with scarcely articulate cries, tried to duck under the same tables, overturning them and the rose-colored lights upon them; a waiter, suddenly galvanized into life, ran about squirting a seltzer bottle at an inexplicable cosmos which included a number of wilting shirt fronts; fat paunches vibrated with terror and pasty faces turned ashen.

But out of this half-alcoholized bewilderment the superior calm of the sleek young drug addicts struck a kind of rough order; in three minutes a dozen jeweled women were in line against the wall, yielding up their unearned increment of gems, while their escorts huddled apart from them, vocally but not physically active.

I SAW Willie Larkins at the first alarm quietly slip her notorious pearls from her neck and put them in her hand bag, and wrap the chain handle of it twice around her left wrist. A moment later she was the center and whirling bright spot of the struggle—of all the struggle there was. For one of the gunmen tried to wrest the bag from her. She resisted, and the metal links cut into her straining arm. She screamed and dashed her free hand into the gunman's face, courageous, clawing, a fearless little wildcat defending her loot from this other predatory creature.

Then something not on the program happened.

"Nobody ought to be rough with a nice little girl like that," I heard Walt murmur. And that same instant there was a flick of a wrist, an unperceived passage of a lethal weapon through the thick air of the room, and—

And a gunman with steel through his jugular. As he fell, his fingers closed convulsively upon the trigger of his automatic pistol. There was luck in the breaks. For the sped bullet sent by Gunman Number 1, dying, pierced the chest of Gunman Number 2; and there was nothing for the second gunman to do but expire, which he did at once.

Before the terrified night club had realized this great change in its fortunes, Willie Larkins was looking at the crook at her feet, and the blood that had spurted upon her evening gown, with the hand bag still clutched tightly in her steady little hand. There was a meditative frown upon her brow; perhaps Willie had never seen blood shed before.

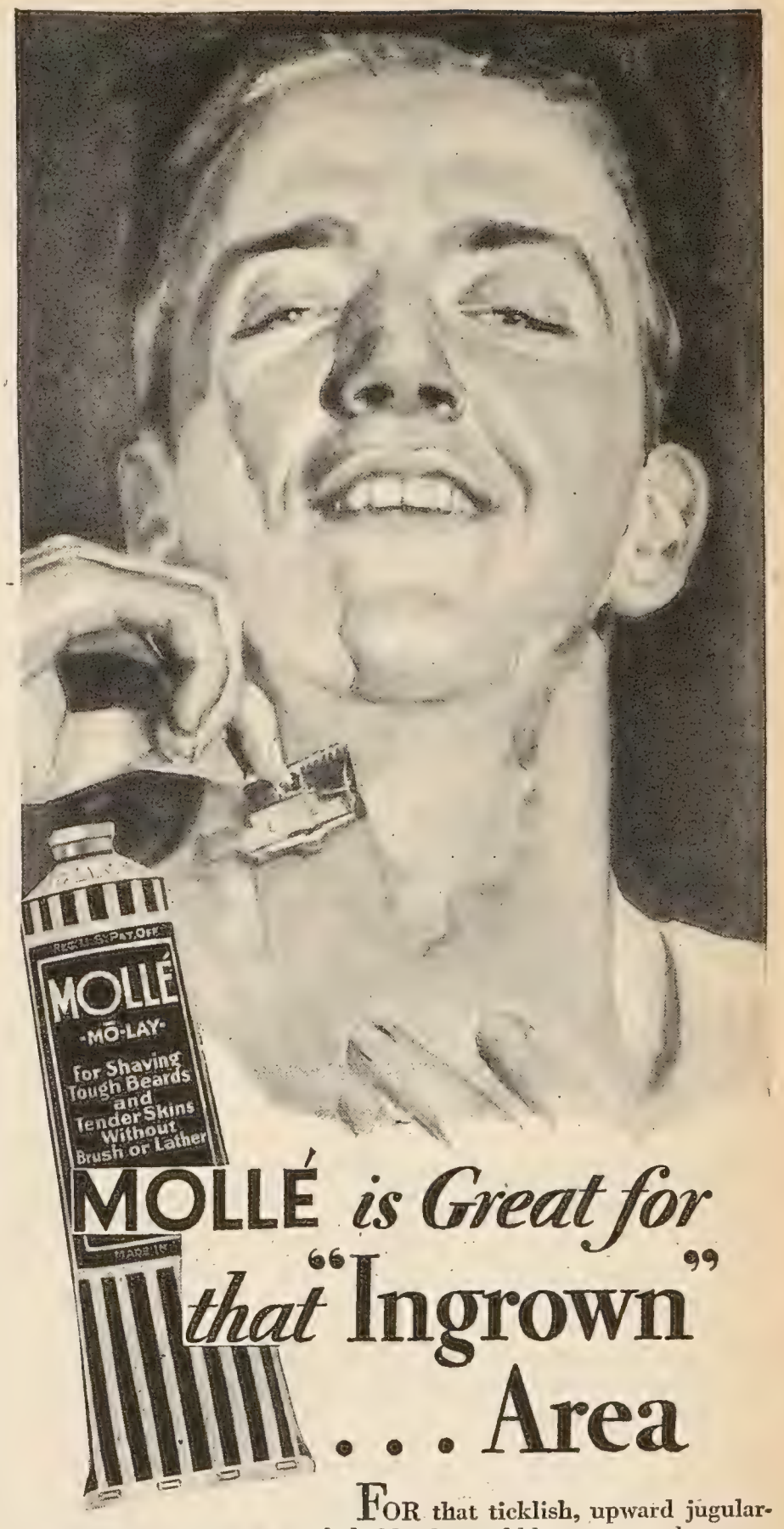
Walt and I took our way to the street, unchallenged, while the habitués of the place were still struggling to realize that the danger was over, unaccountably over. No one but I had seen Walt's swift, instinctive flip of the knife . . . the right knife.

"Bein' rough with a little girl like that!" said he, as we reached the sidewalk.

I did not reply directly. I said: "Well, Walt, at last you've seen something exciting in your life. I wish you'd tell me where you learned to throw a knife like that. Mexico?"

Walt chuckled. "Not so excitin'," he said. "And not particularly western, nor Mexican, neither." And then, after we had turned the corner, he said: "Bill, it would surprise you. I learned how to throw a knife from an awful civilized kind of a guy. He used to be in a circus. When I knew him he was workin' as an extra man in the movies at Hollywood."

THE END



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Vox

Bryan

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Thanks and congratulations on the Bryan articles. A handful of "students" (not "scholars") who are still wet behind their ears hooted Bryan, but 99 per cent of the people, whether for or against him in principles, unite in acclaiming William Jennings Bryan one of the greatest men of the U. S. A. in the twentieth century. Only a LaFollette could try to equal him in brilliant oratory.

Others come breezing in, are as useful as a tornado, and are gone and forgotten. But a Bryan is here to stay. It takes Bryans to make the study of history interesting.—*A twenty-six-year-old Columbia M. A.*

Try Six This Week, and Learn Them by Heart

DALLAS, TEX.—I like your magazine so well that I buy two every week so I can read the stories twice.—*J. S. Patton.*

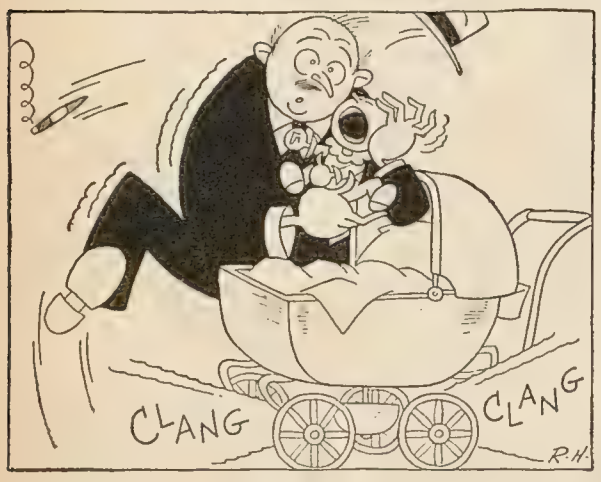
These Hints Are So Helpful

CHICAGO, ILL.—Good for Viña Delmar! Her latest "Daily Tabloid" story, "Hunt Continues for Kidnaped Child—Mother Despairs of Recovery," was built around a whale of a good plot.

The only thing I didn't like about it was the way Lief talked. Just try to imagine a Scandinavian immigrant getting off Chesterfieldian guff like this: "I am afraid that I have none of the talents which make your husband so attractive." Sounds as if Lief had graduated from Harvard and post-graduated from Oxford.

But the idea of making him kidnap his faithless sweetie's kid—the kid he was sure was really his—was original.

I'm glad Lief got his child. But twenty-four out of twenty-five of the



kidnapers who lift kids from their baby carriages are cowardly rats. The only safeguard against them would be to equip each baby carriage with a kind of burglar alarm: a big bell concealed underneath, that would ring to wake the dead when the tot was lifted out.—*L. Johnson.*

And a Most Convincing Retort It Would Be, to Be Sure

CHICAGO, ILL.—Your editorial, "S. P. C. A.," was full of weak reasoning.

The rhetorical question: "What better destiny is there for a badger or marten than to find himself on the neck of a beautiful woman walking up Fifth Av-

enue?" belonged in the "Bright Sayings of Children" department.

And your editorial scribe followed this up by saying: "All the badger or marten could do if he were left on the shores of Hudson's Bay would be to fight a couple of males, make love to a female, and finally crawl away and die as he would in a trap."

If this were a generation ago, one could retort by asking what better destiny is there for the writer of the above than to furnish a tenderloin steak to grace some cannibal chieftain's banquet on a South Sea isle, rather than live far away in America, "make love to a female," write poor editorials, and finally be wheeled away to some cemetery.—*Not a Member of the S. P. C. A.*

We're Afraid Some Wouldn't

DOVER, N. J.—The editors of LIBERTY deserve commendation for their verbal slams not only at the pacifists, but at another brand of simpering sentimentalists; namely, the anti-vivisectionists.

They make a noise all out of proportion to their numbers, as so many of them seem to have nothing to do but cover reams of paper with platitudes and ship them to harassed editors. You will probably receive your share. If they bother you, ask them this question:

"Would you not be willing to sacrifice the happiness, serenity, and prosperity of a well fed guinea pig in order to save your child from a two weeks' siege of the flu?"—*C. G. Dunkle.*

Concerning War

LEHIGH, IA.—War! War! War! Ten years from now LIBERTY will be running war articles entitled: "Twenty Years Ago This Week." Twenty years from now LIBERTY will— But too much is enough. Why use all your precious space reminding us of former hard times?

Why not give us some more snappy stories, dealing with mystery, sports, adventure, or what have you?—*D. L. Williams.*

MORRISTOWN, IND.—Oh, h—, why play down war? I'm average and a hero lover. Gimme war on paper. The war stuff you've published was great. Chambers' stories were wows. Gimme more. Gimme MacArthur. Gimme Nason. Gimme Springs. Gimme national hero war stuff. Gimme, gimme, gimme.—*A would-be hero who's afraid he'd be yellow under fire.*

All Right, Lady. Don't Get Excited

ELMIRA, N. Y.—Just finished Alicia Patterson's article, "I Learn to Fly—After a Fashion." I think I enjoyed it and laughed over it more than any story I've ever read. When it ended I fell down from high pinnacles.—*Janette Horne.*

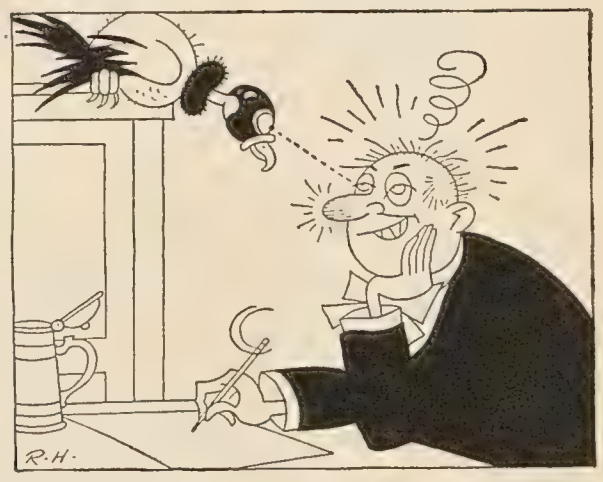
P. S. I want more, more, more, more, mo—

Buzzards Must Live

PRESCOTT, ARIZ.—I'm just after taking a pull at my pewter.

We drink grog. Did I hear somebody ask what we use water for? Why, irrigation.

Now that that drink is where it be-



longs, I can turn my attention to LIBERTY.

You are wasting your time if you send any rotten issues out here because the buzzards will get them. That's one thing buzzards are good for. About the only rotten thing they can't carry away is politics.—*Cholly.*

Okay. Consider It Suggested

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—I read LIBERTY. I'm as particular about my mental food as about my physical food.

Now let's hear someone suggest that I eat horsefeathers.—*Richard Le Falle.*

Pop

Well, We Ask You, E. M. W., What IS the A. and E. of Woman's Existence?

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Dorothy Black's story, "The Way of Peace," was splendid. This is the first story of that kind that has ever ended as it should. All the other writers hold woman up as a sap, forgiving the husband or sweetheart who has been philandering. But Dorothy Black's heroine, Marguerite, did exactly right: showed him the gate. It's time heroines showed some spunk, and here's hoping Miss Black has started a new fashion. Success to her! Sockem!

Some writers think that the aim and end of woman's existence is to get a man and to put up with anything and everything.—*E. M. W.*

Football vs. Fashions

CINCINNATI, OHIO—I like the new LIBERTY, but please leave out the football articles. Give us more colonial stories by Robert W. Chambers. I liked the way he described the costumes of a period when men could wear bright clothing without being laughed at.

In these days of humdrum masculine styles, about all a man can do to brighten things up is to show a fancy handkerchief. Now, lace was worn by men before it was by women, so why not add it once more to male costumes?—*Vox Pop Fan.*

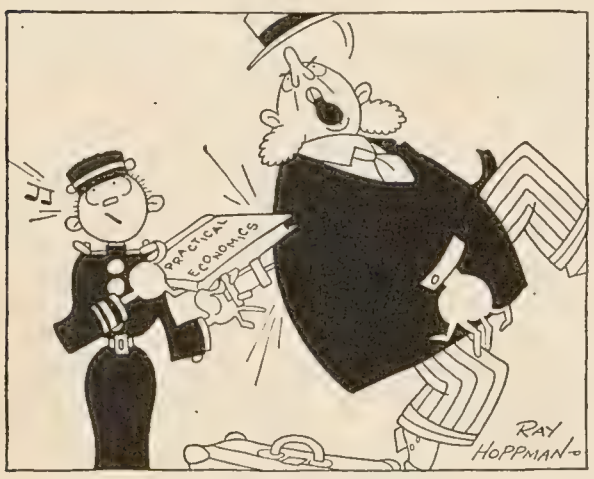
A Bell Boy Talks Back

MIAMI BEACH, FLA.—I saw a Vox Pop letter by "McK." of Birmingham, Alabama. He called tips the biggest curse in this country today.

Curse for whom? The traveling public, presumably.

He suggested a $500 fine or a year in jail for the giver and receiver of tips.

Does McK. realize that hotel waiters, bell boys, etc., are paid only a nominal wage—that if the hotels were to pay them a salary commensurate with their knowledge, on the supposition that tipping were eliminated, the dear (?) traveling public would pay said salary in advanced hotel rates?



The opinion of the writer of this letter, and, I dare say, the opinion of thousands of hotel employees, is this: Any man who can afford a three dollar a day rate on a room and yet be unwilling to pay a boy fifteen cents to take his bags to said room—that man, I say, should have a swift uppercut to the jaw, followed by an elementary education in practical economics, and then be given umpteen hypos of the milk of human kindness.—*A Bell Boy.*

They'd Ask for a Thousand

CHARLOTTE, N. C.—If you should paste a hundred dollar bill to each copy of your next issue of LIBERTY some of these Vox Poppers would write back, "Rotten!"—*Dennis E. Myers.*

Thoughts on Minds (If Any), Butter, Stamps, Cheers, and the New Format

AMARILLO, TEX.—I do not like the new format at all. It does not fit your style. Last week I said I would continue to spend five cents each week for you, but now I have changed my mind, if any.

You used to be so different, but now you are just like all the others. Just a magazine.—*L. J. Roach.*

SUMMERDALE, PA.—Your new size is a wow! I like to read while I am having my lunch and the book would dip in the middle and drag in the butter, etc. The new size is very handy and the butter, etc., remain undefiled.—*R. H. M.*

LOUISVILLE, KY.—Ve tink dat ef you wuz only to print wat wuz fit to read you cud cut yer magazine down to the size of a postal stamp.—*Mike and Ike.*

MACON, GA.—Six thousand two hundred and forty cheers for the peachy new size LIBERTY! (According to the Scriptures, I have forty more years left to me. Forty times fifty-two weeks = 2,080 weeks. And 2,080 weeks times three cheers each week = 6,240 cheers.) —*Leigh Burr.*

ERIE, PA.—I have wasted a nickel on you every week, but from now on I quit. I sincerely hope that your alleged publication gets smaller and smaller until it disappears.—*Old Man Sunshine.*

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Congratulations! At last the perfect magazine! The one defect, size, has been corrected. *Thank* you.—*A. A. S.*

Authors Please Note

PASADENA, CALIF.—Cut out some of the booze and cigarettes in your short stories. They make me dizzy.

I judge your writers get paid by the word. It's mighty easy to have a character take a drink or smoke a cigarette and make five easy bucks for the author.

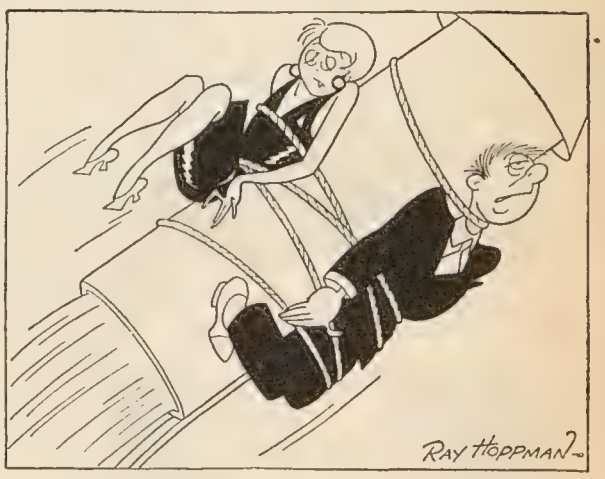
In one story, in the first paragraph, the husband took a coupla drinks and two cigarettes; in the next the wife did the honors in the same woozy way; and, bless me, in the third they both hit it up. Your mag. oozed and staggered.

If any or all of this made any real difference to the story I would offer no complaint. If it took six bottles or a carload of cigarettes to advance the story, I would remain silent. But the characters might just as well have changed their clothes or taken a walk or gone to a butcher shop or opened the windows to let in fresh air.

The point is there are other easy ways for authors to fill up space.—*E. S. Brown.*

Oh, They'd Just Write a Letter About It

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Oh, for crying out boisterously! Those "Love Letters," by Bert Green! The over and over is terrible.



Lead Mike Shea and Marg to the top of the highest mountain, fill them full of giggle soup till they're cockeyed, tie them on a big rocket, light the fuse—and, I assure you, no one will miss them in this ethereal ooze.—*D. S. E.*

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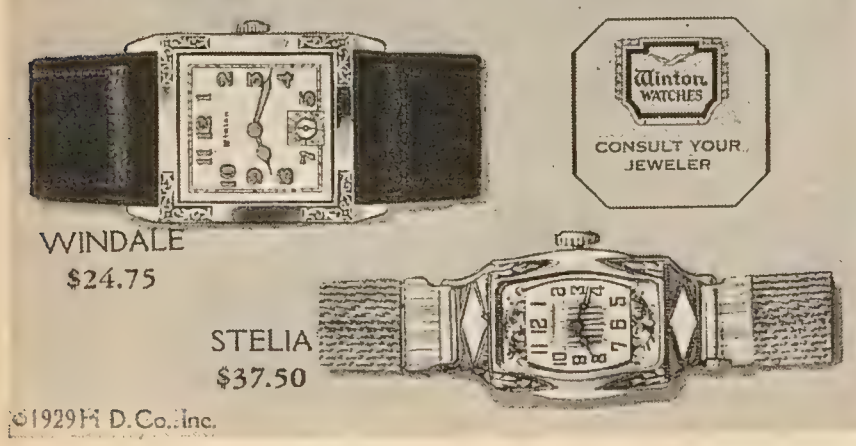

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The Eyes Have "It"

A New For the Love o' Lil

MA MORSE gazed out of her south sitting room window. She had a cold and kept sniffing vaseline. Poor woman. Lonely, too. Wasn't her only daughter a thousand miles away, mingling with the idle rich in Florida? She stared at her one tree, *sans* leaf, *sans* bird's nest, *sans* everything artistic, as it rocked from side to side.

"OOOOOOOOOH!" called the wind, telling its sad winter story of frozen feet and pipes, ice on the third rail, and chills and fever.

The wind was telling a different tale in Florida—a balmy story. Orange trees dangled their golden balls. Spanish moss waved gnomish beards. Palms stenciled their spiked shadows upon flower bordered paths.

This week's cover picture.

"Everybody has the idea we're millionaires," Lil told Sandy, as she addressed her tenth coconut to friends at home. "They wouldn't give us a tumble if they knew we only had a quarter of a million apiece."

"Quarter of a million?" Sandy piped right up. "Since when did you acquire quarter of a million?" He was ordering a crate of grapefruit for his mother-in-law.

"When I married you for better or worse, dear, I had no idea it would really be for the better. You have half a mil. That means quarter of a mil each. Don't forget it. And don't forget the real estate sharks waiting to bite you. They offer to carry your coat, but what they're trying to do is to nip you. One told me this morning he'd sell me a moorish villa on the sea for the price of a one-car garage in an alley at home."

"Yes?" Sandy asked, tossing down a $100 bill for the ten coconuts and fruit—large healthy size on top, puny ones underneath. "I don't want any villa with servants bossin' me. I'd rather have a tent in the Rockies and watch you cookin' bacon for the baby and me."

"A tent in the Rockies and we with half a million?" Lil squeaked. "I want to buy a beautiful home with imported paneling from some French château, gardens, send forced violets to the flower show in New York, a library of second editions if not firsts, and have a cellar of wines."

She was really quite breathless after this burst.

"Then you'll be livin' alone like an old maid," he told her. "Get in a store of cats and parrots. You'll need 'em for company."

"Oh, come on, dear," she said. "It's bathing hour. Let's get ready. Look—there's Antoinette with little Ulysses!" And she waved her hand and tossed her sixty-five dollar permanent, which somehow didn't look as permanent as it cost.

Sandy had seen Antoinette ever since he'd plunked down his $100 bill, and he didn't bother to count the change. That French nurse was a knockout—a 1939 Venus in a 1929 suit! Her brilliant red bandanna gleamed above two bewitching, long-lashed eyes, and her form was the envy of all feminine imbibers of reducing pills.

"*Ah, m'sieur,*" she smiled a few minutes later when Sandy had shaken his family impediments. "*J'ai* what you call sand, *un grand morceau, dans mes yeux.*"

Sandy whipped forth his handkerchief quicker than Sir Walter ever laid down his robe. In a twinkle he was gingerly dabbing one corner of one great teary blinking black eye which said a million thrilling little things. Would he remember that he was a married man?

The eyes have "it"!

(Next week's cover adventure: Through Space to Cuba)

Love Letters of an Interior DECORATOR

The Low-down from the High Seas

Words and Pictures by

BERT GREEN

The Doc pulls out a thing that looked like a cross between a fly swatter and a blow out patch. He wrapped the workin end around my arm eighteen times.

On board S. S. France bound for the Mediterranean

DEAR MARG,

You'll have to excuse me writin in pencil on the back of this fly paper because I aint got no more of that smelly paper left what the French girl gave me for Christmas. After all its the sediment behind it and not the fly paper. Remember what the poet said,—Its better to have drunk and lost than never to have drunk at all. So dont mind the paper, its the sweet words whats wrote on it and not the dried up flies on the other side.

Gee, I was going to write you next from Jibralter, but so many things have happened to me before I got on the boat that I had to sit down and write you again while I was half stewed.

Listen, Heart Throb. I went against the insurence rackit, just for you dear. I took out twenty five thousand bucks worth! An endowment polisy. Yea, if I get bumped off in a public taxi you get twice as much, no foolin.

Fur instance, if Im ridin in an elevator an the thing drops from the fortieth story you get fifty thousand smackers.

Of course when they pick me out I'll look like a hamburger, but dont let the insurence guys kid you—you get double the dough.

Oh, but wait till I tell you about the examinashon I had to go through. Bill Lundgren, the insurence agent, sent up a doctor to examine me. Gosh was that guy brutal.

He was a funny lookin old duck. He looked like a minister what used to play short orders in Edgar Allen Poes plays. He wore a trick hair cut, a toopea. A one man top! Them things whats advertised in theater programs. Every once in a while the wig would slip around on his scull and he'd get the part runnin cross wise on the up and down side of his dome. He was a scream. I think he had a thum tack stuck in the middle of it to keep it from hoppin off.

Another thing, I think he was a bit hard of hearin because he had a little black box hangin on his mud guard. Now an then the General Electric Co on his lug would get kind of stopped up or somethin, because he would unhook the gadget and pour a few drops of vinegar or somethin in the works that sorta made him hear better.

And what a nose the medical had. A regular dime saving bank. You coulda hid four gold fish in each nostril. Every time he took a long breath it sounded like the Twentieth Century was comin to a full stop in the Grand Central Station.

And the color of that beak was a WOW! Oh so intrigueing. A nice warm red. Every time I looked at him I felt I was sittin in front of the fireplace. I guess when he was young he could resite the face on the bar room floor backwards.

Baby, you could run a straight eight on his breath and I dont mean maybe!

WELL, the Doc strips me to the waist. Then he starts bangin away on my chest with the ends of his fingers like I was a chinee tom-tom.

All the time he has a hickie in his ear what he listens thru. No foolin, it looked like a hose off a bicycle pump.

Then he began jazzin the business end all over the pitchers on my chest. He says Inhale—Exhale. He had my stomack goin in an out like a cows gizzard.

When the Doc got all through with that performence he goes down in the tween decks of the little black bag and pulls out a trick thing that looked for all the world like a cross between a fly swatter and a blow out patch.

He wrapped the workin end around my arm about eighteen times, then he dug out a steam guage what they have on a furnace and hung it on the poultice. Then he pulled out a bulb what they use on an atomizer for sprayin plants and began pumpin the thing up. He said it was a Heart Beatin Machine.

Every time my heart would beat against my suspender button the pointer on the steam guage would go back and

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

Edgar stages a tantrum

Stern parents in the bustle and mustache era prepared for rebellion when castor oil was administered to the offspring.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-ONE]

forth, like it was troubled with the St. Vitis dance. Oh the medical was fuller charm!

Right in the middle of the exercises while the Doc was blowin up the blow out patch his left eye hopped out. For the life of me I didnt know that the Doc had a crockery eye like your girl friend has. Gosh, the porcelin peeper went Sweedish in fifteen pieces on the concrete floor.

It didnt seem to bother him much. He said the damned thing never did fit him good anyway. He said it served him right because he got the thing cheap from a mail order house in Chicago.

Oh, he was the knobs. When he was all through with the experiments he pulled out a big sheet of paper that looked like a swell bill of laden and began writin. It had more words on it than Abe Lincolns address at the openin of the Panama Canal. Oh Lady, the questions that thing asked had a spiritulist stopped. The private life of Helen of Troy was a popular song compared to it.

It asked your age, place of birth, married, single or devorced, your favorite color, whether you liked your liver and onions well done or rare. What you use for a chaser, what kind of sickness you prefer, the number of ribs you got if any, and a bunch of private stuff I wouldnt even mention to you.

After the medical got all through and packed up his tire irons, he hands me an empty bottle and gave me the wink. He didnt fool me for a minit. He figured I was goin to fill it with Scotch. Why shouldnt I? The poor old guy had a hangover and needed a pick me up. He left me with a big grin on his pan.

Listen Kid, I forgot to tell you why I'm taking this rush trip over to Europe. Dont squark to your old man or nobody. Its a seekrit.

I'm goin back over to the Haig & Haig Convention in Paris. The Interior Decorators are havin a big meetin. The Federal Government is gettin so tough over here that an honest bootlegger cant make a desent livin.

Why its gotten so now that you cant ship any stuff near New York. We have to send the boats down to Florida and unload it there. Then we have automobile trucks and private cars with foney bottoms that drive it all the way to New York.

Of course it puts a heavy rap on us because the motorcycle dicks what go ahead of the trucks put a lather on us for dough.

And not only that, it dont look so good to see a New York license in Florida or Georgia. People get hep and they figure something is foney, so what we do is this.

We drive the truck from Florida to Georgia on a Florida license. Then the driver switches the Florida license to a Georgia license. Then, when he gets to South Carolina he switches it again to a Virginia license, then, when he gets to Maryland he sticks on a New Jersey license and all the states think its a local truck.

Her boy friend is in a new rackit. He paints sparrows yeller an sells em for canary birds.

They dont bother it. Do you get the gag? On the way back to Florida they reverse the business. Aint that a WOW!!? Its all apple gravy but it kids the Federal troops. On the outside of the big trucks is painted the words—

CONSOLIDATED PIANO CO.

Listen Love Lips, when the convention is over at the Haig & Haig Im goin to Jibralter, Aljeers, Tunis, and some place in Naples where they get the barbers from.

Im goin to look the works over and will rite you all the dope so you wont have to go over and see it on our funnymoon.

If I see any swell cheap jewelery in Marsells or Paris I'll send it to you.

Watch for my letters now. I'll tell you everything what happens on ship bored and on the high sees.

Well be good and Bum Voiage as the frogs say.

Your pal
MIKE SHEA.

P. S. Just got a letter from your girl friend with the porcelin eye.

She says her boy friend is in a new rackit. He bought a bird store. He paints sparrows yeller an sells em for canary birds. Toodle-OO

If the transatlantic mails stand up under the strain, there'll probably be another letter from Mike in another couple of weeks.

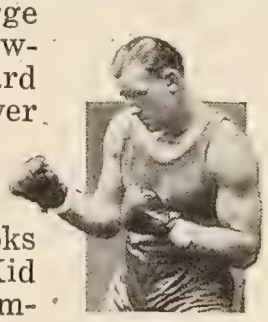
Here Come The Elephants!

A Peek at the Heavyweight Parade

By PAUL GALLICO

HOLD your purses, men; here come the elephants! The parade of human pachyderms, temporarily disrupted when Gene Tunney quit the ranks, has formed once more—the most expensive show on earth.

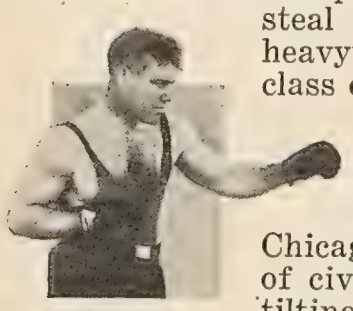
They come, it is true, in a more stately and somber shuffle than usual, because they are mourning the passing of the greatest ringmaster that ever lived—George Lewis Rickard, otherwise known as Tex, the showman who made them fat and comfortable. Rickard made wealthy men out of every headliner who ever boxed for him, and millionaires out of Jack Dempsey, Gene Tunney, and himself. The ringmaster is gone, but the show must go on.



Jack Sharkey

Already the annual assault on the pocketbooks of the faithful has begun. Young Whosis vs. Kid Whatsis; ten rounds and a fine card of preliminaries; prices, $3, $5.50, $7.50, $11, and $16.50. What will you be getting for it?

See here! The elephants are parading! Suppose we steal a brief glance at the available heavyweight material, the advertised class of the young and old men who will fall down and get up many times in the roped arenas of New York and Boston and Cleveland and Detroit, Philadelphia, Atlanta, Chicago, Pittsburgh, and other centers of civilization and culture, all of them tilting furiously for the discarded mantle of John L. Sullivan and James Joseph Tunney, and any stray dollars you have been able to hold out on the missus.



Tom Heeney

The list is not superimpressive, yet it includes every heavyweight of importance who is in the news today. Some of them are coming up, others are on the way out. Many will have toppled, possibly ere this is published, dragged by their heels through the rosin dust, to find out what town they are in, hours afterward, in their dressing rooms.

Be that as it may, here come the elephants—the heavyweights of 1929.

JACK SHARKEY—Born Josef Cuckoshay, in Binghamton, New York, in 1902. A strange, moody fellow. Habitat Boston, weight 195 or thereabouts, a right-hander, one of the fastest and most brilliant of all the heavyweight boxers. Has moments of great courage and others of cravenness. Hits a terrific left hook and throws his right hand like a sandbag on the end of a string. Has an insuperable ego and can fight only when said ego is sufficiently inflated. A slave to temperament and circumstance, he is a notorious in and outer and deserves no man's bet.

Sharkey shows at his best when his opponent is favored, when he can whip himself into a semi-hypnotic frenzy—viz., Sharkey-Wills and Sharkey-Maloney. Also had it in the Dempsey fight, but it didn't last. Dempsey rendered him completely hypnotized with a punch on the chin. His heart hasn't seemed the same since Dempsey whipped him. He is a beautiful picture of agile strength and grace in the ring. Is as unreliable against a bum as against a class A fighter. Should be heavyweight champion of the world, but probably never will be.

WILLIAM LAWRENCE STRIBLING—Also known to the trade as Young Stribling. A natural fighter with an acrobat's tricks and probably the handsomest thing that ever stepped into a ring. Willie is handicapped by being born in 1904 at Bainbridge, Georgia, to a couple of acrobats known as Pa and Ma Stribling. The kid is all right, but the old man insists on managing his own son—a combination that rarely jells.

Young Stribling

Beginning as a flyweight, the boy fought himself up through every division to a heavyweight weighing 185 pounds of roughhouse. Boxes with orthodox stance, but carries left hand hanging low at knee and whips it up in a stinging jab or hook. Has the wide gray eyes of a Greek god and is as treacherous as a Piute in the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[HERE COME THE ELEPHANTS!
Continued from page fifty-three]

clinches. Breaks from apparent motionless relaxation into a storm of flailing punches. Likes to hit and hold. Gave Johnny Risko the worst licking he ever took. Willie has the strength and agility of an anthropoid. Looks great when out in front and will lick anyone who won't outgame him. A colorful figure and a nice boy.

Paolino Uzcudun

TOM HEENEY — The defeated candidate for the heavyweight championship, who claims to be thirty, but looks forty. Personally selected by Gene Tunney as the opponent least likely to have any chance of defeating him, he is a gentle fellow with the soul and spirit of a rugger player, and when last seen was still slightly bewildered by the prominence and opulence his love of a good muss had brought him.

Punches fast with both hands, doesn't hit hard enough to disturb a light heavyweight, but keeps on coming too far and too fast for our modern breed. He outcrowds them with short, pudgy hooks to the head and pantry, and when he moves backwards it is because he has been knocked back. His temples are gray, his stature short, and his heart is made of iron oak.

He despises the hocus-pocus known as training for a fight and almost gave the whole show away at Fair Haven, while preparing for Tunney, by revealing that he could get in condition for that one in ten days. Likes ale—but then, who doesn't? Talks with a delightful cockney accent and is good fun in a game of ball or a roughhouse. Worth a few dollars a ticket when advertised to box because he insists on putting on a fight for the customers. Will lick all the has-beens now on the Garden pay roll, but won't lick that unknown youngster who is on his way up from somewhere to bat the entire present crew into limbo.

Knute Hansen

WILLIAM HARRISON DEMPSEY —Fights under name of Jack Dempsey. A has-been with a good left and right hook and no underpinning. Will lick anybody in the world for two rounds, except Gene Tunney. Has drawn in something like $9,000,000 through the turnstiles. Probably the greatest barroom style brawler that ever lived. Not to be considered among the possibilities for the Muldoon-Tunney solid silver mustach cup. Any strong young kid with guts and a punch who can stay away from him for five rounds will knock him out in the sixth.

PAOLINO UZCUDUN—Height, five feet eleven and a half inches, or exactly one inch away from being heavyweight champion of the world. This astonishing fellow was perpetrated in Spain on the 3d of May in the year of our Lord 1899. His entire set of front teeth is constructed of eighteen-carat gold handsomely mounted in a bed of what appears to be solid concrete. He is positively the roughest of all the young and old men at present actively engaged in uplift and culture under the auspices of Madison Square Garden and Signor Humbert Fugazy, who has presented the Basque to an admiring public in some of his (the Basque's) sillier moments.

An awkward, plunging fellow, he fights behind a shield of crossed arms and elbows, and when he is hit it is usually on the brow, which turns beet red about the third round. He has no use for a jab and doesn't know how to deliver one. His right-hand punch is a throw and is used rarely, generally after the candidate has been weakened by terrible left hooks underneath the short ribs. He has a board of from four to fourteen managers, depending on whether there is a Spanish boat in town or not, but at any given moment he can eat more than all of them put together.

No one has yet caught Paolino taking a backward step. If you try to hold him he breaks you in two. His attack is centered directly on the courage of his opponent. The man who shows him that he has none is his victim.

GEORGE GODFREY — Included here because he will never be heavyweight champion of the world, due to the wrong pigmentation of his skin. His heritage is the dubious martyrship of Harry Wills. Born in Mobile, Alabama, twenty-six years ago, the Negro is unquestionably the greatest heavyweight fighter alive today. He has a passion for pork chops which borders on the pathetic, and, if permitted to box without handcuffs on his wrists, is capable of taking any six of the hand-picked heavyweights of the Madison Square Garden Corporation and flattening them all in fifteen rounds, or a little more than two rounds apiece.

A hulk of a fellow, he weighs more than 225 pounds, but he shuffles over canvas at astounding speed, looking for all the world like a good-natured Golem. He boxes with both hands held out in front of him, old-fashioned style, and likes to feel the ropes against his flank. His left lead is a numbing clout, but his playmates generally succumb to body beatings. He bruises them into submission. Over a nine-man course he scored knockouts in 2-4-1 1-6-5 7-1-1—28, which is eight under par most anywhere. This was in 1927.

KNUTE HANSEN—From the neck down, one of the finest physical specimens in the ring today, but his head is too small for his body. Born in Copenhagen, Denmark, De-

cember 6, 1903, he has blond hair, striking eyes, and a ridiculous chin. He is managed by a group of Wall Street bankers. His punch carries oblivion, but his heart is not the heart of a prize fighter.

Hansen has tremendous reach, long whipcord arms, and is a fine boxer. He knocks them kicking with a left hook and his right uppercut is a perfect weapon of destruction. When they stay down or get up woozy, he is a champion and a skilled finisher. But when they get up blazing mad and belt him one, the Dane's handsome face takes on a foolish grin and he looks exactly like a girl trying to get away from her fellow who is tickling her. Both Franz Diener and Paolino outgamed him, but he ruined Phil Scott in six punches.

Phil Scott

JOHNNY RISKO — Cleveland's contribution to fine arts, first became a speck on this giddy cosmic missile in December, 1902, but it happened in Austria. This, however, was corrected at an early age and we hear of him as a baker's boy in the aforesaid city and then as a heavyweight contender. Entire body constructed of some obviously new and undiscovered material which appears to render him impervious to punches. Weighs 188 pounds, parts his hair in the middle, and has two leads, a stab for the stomach and a left hook that is a whizzer. Won't use his right hand until the subject has been left-hooked dizzy.

First gained fame by dumping Paul Berlenbach on the floor, revealing that Der Paulie was not cut out to be a heavyweight. Since then has spoiled plans of such worthies as Jack Delaney, Paolino, Jack Sharkey. Grunts like a grampus while engaged in his trade and has strange note in his record detailing that he was knocked out by Charles Chuck Wiggins.

Risko looks terrible against boxers and little Mike McTigue once gave him a fearful lathering. Does his best work against overpublicized tough guys because of his great courage and his ability to take it. Doesn't care for clinching and wants to fight all the time.

CHARLES CHUCK WIGGINS—Included for no reason but that he has a sense of humor and for this reason will never be champion of anything. Appears only rarely in New York and boxes mainly in Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, Buffalo, Indianapolis, Kalamazoo, Grand Rapids, Omaha, and Louisville, Kentucky, or wherever the opposing bum happens to be. A rough fellow who would rather clown than fight, he loses to tyros and bobs up every now and then holding somebody of importance to a fast draw. His best blow is a lead to the eye with the top of his head, which is made of a high grade of vanadium steel, reënforced, followed by an uppercut to the chin with the same formidable weapon.

ROBERTO ROBERTI—Referred to by the flip city slickers as Double Bob, the big Ditto Man. An enormous and angular Italian who occurred in the year of our Lord 1903, in Italy. At present the sole discernible asset of Signor Humbert Fugazy, the Garden's only rival in New York, and his Metropolitan Coliseum. This tall Pisan has been tutored by Harry Wills, has muscles that stick out like stuffing, the gaunt, hungry, hollow eyes of a parish priest, and the appetite of any twelve ostriches you care to mention. Wields both arms as clubs, but without the ferocity of Firpo. A game fellow, he fights exclusively for Signor Fugazy and triumphs by stunning his kill. Has a good chance of getting somewhere if he can forget everything they are trying to teach him about boxing.

By the way, the author guarantees none of the gents appearing in this revue against knockouts, phonies, form flips, and what not, so don't write him letters calling to his attention that Whosis was stopped in two rounds in Ashtabula last night.

PHIL SCOTT—Born Philip Suffling, London, 1903; England's gift to American canvas. A talented fellow with the fighting instincts of a floorwalker at Wanamaker's. Boxes with a look of extreme distaste on a handsome face featured by a pair of washed-out blue eyes. Has the courage of pride, but not of berserk rage. Gets up off the floor (when able) for dear old England, or because it ill befits a Suffling there to recline, instead of being actuated by a desire to murder the fellow who put him there. Stands five feet eleven inches in height, comes in at 185, and will give a pretty boxing exhibition if not smacked around too hard in the opening innings. Will outbox all of our Americanos, but won't outfight any of them.

Max Schmeling

MAXIMILIAN SCHMELING—Max for short. Born twenty-three years ago in Germany, and cast, of all things, in the mold of Jack Dempsey, the Dempsey of old with the beetling brows, deep-set eyes, black, glossy hair, and bashed-in nose. Came to this country ten months ago as Germany's best heavyweight, and startled the sentimental New Yorkers by fighting as much like the old Dempsey as he looked like him. Weaves and sways in to the attack, has the same little charging shuffle, and throws his right hand into the mark with stunning force. Uses left hand as a cutting jab, but is fast acquiring Dempsey left hook under tutelage of American managers. Won't clinch, won't stall, and has been called finest heavyweight prospect seen here in years.

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The Murders on the

Molly Enters the Den of Death

in

EDWARD DOHERTY'S

Serial of Mystery on Broadway

BIG Joe Carozzo owned The Corsairs Club, a dive for the rich, high on a roof above Times Square. It was here that Spots Larkin was murdered. Spots had been offering a large diamond for sale. When his body was discovered in Big Joe's den, the shaft of a spindle sticking out of his neck, no trace of the diamond could be found.

On the roof outside the den Anthony Sommers lay stretched in sodden unconsciousness. An examination of the wastebasket's contents revealed a blood-soaked handkerchief marked "A. S." and a fake diamond covered with chewing gum. Sommers was tried for murder. He had been a brilliantly inventive lawyer before drink got him, but he would invent nothing in his own defense.

Big Joe; Marcia Caponi, Joe's girl; Pio Mora, the singer; and Mickey Finn, Joe's handy man with a gun, built up circumstantial evidence that sent Sommers to prison for a life term.

Pictures by
DALTON STEVENS

To Molly, Sommers' beautiful daughter, a teacher out West, this came as a double blow. She refused to go through with her promise to marry Ted Morehouse, resolved to leave for New York, find the man who stole the diamond, and clear her father's name.

Molly arrived in the city with an asset as great as her beauty: a lovely voice. She was determined it should win her, under an assumed name, a position as singer in The Corsairs Club. Her first weeks brought disappointment. She was mysteriously kept from seeing her father by the prison authorities and she missed meeting Monica Lane—Monica, the cigarette girl of The Corsairs, who, poisoning herself for love of the rich Geoffrey Platt, died saying she knew who killed Larkin.

The world at large knew that Platt had been at the club at the time of the murder and that he had immediately left the country, but not that he had gone off carrying a priceless diamond with him. It was Nat Retticker, a newspaper man, who at length—believing Molly's name to be Eileen Drew—took her to the notorious Corsairs Club.

The guests—those who could still see—saw a slender girl, standing straight, smiling, a bit nervous perhaps, waiting for silence.

PART FIVE

BROADWAY, sleeping like an honest street, stirred uneasily with the dawn. Seventh Avenue, lying crosswise in its Times Square bed, woke from its dreams of fair women, rubbed its eyes, and yawned.

But in The Corsairs Club sixty stories above there was no heed of daylight. Lights burned feverishly. Music caroused. Men and women laughed and shouted, danced and drank and loved.

Strange wild drums beat in Molly's veins as she entered the long, narrow room with Retticker, and passed through a lane of eyes to a table under a black flag that wore the skull and bones. She was really here at last! But where was Carozzo? Where was Mora? Where was Marcia? She looked at the door that led into Carozzo's den. Behind that door there had been murder. Behind that door her father had been framed.

An old man with a satyr's face was jigging in the center of the floor. A woman with plump white shoulders staggered up from a nearby table and brought him a glassful of liquor.

He gulped it down, still jigging, and fell on his face. The glass broke. The woman sat down and laughed.

"That wasn't part of the program," Nat explained, "but it might well have been. There are lots of impromptu acts here. You see, most of Carozzo's patrons are rich—rich enough to give stupid parties in their homes and to be bored with them. They like this dive because they can be natural here."

Men began to come to the table: Irving Henschell, the Broadway columnist with the newest Broadway slang;

ROOF

Chet Qug, whom Molly had already met; Fran McLean from Hollywood, who said he had mistaken Molly for a moving picture star he knew; Geoffrey Cameron Platt III, who had just returned from Paris; and others whom she forgot five minutes later.

"You'll see Platt here every night," Nat commented when he had the opportunity. "He went abroad suddenly after the Larkin murder; got back a few weeks ago."

"He was here when the murder was discovered?" Molly asked. And to cover her excitement she added, "How fascinating!"

"Yes. He was here with Anson Keen, the deputy district attorney, that night. He and Keen went into that room"—he waved a hand in the general direction of the door— "and kept everybody out until Captain O'Malley and the medical examiner arrived. He gave us all the dope he could. And—a queer thing—he insisted that Anthony Sommers was absolutely innocent. When we went to find him later in the day we learned he was gone."

Here was a clue, Molly thought. She must cultivate Mr. Platt and find out why he went, and why he knew her father was not guilty.

The lights went out suddenly, and within a few seconds a spotlight revealed a filmy white figure on the balcony.

"Marcia," Nat said. "They call her Snake Eyes."

In the darkness below the balcony a man began to sing in a rich tenor voice. In the spotlight the filmy figure began to dance, slowly, gracefully; began to unwind from its misty drapes; began to take a woman's shape.

FOR a moment the woman stood in the glare of the light, black hair running like paint down her white body. The singer's voice died slowly, softly, and the spotlight went out. At once all the other lights burst out of the darkness and there was noise again.

"Beautiful!" said Molly, answering the question she saw in the reporter's eyes. "But the effect on all these people—"

"Is the effect intended. Carozzo is too subtle to allow any rough stuff in this 'jernt'—such as you saw at some of the other clubs tonight. But he gets there just the same. He puts a kick even in beauty."

Molly saw Carozzo and knew he was coming to greet her. She recognized him at once, and fought to conceal the revulsion she felt.

"Nat!" Carozzo said cordially. He clasped both Nat's hands in his. "I have only just learned from Henschell that you were here. Introduce me, please, to your beautiful friend."

He bowed low to Molly and held her hand. And if the pulse beat fast in her throat, her eyes betrayed nothing.

"Eileen Drew! Eileen Drew!" he said. He looked at her a long time, a queer yellow light in his black eyes, his fat fingers playing with his cruel mustache points.

She smiled and bowed. He pulled up a chair, sat beside her, leaned close to her. "And Henschell tells me that you sing."

"I studied in Chicago for some time," she said, as though it didn't matter.

"Will you sing for us?" His voice was persuasive, tender.

She was half dismayed. She had not expected the opportunity to come so suddenly—felt unprepared for it. But—why not? If she were to sing here every

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE MURDERS ON THE ROOF
Continued from page fifty-seven]

night, as she intended to, she might as well begin now.

"Yes," she said. "What song would you like?"

"Anything. But from you—not this vo-de-o-do!"

"They like the old-fashioned stuff," Nat said. "They may come here and drink all night, men with other men's wives, but they like songs about young love, and home and mother—though they haven't seen poor ma in years and years, you know—moonlight and roses in a garden—and the little boy who wants to go to heaven because his mama's there."

"I will sing you a song I learned from my grandmother," Molly said. "I don't believe the orchestra ever heard it. But that doesn't matter, does it?"

While Carozzo was making the announcement to his guests, Molly looked at Nat. She saw that he was both jealous and displeased.

"Ladies and suckers!" Carozzo began.

They laughed and cheered him. They began to clap before he had finished, and Molly stood up quickly, her hands going to her heart.

"I trust you, Geoff. You're the only man in the world I do trust."

The guests—those who could still see—saw a slender girl in black taffeta, a girl with great gray eyes and yellow hair, standing straight, smiling, a bit nervous perhaps, waiting for silence.

She sang:

"I know a place where the sun is like gold,
And the cherry blooms burst with snow;
And down underneath is the loveliest nook,
Where the four-leaf clovers grow."

She saw an old man trying to bite through a thick sandwich; saw a woman pouring a drink from a hammered silver flask, and spilling most of the liquid; saw a waiter enter from the kitchen door, a huge tray of food and silver held above his shoulder on the palm of his hand.

"One leaf is for hope, and one is for faith,
And one is for love, you know,
And God put another in for luck,—
If you search, you will find where they grow."

A MAN was rolling some dice at a far table, two women watching the spotted cubes spin. The hat-check girl was reading a newspaper: one of those little ones full of pictures. One of those girls at the dressing-room door was sneering. Marcia. The song went on:

"But you must have hope, and you must have faith,
You must love and be strong, and so—"

She could feel that Carozzo was watching her, though she couldn't see him. The thought made her uneasy.

"If you work, if you wait, you will find the place
Where the four-leaf clovers grow."

As she turned to sit down she saw Carozzo wiping his forehead. She smiled at him. He rose quickly, took her hands, patted them.

"It was wonderful!" he said. "Most wonderful. Hear how they applaud!"

Indeed, men were clapping, beating the glasses with knives and forks and spoons, crying, "More! More!"

Carozzo got up quickly and waved his hands for silence.

"Dearie!" a woman screamed. "Man I Love," a man shouted. "Moonlight Bay," someone else called. Other voices yelled, "More! We want more!"

"You made a hit, Eileen," Nat said.

But Molly stared at the handkerchief Carozzo had let fall when he arose—stared at the little stitches, at the monogram. She had put those stitches there; she had made that monogram! The handkerchief was one of those she had sent her father on his last birthday.

"Miss Drew is just visiting in New York," she heard Carozzo saying. "But I hope to have her stay with us for a long time. I hope to give you the pleasure of having her sing to you every night. And now, if you are quiet, I will ask her to sing Dearie."

"Yeah, give this little girl a nice big hand," said Retticker, pouring himself another brandy. He laughed without mirth. "And buy forget-me-nots for little Monica Lane!"

Molly shivered, saw Carozzo's fat hand beckoning her, and rose to sing again.

II

MOLLY SOMMERS found a new world in the dressing room of The Corsairs Club. The conversation of the naked or partly clad girls might be vulgar, she thought, but it was spiced with a little humor and a vast wisdom; and it was colored with the philosophy of Broadway—"Get as much as you can as quick as you can for as little as you can; get it now while you're young."

"I never left any of my husbands in anger," one of them was saying. "Honest, they're the best friends I got. Just like having diamonds in hock!"

She listened to some of the others:

"And she says, 'But he insulted me terrible.' So I laughed at her, and I says, 'Get down on your knees and thank God, because some day no man will think of insulting you.'"

"He's the sweetest boy in the world; and he's got a Rolls, too, all his own."

"Aw, she gives me a pain. She don't know the meaning of the word exclusive."

Their soft, slim bodies were multiplied by the mirrors running under electric lights the length of two walls. Some of them stood and talked. Some of them smoked. Some sat in their places before the mirror and the shelf of creams, busy with comb and brush, eyelash beader, eyebrow pencil, eye paint, belladonna, lip stick, rouge, nail file, or buffer.

The floor was strewn with the costumes of the last number: skin-tight silken trouserettes of orange and red and green and blue—little bits of scattered rainbow; jackets embroidered with silver and azure and gold; buckled shoes and sheer half stockings. On the backs and the bottoms of chairs were the pirate costumes that must be worn for the next number.

The room smelled of talcum powder and perfume and burning tobacco. It was just long enough to accommodate twenty girls sitting back to back. There were two doors, one leading into the wardrobe room, and through this to the cabaret. The other door opened on the roof.

"They're hardburled, most of them," said the girl next to Molly, as though she had read Molly's mind. "But you got to be a five-minute egg to get by on this street. You'll find out. You're Eileen Drew, huh? I caught your songs last night. We was all listening. You got swell pipes, Dearie, and don't let them tell you different. And you put over a song swell."

The girl was Peggy Wolfe, but nobody ever called her anything but Babe.

She had a "sweetie" she referred to as Mr. Blum. That is, sometimes he was a "sweetie," sometimes "the boy friend."

Babe was a blonde with dark blue eyes; and there was a dash of freckles under the dash of powder on her nose.

"Most of these girls is just kids," she rattled on. "They haven't had any education to speak of—except maybe out of storybooks. The girls that has been through the mill tip the others off to the wrong guys. You got to steer them right—they're like babies. Get a load of Tippy McGill, in back of you, educating Dolly Wide Eyes, and you'll see what I mean."

Molly listened.

"Some cake of ice!" Dolly was saying, looking at Tippy's diamond ring.

"I'll say!" Tippy admitted. "I got it for being a good girl—for saying no."

"No!"

"Yeah!"

"Yeah?"

"Say, listen, innocent. I told him no. See? So he give me the ring so's I'd say yes. Get it?"

"And you're gonna say yes?"

"No. And two noes don't make a yes. They make a mink coat, or maybe it'll be chinchilla. I ain't decided yet."

Babe whispered through a corner of her mouth, "Ain't it rich? The kid's a natural born vamp, but she was raised wrong. Where you hiding out, Dearie?"

"I have a room in Fifty-seventh Street," Molly said, but seeing some incredulity in Babe's face, she added—"near Ninth Avenue."

"I was gonna say! I thought for a minute you was either putting on the ritz or livin' a life of sin. Fifty-seventh Street, huh? But near Ninth Avenue—what a whale of a difference a few blocks makes! Listen. I got a little dump in Seventy-second Street, right near Broadway. Seventy-five a month. The girl friend who was sharing it with me was all wet, and I got the whole hang-out on my hands.

"This dame did a dance with a six-foot python in one of the clubs; and she used to keep the damn thing in the bathtub when we was home. She fed it rabbits. Ugh! I hated to see that bunch of coils gobbling those poor little pink-eyed bunnies. But I says to myself, a snake's got to live, ain't he? I didn't mind that so much—except it was hell when you wanted to take a shower.

"But Virginia got exotic. She had to burn dim lights all over the place. It began to look like a spookery. And she'd burn incense. That was all right, too. But when I caught her painting her stomach red, I tied a can to her. Why don't you bring your toothbrush and bar of soap over and go halves with me? There's a maid comes in every day, and no work to do except make coffee and open a couple cans."

"Thanks. It's so lonesome where I am. Could I move into your flat today?"

"Swell! Right after the show. It ain't much, but it's got two beds—and—running water."

SHE stood up, powdered her body and struggled into the pirate costume, then bent down and whispered in Molly's ear: "Big Joe's all hot and bothered about you already. I could see that last night. Watch your step, Dearie. And Snake Eyes thinks you're a dose of poison."

Molly looked around for Marcia. She saw her at the other end of the room. The girl was looking at her, her eyes hard and unwinking. A girl near Marcia was crying—and, it was evident, had been drinking. Babe whispered on:

"She's trying to get sympathy out of that boa constrictor! Now you tell one! The poor kid's got the heebie-jeebies over her sweetie. All she got was a lousy little flat—and the rent not paid in five months. Give her a smile when you can, huh?"

"I never tried to get nothing out of him," the girl was sobbing. "And I ain't asking him for nothing now. I ain't no gold digger. If he'd only hurt me pretty again, like he used to! That's all I want."

"No man's worth it," Babe said. "Look me over, Dearie. Am I right?"

Theresa Mora waddled into the room, scowling, showing ugly yellow teeth. She spanked the girl who wanted to be "hurt pretty"—spanked her gently, and ordered her to dress.

"She speaks English!" Molly said.

"Hell, Dearie! Why shouldn't she? She was born on the East Side!"

A buzzer sounded. The girls started up, got into line, fixed their faces in a smile, and hurried out. Molly could hear them singing:

"We are the pirates of old Times Square,
Cruising around for a millionaire—"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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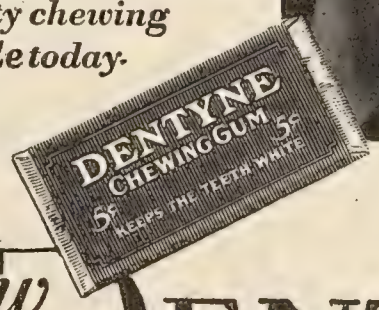

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[THE MURDERS ON THE ROOF
Continued from page fifty-nine]

She pitied them. They were so young, so beautiful, and they were all dancing and singing down the road to heartbreak—with nothing to save them but the pathetic protection of being "hard-burled."

Theresa gathered up the garments from the floor, went out with them grumbling, returned with an armful of new costumes, distributed them about the room, and vanished. She had ignored Molly. And Molly was glad of that, for it made it easier for her to carry out the plan that had taken shape in her mind. If she could make Marcia jealous—and Theresa too—she might learn something about the Larkin murder. Jealous women, she knew, often said things for spite, told truths they would not tell under other torture.

But weeks passed, and other weeks after them, and, though she was making progress, she had found out little. But she was not impatient.

Carozzo bought her stately gowns, the flowing, piquant gowns of other centuries, dresses with full skirts and lots of lace and tight bodices, wigs of spun glass and shiny gold, wigs of long black and auburn braids. And he made her sing old songs. The crowds of drinkers loved her. The newspapers called her a find, a sensation, "the treasure of The Corsairs Club."

IT was rapture to sing, to stand in the balcony in the glare of the spotlight, or by the tables where men and women ate and drank and whispered, to lift up her face, to breathe deep, to let her fancy soar out of her breast with the music of her voice and wander where it would. Such moments helped her to endure Carozzo's eyes. But always, after her song, there was a moment of bitterness.

The song would end, and she would be aware of the crowd applauding, aware of her surroundings, aware of the reason for her presence in this place, aware that she had accomplished almost nothing.

In the flat in Seventy-second Street, one day, she wrote a list of everything she had learned—and the total was so meager that she tore the paper into shreds:

Carozzo has one of my father's handkerchiefs.

Theresa Mora didn't need an interpreter at the trial. Why did she have one?

Both Pio Mora and Mickey Finn chew gum. Either one could have gummed the false diamond. Finn carries dozens of packages of gum, plays with them, builds log houses out of them. Did he drop the gum wrappers in the waste-paper basket?

Marcia's sleeping powders are heroin, according to Babe.

Finn is a drug addict, Babe says.

Flat Wheel—mysterious. Know nothing about him.

Sometimes after Molly had finished an encore she would sit with Platt, or Chet Qug, or Nat Retticker, or Irving Henschell. They told stories of Broadway, of rackets, of swindles, of strong-arm men, of bootleggers and hijackers and dope and women.

"Big Joe's all hot and bothered about you already. Watch your step, Dearie."

She began to like Qug, though he was such a barbarian, for he was candid about himself, and there was a chivalrous streak in him. He had never hit a woman in his life, he boasted. He told Molly he thought she was "the only square dame in New York."

Once he had broken a bottle over a wife beater's head. "I like to bust them guys good," he said.

There was some fascinating mystery about Platt, but she could not fathom it. He always came to The Corsairs with one or two other men, never with women. He did nothing but sit before a glass of stale ginger ale and look at the people about him.

HE liked to talk about his mother and his little sister. Illinois, he called his sister. Her name was Eleanor, he explained, but Illinois was her baby pronunciation of that name. It was some time before Molly learned that Eleanor was married to a Belgian count. It was Chet Qug who told her.

Platt was "sweet," Molly thought. She liked him better every time she talked to him; and she knew that he liked her, too. That worried her, for this was one man she did not want to hurt. Sometimes she surprised in his pale blue eyes the same look she had seen in Retticker's when he said "I love you."

Sometimes she sat with Carozzo or with Mora—seldom

with Mickey Finn. Finn repelled her. Qug said he was a safe blower—" and a bum one, at that." Platt said he was a killer.

" Stay away from him," he advised. " He's mean all through—and treacherous. Of course you've heard he was once tried for murder—shooting a man in the back. A great lawyer won his acquittal. But there are other things. There was a drunk who had spent a lot of money here one night—gave five hundred-dollar bills to the waiter and the cigarette girl—an oil man fresh from the wells. Finn offered to take the fellow home. The man was found at the bottom of the elevator shaft the next morning. He hadn't a cent."

There was something about Finn, too, that vaguely frightened her: the yellow canine teeth; the sharp long jaw; the nervous hands that played with packages of gum—built them up, knocked them down, built them up again; the little red-rimmed eyes.

His arms were long and awkward. They seemed to bulge at the elbows. And his sleeves were always loose and much too large.

She discovered the reason for these peculiar sleeves and elbows the first time she talked to Finn.

He was playing with his gum one moment, and the next he was pointing two automatic guns at her.

He laughed at her surprise.

" There ain't nobody goin' to get me," he said.

THE guns disappeared as suddenly as they had appeared.

" Feel my elbows," he commanded.

Molly obeyed—felt something that might be bone and muscle.

" My seventy-fives," he explained. " I got a gun strapped around each elbow. I click my elbows agin my sides. That touches off a spring. The guns snap down my sleeves—and I got them in my hands. I let them go—and they fly back to their little leather garages on rubber bands. Pretty slick, what? My elbow guns! "

" That's why you have such loose cuffs," she said.

" Sure. I have them made to order."

Sometimes Molly spent a few moments talking to Babe's boy friend, Mr. Blum.

Mr. Blum sat sedately at a table all night, waiting until the show was over at 6 or 7 o'clock in the morning, to escort Babe and Molly to their little flat in Seventy-second Street. He would drink beer and eat pretzels. He'd bite the pretzels into letters spelling Babe. Then he'd eat them, and bite some more into shape. He had but two topics of conversation—Babe and structural steel.

Pio Mora, Molly learned with some surprise, loved her with a reverence that bordered on the superstiticus. He called her " Madonna mia," and he was always giving her some little present—a rosary, a medal, a box of cheap and atrocious colored underwear. Once he painted an exquisite little picture of her; and he told her he was carving her face in the gold handle of a stiletto.

" Terese," he would say—and his laugh would roll out like thunder—" she is watch through the crack in these dressing-room door. She theenk I am in the so great danger from your eyes, Madonna mia. No? But you are like these angels, and I say leetla prayers to you."

At such times his great red mustaches would whip like flags in a gale, his teeth would gleam, his monstrous hairy hands would beat like mild thunder on the table, the scar would jump with a terrible joy, and his earrings would jingle madly.

" You are a joy, Madonna. Some day—" His sea-green eyes would squint at her, then, as though they were seeing visions, and he would sigh from unplumbed depths and bellow for wine.

Was he as simple as he seemed? Surely there was something more sinister back of his eyes than most people would believe.

Carozzo never drank, never smoked. He talked quietly, but always his black eyes disquieted her. His words were flowery at first. But they became less flowery and more tender as the days went on.

She was not amazed when he sent Flat Wheel to her with the command that she come at once to his den.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[THE MURDERS ON THE ROOF Continued from page sixty-one]

She had been waiting for it.

She found him pacing the rug in front of his desk. He was smiling. His hands were in back of him, one patting the palm of the other impatiently.

"Eileen," he said joyously, when she came through the door, cool and lovely, a Colonial maid with spun-glass hair, a beauty patch near her left eye, a smile on her face, in her hand a great feathered fan.

"So stately," he said softly. "So beautiful." His eyes had yellow lights in them. He pointed boyishly to a silver bucket on the oak table, a bucket filled with ice out of which protruded the neck of a bottle covered with a wet napkin. "It is a little surprise. A party. We will have champagne, real champagne—and we will talk."

"But I never drink," she said, "and neither do you."

He regarded her with a little disappointment, walked toward her slowly, the smile coming back into his olive face, his eyes growing bigger and bigger.

"You are a bad girl," he said. "You have been avoiding your best friend, Big Joe Carozzo. You make eyes at Pio Mora, that no-good one; and Geoffrey Platt, who loves no woman; and that hoodlum Qug. Even Mickey Finn. Ugh! Mickey Finn—you like better than Big Joe!"

SHE laughed at him, closed the great feathered fan, and made him such a curtsy as Colonial belles made to their dandies.

"You mock me," he said. "And I love you. I am mad. I am crazy mad for you!"

His eyes began to blaze. He seized her roughly and held her—bent to kiss her. She was not frightened. She felt a little contempt for him.

"And you would take me like this?" she asked.

"Like this? Any way! I tell you, I am mad with love."

"And you think I will love you if you are rude to me? Any man can kiss a girl against her will. But it takes a real man to make her want to be kissed. Why don't you make me love you—if you can? Are you afraid to try?"

He dropped his arms.

"Afraid?"

"You are afraid that Mora will win me. He makes love to me, too—but sweetly, tenderly. He calls me Madonna. He's married, of course, but—" She sighed a little and smiled at him, tantalizing. If she could make these two men jealous of each other—

"You love him?" he demanded, scowling at her.

She shrugged her white shoulders, threw out her arms.

"I will wait for you," he said. "But not long. I am all afire. I do not sleep. I think of you—all the time. I am sick for you. And if you love any other man—"

She laughed lightly to cover her fear, looked from his face to the diamonds in his stud, glanced at the spindles on his desk.

"It wouldn't be the first murder here," she said.

He seized her by the shoulders, made her look at him.

"You think I killed Spots Larkin?" he asked.

"I don't know anything about it—except what I read in the newspapers."

It seemed to her that he was relieved. He smiled again.

"Wait," he said. "Wait one little moment."

He opened a drawer in his desk and took from it a magnificent diamond ring. She looked at it eagerly, her eyes so shining that he thought love was born in them that moment.

"It is a little thing—to give to you," he said. "But I will give you diamonds. Ai! What diamonds you shall have! I will wait—but there must be no other man."

"Don't worry about that," she said, her long lashes falling over her eyes, that he might not read them.

"And call me Joe," he said.

"This is like a book," she thought. And like a heroine in a book she answered: "All right—Joe!" Her voice was as soft as she could make it.

He held her hand and kissed it, and she went out quickly.

Marcia met her just outside the door, and snatched at the ring.

"Damn you! Give me that," she said. "It's mine."

Molly slipped the ring on her finger and smiled at the furious girl.

"Settle it with Joe," she said sweetly, and went to the dressing room.

III

THEY sat on a granite rock, Geoffrey Platt and Molly, far from the roof garden on the Allegheny Building.

The water plashed gently, lazily, beneath their feet. The late October sun was warm and soothing. There was no wind, yet far out in the sound a three-masted schooner, holding its snowy sails against the light blue sky, moved slowly on its course; and in the little park back of them tired leaves fell to the ground.

The tide was out, and in the crevices of the rocks, and in the little pools drying all around, were mussels and hermit crabs and starfish and strings of kelp.

Molly was thinking that the day held melancholy as well as loveliness. The year was dying. The leaves were dying.

Her father was still in the prison hospital. She had heard no word from him. She had heard no word from Ted. And this gentleman she liked so much was about to make

love to her; and she must hurt him.

She was thinking that love was bitter and without reason. Monica Lane had killed herself because she had loved Platt. And Platt loved Molly, and Molly loved Ted. Useless! Useless!

She had accepted the invitation to visit the Platts at their home in Larchmont Manor not merely for her own ends, she told herself, but also to please Geoff and his mother. Mrs. Platt's invitation had been so kind, so motherly.

Yes; now that his mother and sister had met her and been so sweet to her, she felt that Geoff would propose. She wished she could say yes. What had she done to make him love her? She remembered an old saying of her father's: "Every unmarried woman looks on every unmarried man as a potential husband; and, whether she realizes it or not, she spins a web of charms to snare him."

PERHAPS she had spun such a web. She hadn't meant to. True, she had courted every opportunity to be alone with him, but only that she might question him about the Larkin murder and the theft of the diamond. She had been alone with him many times in The Corsairs Club, but only for a few minutes at a time; and something had always prevented her from asking the questions she wanted to ask. Here on the rocks she would put those questions to him. But not yet—not yet.

She was thinking of the ride out from New York in Geoff's car, a roadster that made even the roads of Westchester County seem smooth; of the smell of fresh cut clover as they passed a golf course; of the warm reception Mrs. Platt and Eleanor had given her. Queer, she—Eleanor—was a countess, this madcap girl so recently emerged from childhood, so soon to bear a child.

"Don't call me Countess," she had said before Molly had a chance to greet her. "It gives me the willies. Call me Illinois. That's a name!"

It was during breakfast that she had offered a sort of explanation.

"I met a princess in Paris," she said. "A friend introduced me, and I thought I would have to be stately and dignified with her. And what do you think she said? She said, 'Hello, kid. Put it there. What part of God's country are you from?'"

She laughed gayly. "Paris is full of American countesses and baronesses and princesses," she added. "They tell me their husbands keep them in Paris, pay them so much for staying there."

It was during breakfast, too, that the countess had shown Molly the great diamond ring the count had given her.

Molly was thinking, now, that Platt looked much better in sports clothes than he did in evening dress, thinking that he looked like his mother—thinking of many things and none of them clearly, and watching the schooner as

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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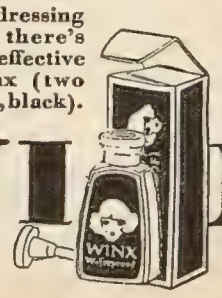

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Not Caused By Weak Nerves

"There would be less nervousness, nervous breakdowns, and insanity in the world if people knew more about the cause of nervousness," says Paul von Boeckmann, a noted authority on Nerve Culture.

Nervousness is not, as many people think, due to the nervous system itself being weak or diseased. It is abuse of the nerves that causes nervousness. Most nerve troubles are of mental origin. Hence, the reason that worry, fear, anxiety, jealousy, and kindred mental conditions play havoc with the nerves, causing nervous breakdown and even insanity. This authority further points out that nervousness is not akin to fear, for some of the most courageous fighters often suffer from nervousness.

Mr. von Boeckmann has written an excellent book in simple language on this vital subject. Anyone can, in a short time, improve his control of the nerves 100% by following the simple advice he presents. The cost of the book is 25c (coin or small denomination stamps). His address is Studio 1450, Cellini Bldg., 48 W. 48th Street, New York City. The book is sent postpaid in a plain wrapper. Far over a million copies of this excellent work have been sold during the last twenty years. Every reader should avail himself of this offer, for we are all nervous more or less.

For Bad Complexion

Never again need you be ashamed of your complexion. The admiration lavished upon the vivacious, beautiful woman can be yours to enjoy. The cause of your trouble is probably constipation. It ravages the system, destroys beauty. Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets, better than calomel, is a vegetable compound mixed with olive oil, known by their olive color. Will eliminate constipation, cleanse your system, give you health that makes beauty. A famous, sure but harmless corrective used for 20 years. Non-habit-forming. No bad after-effects. Take nightly. At druggists, 15c, 30c and 60c.

Dr Edwards OLIVE TABLETS

[THE MURDERS ON THE ROOF]
Continued from page sixty-three

it sailed across the dark blue of the water and the light blue of the sky.

And Platt was thinking of a verse of Edna St. Vincent Millay's:

She is neither pink nor pale,
And she never will be all mine.
She learned her hands in a fairy tale,
And her mouth on a valentine.

A peculiar sound beat at the door of Molly's consciousness, a persistent sound that was a multitude of lesser sounds—a faint, gritty chorus that seemed to come out of the warm rocks all around her.

"It's the mussels," he said, seeing her wonder.

"Mussels? Are they singing?"

"They're stewing in their own juices," he said. "See the bubbles coming out of that purple shell? And that green one? Some of them are rubbing one hard shell against another—gnashing their shell-like teeth."

He tore a shell off the rock, showed her the tiny serrated edges that fitted against each other perfectly, and spoke with a shy eloquence of the colors blended in the shell.

"It's beautiful here," Molly said. "There's only one spot I know that is more beautiful. It's a little place on Sentry Hill from which I could look down on the village where I was born, and for miles and miles around at gray and green and purple hills. I suppose now all those hills are covered with goldenrod and sumac—scarlet and gold. And the leaves are dying there too, as they are here."

She sighed. She did not see the queer expression that came into his eyes.

HE tossed a pebble into the water—and she saw a new wonder that excited her face to animation.

"What is it?" she asked, her hands going quickly to her heart and her eyes glowing. "A flower? A living, breathing flower made of fire and jelly! No; it's a comet—a live comet! Do tell me quick what it is."

"Looks like a raw egg trying to get poached, doesn't it? It's only a jellyfish. They sting you when you're in swimming."

She watched its gelatin sides rising, forming a ruff that dulled but did not hide its orange heart, saw the ruff lowered, raised again, lowered again, exclaimed at the tail that was like a woman's bright hair.

"Shall I bring it ashore?"

"No; please don't. It's so beautiful in the water, but—"

The excitement drained out of her, left a tired wistfulness.

"A fish out of water," she said, "is like an innocent man in jail."

She felt that was a good opening.

"You are Molly Sommers!" Platt said.

"You know?"

"I didn't know until you mentioned Sentry Hill. Your father used to talk of Sentry Hill. And once he showed me your picture. I knew, that first night I saw you, that I had seen your picture somewhere. And now I know why you have been playing the game the way you have."

"Yes? Then you know how desperate I am. You know my father is innocent. Monica Lane knew it. I came beating on Monica Lane's door—too late. And now—and now—" Her gray eyes looked at him, pleading.

"And now you must beat on another locked door," he said quietly. He took her hands and clung to them.

"Another locked door! You mean you will not tell me anything?"

"I cannot."

"Because you will not."

She jerked her hands free.

"Why won't you help me? Did you have some part to play in sending my father to Sing Sing?"

He debated his answer, staring at her, frowning, his lips twitching.

"If I should admit I did play a part, wittingly or otherwise," he said, "you'd hate me. If I denied it, you'd believe me a liar and despise me. And I don't want you to hate me, Eileen—Molly—or to despise me."

"AND so you make yourself more mysterious than ever. And my father stays in his jail."

"You think I am one of Carozzo's gang?"

"No. And yet—Geoff, please don't be angry; but I must tell you this. I learned that you sailed for Paris the first moment you could. You took the first ship that sailed after the murder. Monica Lane, who loved you, knew who killed Spots Larkin, and killed herself—perhaps because she would rather die than tell. No; that isn't quite correct. She wanted to tell, but changed her mind.

"When Larkin was killed, his diamond was stolen. He had told everybody it was 'as big as a coconut.' This morning I saw on your sister's hand a diamond, the biggest diamond I ever saw. And she said a peculiar thing; she said, 'It is as big as a coconut, isn't it?' She was abroad at the time of the murder. I wanted to ask you about that stone—and you tell me I'm knocking in vain on a door that will not open!"

"And you do think I am one of Carozzo's gang? You can't trust me and be patient?"

Her eyes were honest as she answered, and her voice was low:

"I trust you, Geoff. You're the only man in the world I do trust. I don't know why I should. It isn't reasonable, but I do."

"Maybe it's because you know I love you!" he said.

She raised her hands in a little weary gesture, but he did not heed her.

"I loved you even when I thought you were flirting aimlessly with Carozzo, and with Mora. I loved you

when I thought you were nothing but a scatterbrained idiot whose sole idea was to make a name on Broadway. I wronged you terribly, but I loved you. And now that I know who you are and why you have acted as you have—"

"Don't!" she cried. "Geoff, please don't."

"I love you beyond all telling," he went on. "I wanted you to come to my home that you might see my mother and my sister, and love them—and that they might love the girl I'm going to marry."

"Wait, please, Geoff. Let me tell you something first."

He saw that her eyes were wet.

"Geoff, I did encourage Carozzo and Mora to make love to me. And I encouraged others, too—because I thought I might get them to tell me things. But you—I never encouraged you, Geoff. I never flirted with you."

"No," he said, and his head dropped. "You didn't have to, Molly. One looks at the sun and loves it. One looks on you—and dreams."

"When I spoke of Sentry Hill I was thinking of—someone I used to know—in Sommerville. I gave him up when I came to New York—gave him up because he fought my coming here alone. I put him out of my thoughts—or I believed I did. But every night I dream of him, Geoff. Even the smell of fresh mown clover brings him back to me.

"You remember, when we sped by the golf links this morning, a man was cutting the grass. I smelled the cut grass and the clover, and I wanted to leap out of the car and run back all the way to Sommerville."

They looked out on the blue-green waters, on the white sails running across the blue horizon, at the jellyfish rising and sinking below them.

"Perhaps he will marry some other girl," Molly said after a time. "But I—I will never marry anybody, Geoff."

She turned to him then, and the tears were gone and she was smiling. She gave him her hand.

"Friends?" she asked.

"Friends!" he said. "Friendship is rarer than love, and finer—if not so warm."

"And not so torturing," Molly added.

"Some day I shall answer all your questions," he promised. "All the questions you have not asked—my friend."

Ted had no thought of making some other girl his wife. His next move was a trip to New York, with the adamant intention of marrying Molly. And that started something! You'll learn about it next week.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

(*Answers will be found on page eighty*)

1—Which is called the Panhandle State?
2—Where is the Black Forest?
3—What is the name of the trophy competed for annually by amateur golf teams of the United States and Britain?
4—According to the Bible, what is the normal span of man's life?
5—What is the meaning of the Latin phrase *in flagrante delicto?*
6—What is anarchism?
7—What is called the Sport of Kings?
8—How many pairs of ribs does a normal human being have?
9—What liqueur takes its name from an island of the Dutch West Indies?
10—What is a prime number?
11—Who is called the Man of Destiny?
12—What is ululation?
13—What is a bas-relief?
14—Who said "Hitch your wagon to a star"?
15—Before Lincoln's election to the Presidency who was his opponent in many debates?
16—Members of what family of Cremona, Italy, were famous as violin makers in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries?
17—What is the most populous city in Canada?
18—Is Turkey represented in the United States by an ambassador or a minister?
19—Who succeeded James A. Garfield as President of the United States?
20—According to a Bible narrative, what kind of a creature swallowed Jonah?

For Colds —

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Made in 2 Models —Floor Model and Portable Model

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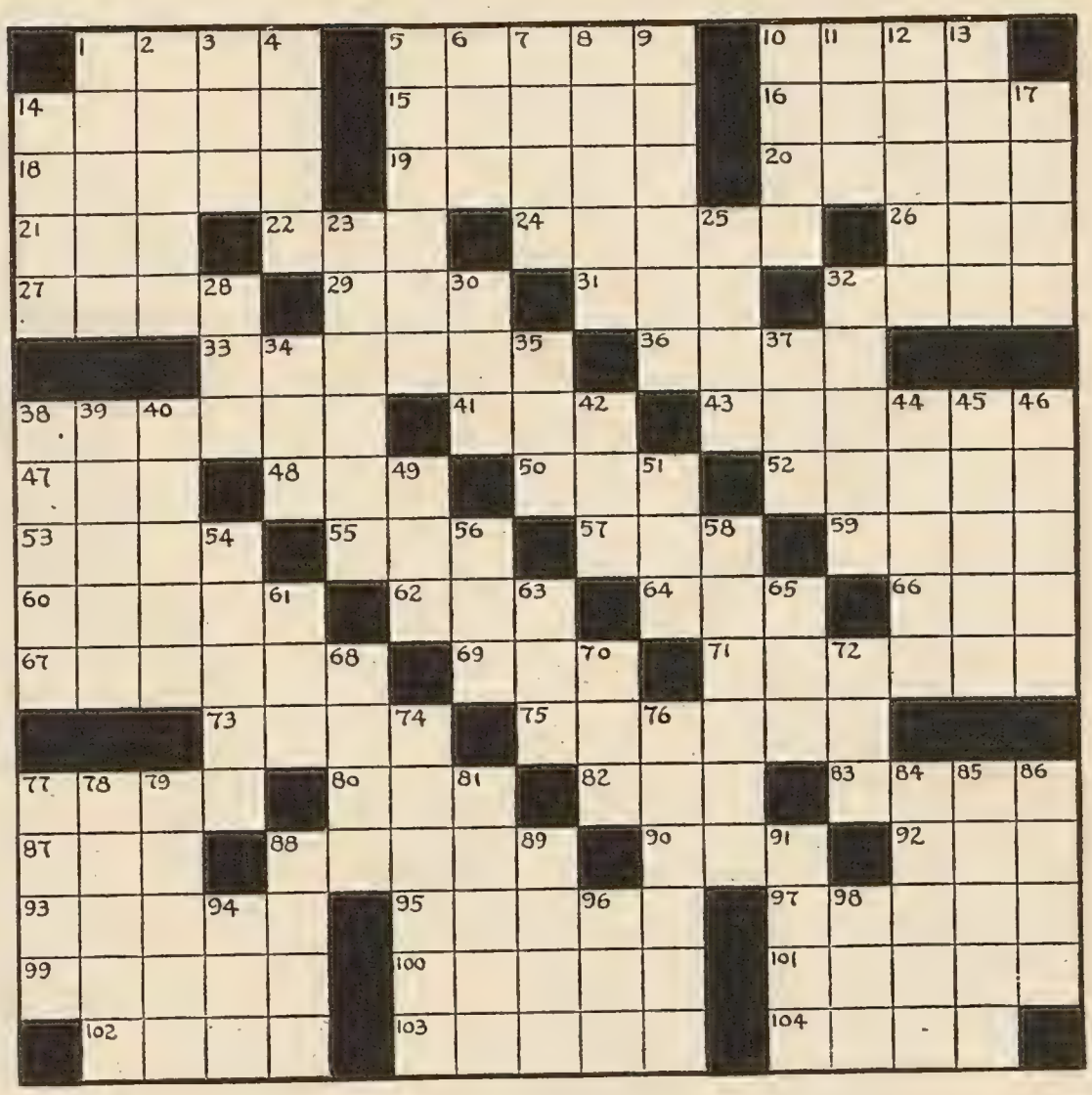
An *Easy* Puzzle—



HORIZONTAL

1 Part of a church
5 Leather strip
10 Rodents
14 More capable
15 Annoy
16 Muse of lyric poetry
18 Brings to maturity
19 Reposes
20 Requested
21 And so forth
22 Compass point
24 Leaf of a flower
26 Before
27 At sea
29 A fowl
31 Corded fabric
32 Possessive pronoun
33 Declared
36 Gather a harvest
38 Rushed
41 Tilt
43 Portions allotted
47 Strike smartly
48 Lair
50 Wooden pin
52 List of candidates
53 In a line or file
55 To obstruct
57 Strike lightly
59 Trigonometrical ratio
60 A territory of Japan
62 Pertinent; opportune
64 Put in place
66 Dejected
67 Penetrates
69 A color shade
71 Fondle
73 An equal
75 Cause to be late
77 Playing cards
80 Deface
82 A cyst
83 Cardinal number (plural)
87 Comrade
88 Small insects
90 Mother of Peer Gynt
92 Recline
93 Blot out
95 A claw
97 Course to be traveled
99 One who loves excessively
100 Worship
101 Mountain range in South America
102 Unaspirated consonant
103 Fresher
104 Prophet

VERTICAL

1 Incites
2 Particular locality
3 East Indian weight
4 Gaelic
5 Thoroughfare
6 Small mound
7 File
8 A flower
9 Harass
10 Genuine
11 Measures of area
12 Seized
13 Cubic meter
14 District
17 Poems
23 Dimmed the brightness of
25 Monkeys
28 A tree
30 Mesh fabric
32 Semiprecious stones
34 Spread for drying
35 Immerse
37 Exclamations
38 Male fowl
39 Jewish high priest
40 Amusement
42 Fondle
44 Elevate
45 Vessels for heating liquids
46 Ovules
49 Short sleep
51 A fuel
54 Cries
56 Entangle
58 Nuts
61 Form of to be
63 Slight flap
65 Make lace
68 Prefix; partly
70 Fresh
72 Steep or soak
74 Portion of a palm stem
76 Sparer; thinner
77 Imitated
78 Song of exultation
79 Make glad
81 Author of The Cloister and the Hearth
84 Evade
85 Saltpeter
86 Observes
88 Nothing less than
89 Sluggish
91 Periods
94 Coin of Japan
96 Native metal
98 Cardinal number

S	C	A	R	A	B			P	A	R	O	L	E				
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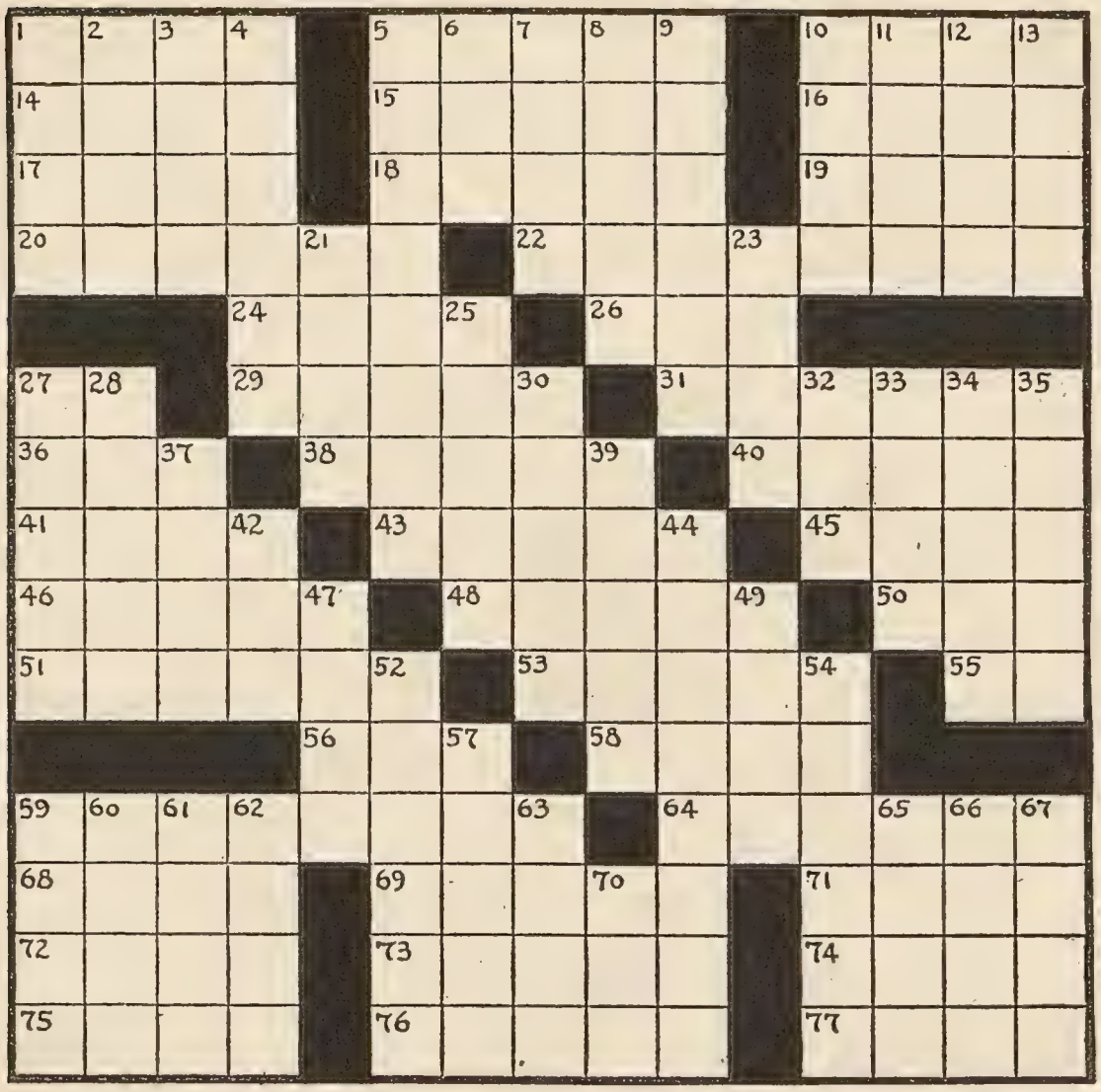
Answer to last week's easy puzzle

and a *Hard* One

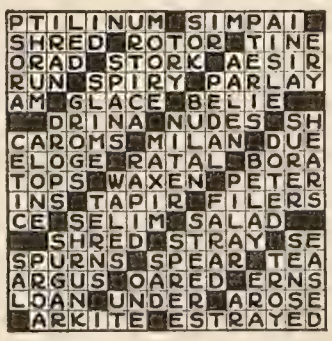


HORIZONTAL

1 Tire out by severe tasks
5 South American animal of the guinea pig kind (plural)
10 White tip of a fox's tail (plural)
14 Biblical character (Genesis)
15 Italian family of violin makers
16 A streamlet
17 American orator and statesman (1777-1852)
18 A seaport of Costa Rica
19 Notion
20 Asiatic sea snake
22 Growth from within (biology)
24 Part of the hip bone (plural)
26 An eternity
27 Symbol for cæsium
29 The poplar
31 Inborn character
36 Antiquity
38 A Y-shaped pipe
40 Pertaining to the calf of the leg
41 The reason (philosophy)
43 Panegyrical funeral oration
45 Repair
46 Round and tapering to a point
48 The seaweeds
50 Lifetime
51 An emetic
53 Pinnacle of ice in a glacier
55 Syllable denoting hesitation
56 Payment by a tenant (Old English law)
58 To erase
59 Herb of the mint family
64 Overseer of morals and conduct
68 American Indian
69 Erse
71 River in France
72 In a little while
73 Misrepresent
74 Talk inconsiderately
75 Facts or principles granted
76 Lets it stand (printing)
77 Old time (poetic)

VERTICAL

1 A playing card
2 Capable
3 Costly
4 City in Ohio
5 Cover with excuses
6 Biblical proper name (Ezra ii.)
7 A lead of a stained-glass window
8 Expiate
9 A kind of altar frontal
10 Neat; spruce
11 Military officer assistant to a superior
12 Narrow depression between hills
13 Put to death by violence
21 Badly
23 Indians of Tierra del Fuego
25 Receptacle for the wine of the Eucharist
27 Roman girl, famous for her beauty and tragic fate
28 Single sled used in logging
30 Silver coins of ancient Greece
32 Egyptian sun god
33 Chief solid constituent of urine
34 Scope
35 Of longer standing
37 Hill or ridge of sand
39 Inciter
42 Thus (Latin)
44 Otalgia (plural)
47 Roman philosopher and patriot
49 Comfort
52 Indians of Brazil and Guiana
54 Religious community
57 Mark indicating an insertion
59 A meadow
60 Wild buffalo of India
61 Disorderly behavior
62 Town in Germany
63 Measure of distance
65 To ensile
66 Ridges of drift (geology)
67 Network, as of nerves
70 Perch



Answer to last week's hard puzzle

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Valentine Variations

By Ethel Somers

Ham puffs baked in molds provide an appetizing dish.

FEBRUARY is one of the best party months of the year. It is a month when the hostess repeatedly needs suggestions for dressing up the everyday foods. Even the family will enjoy the liveliness of such a menu variation.

On St. Valentine's Day everyone feels in party humor. A Valentine dinner table is particularly easy to dress up in a snappy manner. Red hearts, cupids, lacy valentines, peppermint sticks, queens and knaves of hearts all add spirit and color to the menu. Many happily choose this occasion to announce their betrothal.

Frequently children's parties are the order of the day. The humdrum, drab menus of February will benefit if one can introduce the party spirit into the everyday foods. Our menu suggestions herewith, being neither elaborate nor expensive, may be served in all their Valentine togs or more simply as everyday menu items.

FEBRUARY is indeed a month for parties. Party menus can easily be planned for any time of the year with the help of the LIBERTY cookbooks. There are three of these attractive little books, each containing tried recipes and menus, compiled by Ethel Somers. Ten cents is the price of each book; you may have all three for only 25 cents. Send for them today, using the coupon herewith.

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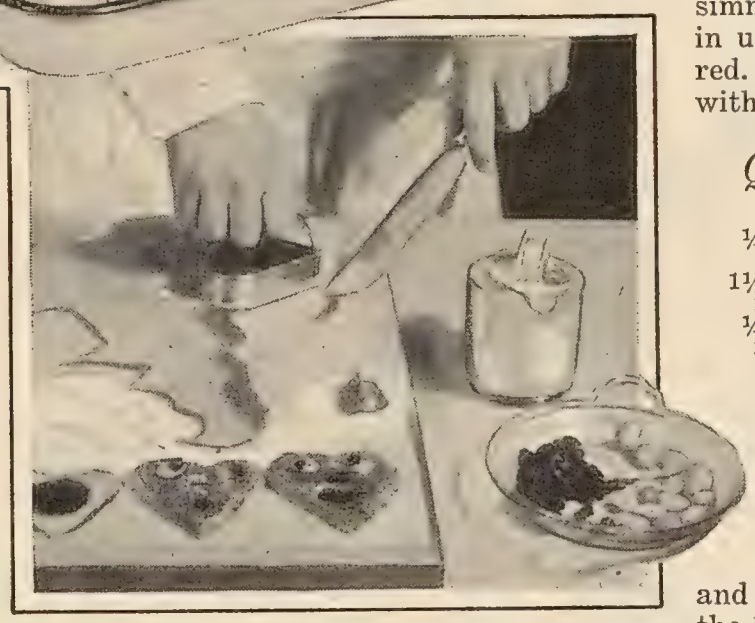


Cookies may be varied to the most intriguing queen of hearts tarts.

A MENU FOR ST. VALENTINE'S DAY

Cream of Tomato Soup — Heart Croutons
Ham Puffs — Savory Sauce
Baked Potatoes on the Half Shell
Fruited Red Pineapple Slices
Peas and Carrots in Heart-shaped Timbales
Lovers' Knot Rolls — Butter — Apricot Jam
Heart Salad on Lettuce — Cheese Crackers
Queen of Hearts Tarts — Orange Ice or Sherbet

Ham Puffs

- 3 cups minced ham
- 1½ cups bread crumbs
- 1 tablespoon minced onion
- 1½ cups milk or ham stock
- ⅛ teaspoon pepper
- ½ teaspoon salt (only if ham is fresh; otherwise none)
- 1 egg
- 1 tablespoon finely chopped parsley
- 2 dozen whole cloves

LEFT-OVER boiled or baked ham may be used, or simmer a ham shank in water to cover. (If desired, a boiled dinner may be had from this shank and the left-over ham used for the puffs.) Another variation is to cook a slice or two of ham in the top of a double boiler. Combine the ingredients and fill individual greased baking dishes. Heart shapes are ideal. Insert whole cloves in the top of the mixture. Set in a pan with an inch of water; bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) for forty-five minutes.

Fruited Red Pineapple Slices

- 2 cups cranberries
- 3 cups water
- 8 to 12 pineapple slices

COOK the washed cranberries in the water until they burst. It is wise to keep them covered during the cooking because of the popping as the shells burst. When the berries are soft, or in about fifteen minutes, rub through a sieve. Add the pineapple syrup and simmer the pineapple slices therein until they attain the desirable red. Serve, either warm or iced, with the meat course.

Queen of Hearts Tarts

Cooky Dough

- ¼ cup butter or substitute
- 1½ cups sugar
- 2 eggs
- ¼ cup sour cream
- 2 teaspoons grated rind of an orange
- 2½ cups family flour
- ½ teaspoon soda
- 1½ teaspoons baking powder
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon nutmeg

INTO the creamed butter gradually work the sugar. Beat in the well beaten eggs. Beat the mixture vigorously until light and fluffy. Then alternately add the sifted dry ingredients and the sour cream and orange rind. Chill at least overnight to facilitate handling. Roll thin and cut in heart shapes.

Place a half tablespoon of the fruit filling on each cooky. Moisten the rim with cold water and put the decorative top in place. Brush lightly with water and sprinkle with plain or red granulated sugar. Place on a baking sheet at least an inch and a half apart and put in a moderate oven (425° F.) for ten to fifteen minutes. Remove from the oven and while still hot add raisin eyes and a cherry tongue.

Red Fruit Filling for Tarts

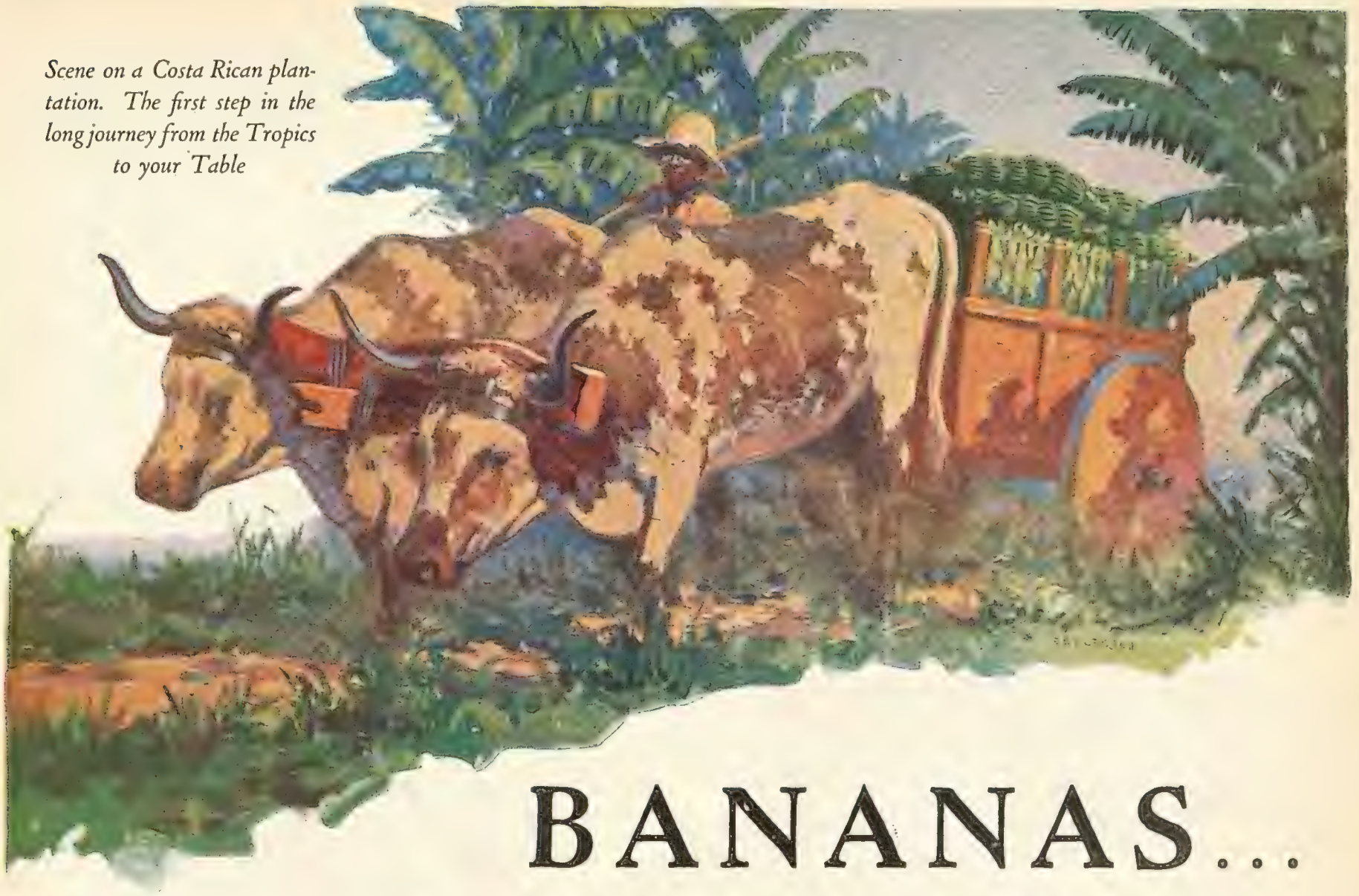
- 2 cups cranberries
- 2 ounces walnut meats, chopped
- ¾ cup water
- Juice of one orange
- 1½ cups sugar

WASH the cranberries and cook in the water until they burst. Drain. Add the remaining ingredients, and cook, with occasional stirring, for about twenty-five minutes, to jam thickness.

Orange Sherbet

- 1½ cups thin cream (18 per cent) or ¾ cup whipping cream (26 or 32 per cent)
- ¾ cup evaporated milk
- ⅔ cup sugar
- 1/16 teaspoon salt
- ¾ cup orange juice

ADD the sugar and salt to the orange juice and let stand five minutes. Add the cream and milk and freeze. If freezing is to be done in a mechanical refrigerator, add a teaspoon of gelatin with the salt and sugar to the orange juice. Heat over water until the gelatin is completely dissolved. Let stand until cool and fold in the whipped cream, and stir every twenty minutes until frozen.



Scene on a Costa Rican plantation. The first step in the long journey from the Tropics to your Table

BANANAS...

Delicious . . . Nutritious . . . *and they bring out the flavor of other fruits*

RIPE, luscious bananas — so distinctively flavored, so delicious and nourishing — always seem to bring out the flavor of other fruits and make them taste better.

The banana goes well with every fruit that grows and always improves a fruit cup, fruit gelatine or fruit salad.

Oranges, grapefruit, apples, pineapples, peaches, grapes . . . all these and many others blend perfectly with bananas, and when served together have the added advantage of combining in a single dish many important food-values.

A valuable energy-producing food

Mothers who understand what is good for children usually keep bananas on hand at all times. There are ever so many ways to serve them as appetizers, salads, and desserts; and they are so convenient to give the children between meals when they come in, tired and hungry.

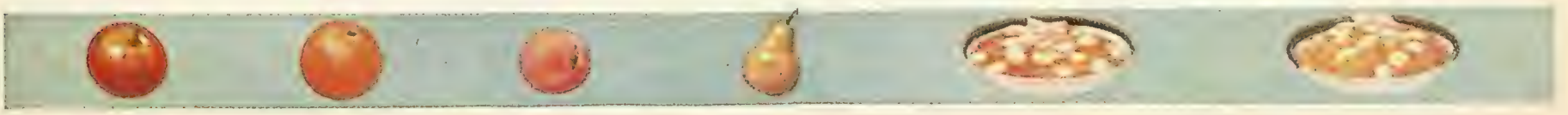
Doctors and food experts consider the banana one of the foremost energy-producing foods and one of the most easily digested. It also contains the essential vitamins and mineral salts.

Keep ripe bananas in the fruit bowl for hungry boys and girls

Serve bananas with other fruits, with cereals, with milk . . . or serve them plain. They are just as good for grown-ups as they are for children. But always be sure they are fully ripe (generously flecked with brown spots). If not fully ripe when you buy them, let them ripen at room temperature. Never place them in the ice-box. Bananas are the all-year-round fruit — just as good in chilly December as in sunny July.

UNIFRUIT
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
BANANAS
A United Fruit Company Product

Imported and
Distributed by Fruit Dispatch Company
• • *17 Battery Place, New York, N. Y.* • •



BANANAS MAKE EVERY FRUIT AND EVERY CEREAL BETTER

All the machinery is on top

–you never see it .. never oil it .. barely hear it!

ALL the machinery is on top . . . do you realize the importance of this simple statement? Do you know that this radically different design was chosen only after fifteen years of painstaking research in the laboratories of General Electric to determine the simplest, the most efficient, the most worry-proof arrangement? The General Electric Refrigerator is one of the outstanding engineering achievements of recent years.

All its mechanism is contained in an hermetically sealed steel casing, mounted on top of the refrigerator. There it is safe from dust and difficulties. It never needs oiling. And it operates so quietly that you can scarcely hear it. Installation is a matter of minutes—without any soldering, plumbing or wiring. You simply attach the cord—just as you would with an electric iron—to any outlet, and turn on the switch.

Automatically, economically, this machinery which you never see gives you the perfect refrigeration that safeguards health. It keeps your food always within the safety zone—well below the fifty degree danger point. It makes plenty of ice cubes for you . . . and uses surprisingly little current. For complete specifications of all the models, write for Booklet L-2.

GENERAL ELECTRIC
Refrigerator

ELECTRIC REFRIGERATION DEPARTMENT · OF GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY · HANNA BUILDING · CLEVELAND, OHIO

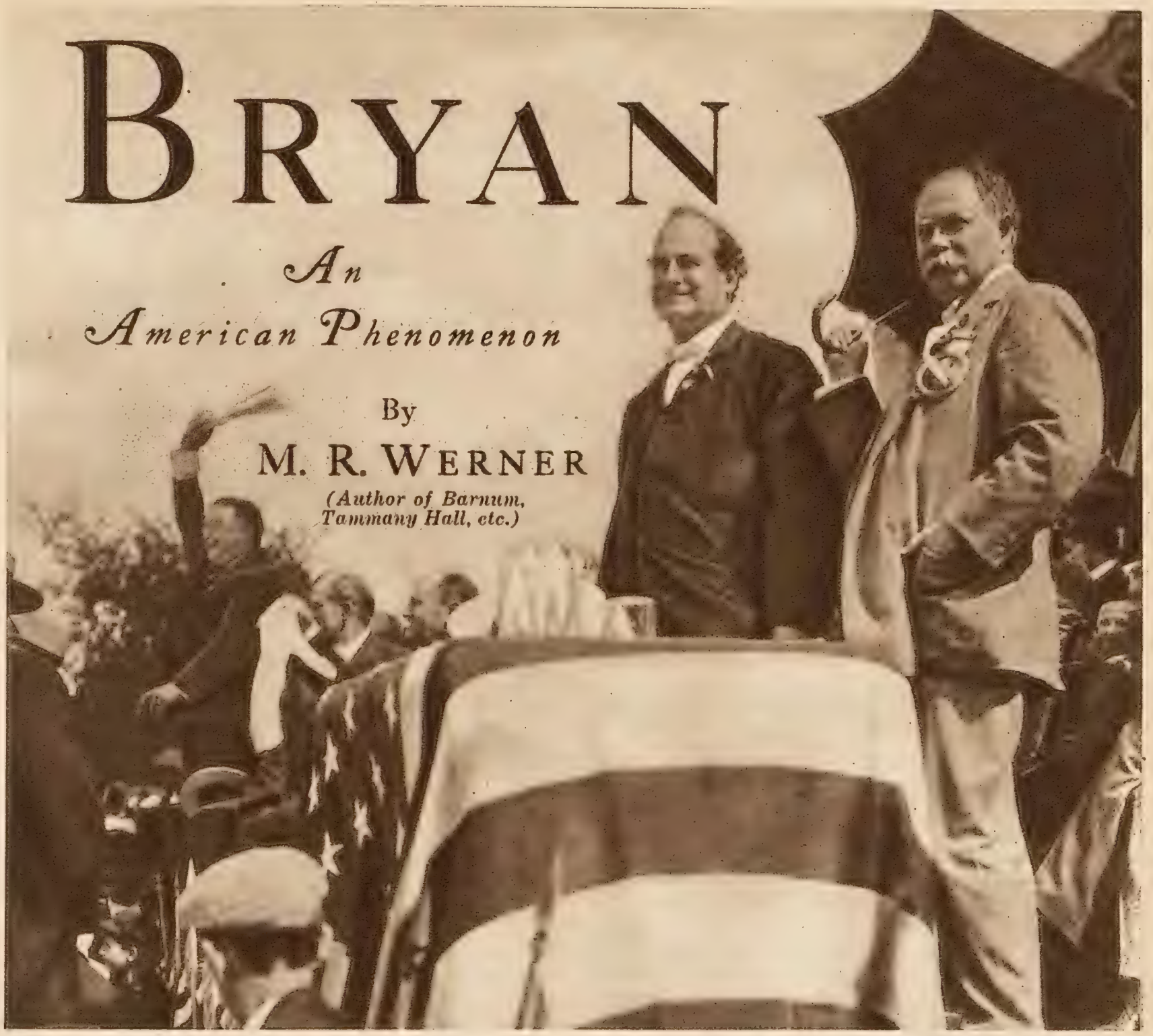
BRYAN

An American Phenomenon

By

M. R. WERNER

(Author of Barnum, Tammany Hall, etc.)



Brown Bros. photo

Bryan in 1908 accepting, with pleasure, his third Presidential nomination by the Democratic party. Its national chairman, Norman E. Mack, is seated beside him. The notification took place in his home town.

SO far, Mr. Werner has described Bryan's origin and background and chronicled his rapid oratorical rise to "peerless" leadership of the Democratic party in two successive Presidential campaigns. Last week's installment told of his defeat in 1896 on the free silver issue, his Spanish War service, his defeat by a wide margin in 1900, when his cry was "imperialism." We now find him, at forty, back in private life for the time being.

PART SIX

THE COMMONER ENLIGHTENS THE WORLD

IN January, 1901, Bryan began publication of the Commoner, a weekly newspaper devoted to his views and interests. While Bryan's enemies and opponents were calling him the Boy Orator of the Platte, his friends had taken to referring to him as the Great Commoner, and sometimes, for variety, the Peerless Leader. Proud of the title of Commoner, it was natural for Bryan to adopt it for his newspaper. The publicity value of his two campaigns for President was very great, and the Commoner started with an advance subscription of 17,000. Bryan was also deluged with manuscripts by his admirers. The Commoner was a perfect solution for his problem: he needed, between Presidential campaigns, for he was not yet tired of running, a medium for the expression of his opinions and a means of keeping his name before his millions of followers. The Commoner appeared every week, and its leading articles by the editor and owner himself were sent in advance to lists of country weeklies and city newspapers. The editorials denounced the Republican party because it refused to give independence to the Philippine Islands and because it believed in trusts and catered to them.

Bryan also devoted his editorial talents to minor matters on occasion. In one issue the following editorial appeared, headed Drifting Toward Royalty:

> The appointment of special envoys to represent the United States government at the coronation of King Edward indicates a weakening of American sentiment and a lowering of American ideals. Surely, our ambassador at the Court of St. James can give expression to all the interest which Americans feel in the crowning of England's sovereign. . . . King Edward ought to make the most of this evidence of the decadence of the American spirit, for the demonstration may not be repeated. He should announce that the proud heir of George III accepts with pleasure the respectful adoration of the repentant descendants of George Washington. . . .

While continuing to defend his stand on free silver in the Commoner and while expressing his sympathy for the cause of the Boers, Bryan also found time to condemn the marriages of rich Americans to titled Europeans and

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTY-ONE]

to express his opinion of J. P. Morgan. He deplored the assassination of his late rival, William McKinley, but he also denounced the actions of McKinley's associates. "It was not an inspiring spectacle," Bryan wrote, "to see these debased representatives—or rather misrepresentatives—of the Republican party sucking political comfort out of the wounds of the chief executive."

The Commoner refused the advertisements of trust made products, but some of the issues contained advertisements headed Relieve Your Stomach, and others announcing the "only authorized, complete collection of Mr. Bryan's Speeches." Once every year Mr. Bryan, who was known as Will to his family, friends, and associates, took the entire force of the Commoner on a

Nelan in the Globe, N. Y.; by permission of the Sun, N. Y. Pugh in Puck, February 27, 1904 Clubb in the Rochester Herald

Preconvention cartoons of 1904, when the sound money Democrats prevailed against Bryan. At the left, he is threatening Alton B. Parker, August Belmont, Boss Murphy, and others with "fireworks in this convention"—a threat which eight years later he carried out. In the center he is "a chattering nuisance" parroting dead issues. At the right he seeks shade from the Parker sun in the wreckage of his former platforms.

he repeated over and over again to enthusiastic audiences, there is this passage:

If the Father deigns to touch with divine power the cold and pulseless heart of the buried acorn and to make it burst forth from its prison walls, will He leave neglected in the earth the soul of man, made in the image of His Creator? If He stoops to give to the rosebush, whose withered blossoms float upon the autumn breeze, the sweet assurance of another springtime, will He refuse the words of hope to the sons of men when the frosts of winter come? If matter, mute and inanimate, though changed by the forces of nature into a multitude of forms, can never die, will the imperial spirit of man suffer annihilation when it has paid a brief visit like a royal guest to this tenement of clay? No, I am sure that He who, notwithstanding His apparent prodigality, created nothing without a purpose, and wasted not a single atom in all His creation, has made provision for a future life in which man's universal longing for immortality will find its realization.

picnic, and on the anniversary of the founding of the paper there was a celebration at the home of the founder, with games, recitations, music, and refreshments. Bryan's brother, Charles W. Bryan, was the business manager of the newspaper.

Bryan also devoted a large part of his time to lecturing during those years when he was not running for President. Soon after the defeat of 1900 he began to devote himself to that activity which, next to his politics, was the leading activity of his life; and that was the promotion of his religion. In his Memoirs he wrote that after 1900 he had time from politics to devote to religion, and he thought that by talking religion he might influence young men. "I had made a sufficient success in life," he wrote, "to answer any objection that might be made to my mental ability and I felt that I might make a defense of the Christian religion and reach some who might not be so easily reached from the pulpit."

IT was during this period that Bryan began that career as a Chautauqua lecturer which made him even more popular in the country. In these years he composed and delivered his two most popular lectures, The Value of an Ideal and The Prince of Peace, in which he mixed politics and religion with an adroitness that was pleasing to his immense audiences. He stood on platforms under hot tents with a pitcher of ice water on one side of him and a cake of ice on the other. In his rich, powerful voice he gave the eager, fascinated listeners the benefit of his sentimentality, and while they were laughing at his frequent anecdotes, he managed to take a drink of water. He sometimes got in this drink by saying, "When I first began running for President," and while the crowd giggled, he drank.

It will be necessary to take up Bryan's religious ideas in detail later, but at this point it is as well to give a sample of his rhetoric. In The Prince of Peace, which

IT is difficult to believe in Bryan's attraction when one reads his speeches, but it must be remembered that they were not composed to be read but were carefully orchestrated for his extraordinary voice.

Bryan received large sums of money for his lectures, but he would never speak for money on Sunday. Whenever he found it necessary to lecture at Sunday Chautauqua meetings where admission was charged, he scrupulously avoided being paid for those lectures. He wished nothing to be entered in the Domesday Book that could be used against him when he finally faced his Maker.

Bryan built himself a house just outside Lincoln, which he called Fairview, where he did his editorial work when he was not lecturing. In the library there were oil paintings of Lincoln, Daniel Webster, and William Jennings Bryan. There were also pictures of Tolstoy, Thomas Jefferson, and Mrs. Bryan. A picture of the national capitol at Washington done in straw by an Italian admirer also hung here. Gifts sent to Bryan from all over the world by his missionary friends and political admirers were placed about the house. An extraordinary collection of hats from various countries occupied a place in one room. "Bryan loved to play with these quaint bits of headgear," one of his biographers tells us.

During this period Bryan was continually accused by newspapers which did not like his politics of being too wealthy. In 1903 a controversy over the will of Philo S. Bennett, one of Bryan's admirers, caused him some

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVENTY-FOUR]

The GOSSARD Line of Beauty

We of the younger generation look at life differently than our forbears . . . More beauty...more freedom ...more joy are our ambitions . . . And many of us add more slenderness.

In the matters of slenderness, beauty, freedom ...and therefore joy...the Gossard Line of Beauty is a most comforting confidant...because it is modern and understands modern ambitions.

To speak more specifically, notice the gentle persuasion of the little satin girdle illustrated. So light and smooth and comforting on the figure . . . so exquisitely dainty with its frill of lace and patterned elastic inserts . . . so in line with the pocketbooks, too, for it is Model 387, and is only $3.50.

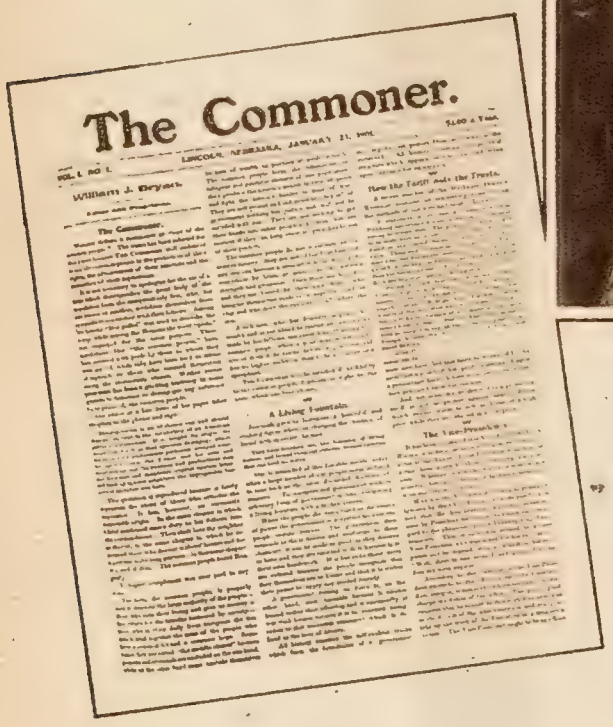
THE H. W. GOSSARD CO., Chicago, New York, San Francisco, Dallas, Atlanta, Paris, London, Toronto, Sydney, Buenos Aires

Division of Associated Apparel Industries, Inc.

[BRYAN
Continued from page seventy-two]

embarrassment. Mr. Philo S. Bennett, a wealthy merchant of New Haven, Connecticut, wrote to Bryan after the election of 1896 expressing his admiration and the desire to aid Bryan by a personal gift of $3,000, which he felt that Bryan would need if he was defeated. Bryan inquired whether Mr. Bennett was interested in any silver mines, and when he was told that he was not, Bryan accepted the gift. Mr. Bryan and Mr. Bennett met, and they liked each other. Whenever Mr. Bryan visited New York they met, and they corresponded regularly.

In the spring of 1900 Mr. Bennett visited Mr. Bryan at Lincoln, Nebraska. He brought with him a copy of his will, and he asked Mr. Bryan to help him to make another will, in which he wished to leave Mr. Bryan $50,000. Bryan told Mr. Bennett that if he was elected President in 1900 he would not need money, and at Bryan's suggestion Mr. Bennett left the $50,000 to Mrs. Bennett in trust for Mr. Bryan. It was also agreed that if Mr. Bryan did not need the money at the time of Mr. Bennett's death, he would distribute it among various educational institutions. Bryan's explanation of Mr. Bennett's generosity was that Mr. Bennett was intensely interested in the political ideas advocated by Bryan, and he wished to give him this sum of money so that Bryan might be in a position "to devote a larger part of his time to unremunerative labor of a public character." With his will Mr. Bennett left a letter to his wife explaining his desire to leave $50,000 to Mr. Bryan.


The Commoner.

LINCOLN, NEBRASKA, JANUARY 21, 1901

William J. Bryan,

At the left, the front page of the first issue of the Commoner.

Brown Bros. photo

The Bryans in the library of their first home in Lincoln.

"Home again, hom again, from a foreig shore"—and glad of i

At the left the Pee less Leader fro America with th famous Russian write Count Tolstoy.

MR. BENNETT died in 1903. Mrs. Bennett and the other heirs objected to the bequest to Mr. Bryan and charged that Bryan had exercised undue influence. The court decided that Bryan had not influenced Mr. Bennett, but that the bequest was not legal because it had not been made a definite part of the will. The episode was unfortunate for Bryan, because it offered opportunity to those who were opposed to his ideas to hint that in his spare time between Presidential campaigns he was in the habit of robbing widows.

As the Presidential election of 1904 approached, it appeared inevitable that Theodore Roosevelt would be the candidate of the Republican party, and it seemed more than likely that William Jennings Bryan would not be the candidate of the Democratic party again. In the four years after the election of 1900 the eastern Democrats had succeeded somewhat in regaining control of the party and in breaking the influence which Bryan had exercised since 1896. Two defeats did not make him attractive as a candidate, and, besides, the big business interests were not so fond of Mr. Roosevelt as they had been of Mr. McKinley, whose assassination had foisted the turbulent Mr. Roosevelt upon them. These business interests decided that their pleasure would be served better with Alton B. Parker, a New York State lawyer and judge, as President of the United States, and some of them turned from the Republican party to the Democratic party for that purpose.

BRYAN had fought vigorously in the pages of the Commoner against the influence of the gold Democrats of the East, but he had against him two defeats and a vague but certain lethargy that came over the Democratic party in the face of the unquestionable national popularity of Theodore Roosevelt.

In the convention at St. Louis in 1904 Bryan supported Senator Cockrell of Missouri, and also gave support to the nomination of William Randolph Hearst, who was the leading candidate next to Alton B. Parker. But the Democrats of the East were determined that Mr. Bryan would not have his way in this convention. In his speech nominating Alton B. Parker, Martin W. Littleton said: "No man here can have his exact way. No leader can take us along the narrow ledge of his unquestioned logic. . . . There is no creed set down in black and white to which we are forever strapped, as to a corpse. . . ." (Applause.)

Bryan had fought hard to have the Democratic platform declare once more in favor of the dead issue of free silver. "It is better," continued Mr. Littleton, "to give up some untimely doctrines and occasionally succeed, than to hold them all faithfully and always fail; for if we could become master of a few things, we might become ruler over many."

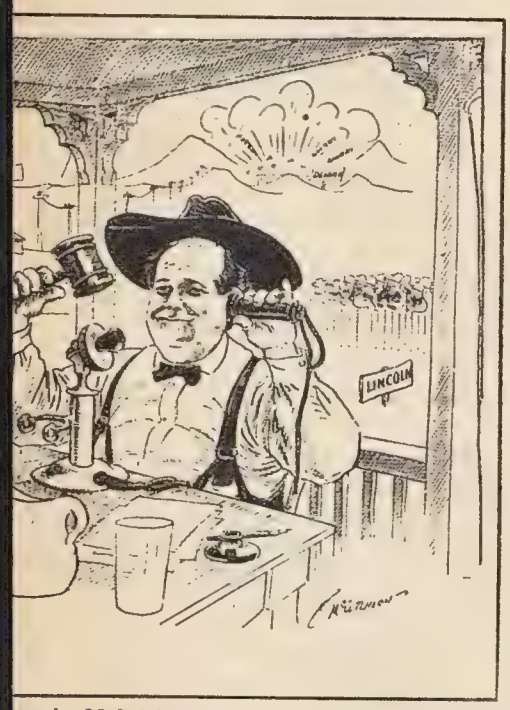
Bryan sat with the Nebraska delegation, his wide mouth shut tight and his face grim with bitter discouragement. The convention had refused to have any-

thing to do with free silver, and for the first time in eight years his wishes were being disregarded. He was also struggling with a bad cold that threatened to turn to pneumonia. Senator E. W. Carmack of Tennessee, seconding the nomination of Alton B. Parker of New York, territory so hateful to Bryan, used Bryan's own Bible against him when he said: "When the Almighty wanted a leader to conduct the children of Israel out of the house of bondage, Moses objected to his own selection on the ground that he lacked the gift of ready eloquence, and he suggested his brother Aaron as a fit leader of the people. But the Almighty preferred the silent wisdom of the great lawyer to the voluble unwisdom of the great orator to lead the Democratic party in that campaign."

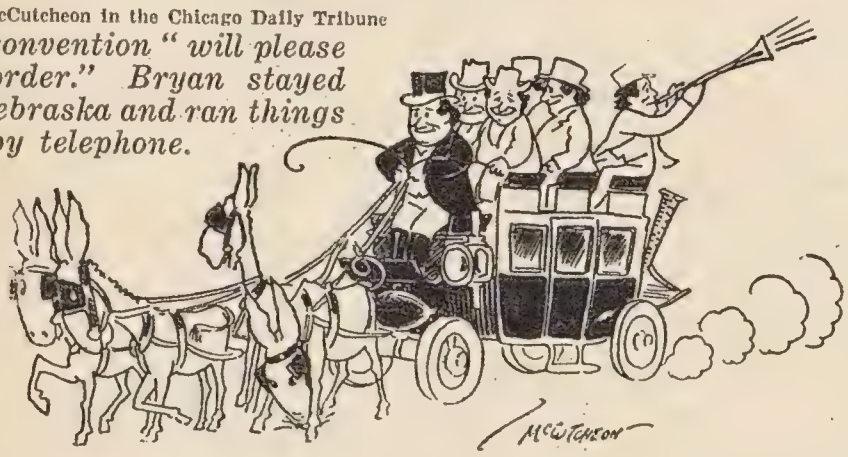
For the first time in years Democrats were beginning to sneer openly at Bryan, whose influence many of them no longer feared so much as they hated. But they still believed in conciliating him, for they needed his "ready eloquence." Senator Carmack added: "And He did not forget Aaron, either. He found a place for him. And, Mr. Chairman, while the Democratic party prefers its Moses in this campaign [applause], it wants the help of its Aaron too [applause]." The New York World, commenting in an editorial on Bryan's position, said: "No other American politician ever rose so quickly from obscurity to great prominence, dominated a great political party so absolutely for a time, and then faded so quickly."

BRYAN made a speech to the convention of 1904, seconding the nomination of Senator Cockrell for President. He had been struggling for two nights with the platform committee trying to persuade them to include free silver in the platform and he had lost.

"Eight years ago," said Bryan, "a Democratic national convention placed in my hand the standard of the party and commissioned me as its candidate. Four years later that commission was renewed. I come tonight to this Democratic national convention to return the commission. You may dispute whether I have fought a good fight, you may dispute whether I have finished my course, but you cannot deny that I have kept the faith." This made a deep sentimental impression on the convention, and this speech was known thereafter as the I Have Kept the Faith speech. Bryan tried to prevent the nomination of Parker by telling the convention it had plenty of candidates who would be more pleasing to the entire country. But he was unsuccessful and Parker was nominated.



ons by McCutcheon in the Chicago Daily Tribune
1908 convention "will please to order." Bryan stayed in Nebraska and ran things by telephone.



His control of the convention was absolute. McCutcheon saw it as "the Denver horse show"— all hands but the horses being Bryan.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

WHY FAMOUS MEN OF THE DAY USE BARBASOL

NO BRUSHING
NO LATHERING
NO RUBBING

PAUL WHITEMAN
he gave jazz a college degree

"Of course I use Barbasol!"

"No more messy shaving brushes for me. Barbasol gives me the smoothest, fastest shave I've ever had; one that always looks clean in the spotlight."

Paul Whiteman

ONE quick shave with Barbasol will tell you why men who stand head and shoulders above their fellowmen use this modern shaving cream.

No other shave quite approaches it

No brushing, lathering, or rubbing. You spread on Barbasol with your fingertips . . . and shave! The razor speeds over the face. It mows the beard (the toughest beard) without pulling or scratching. And when you've finished (in a fraction of the usual time) your face feels smooth, cool. It looks fresher and more youthful. For Barbasol soothes, heals, and exhilarates the skin while it smooths the path of the razor.

Here's how it's done: 1. Wash the face (leave it wet). 2. Spread on Barbasol (don't rub). 3. Shave —wipe . . . That's all!

Then look into the mirror. How clean and smooth your face looks! And it will stay that way all day. Feel your skin. Smooth as a baby's and cool. That's the Barbasol, 3-step shave.

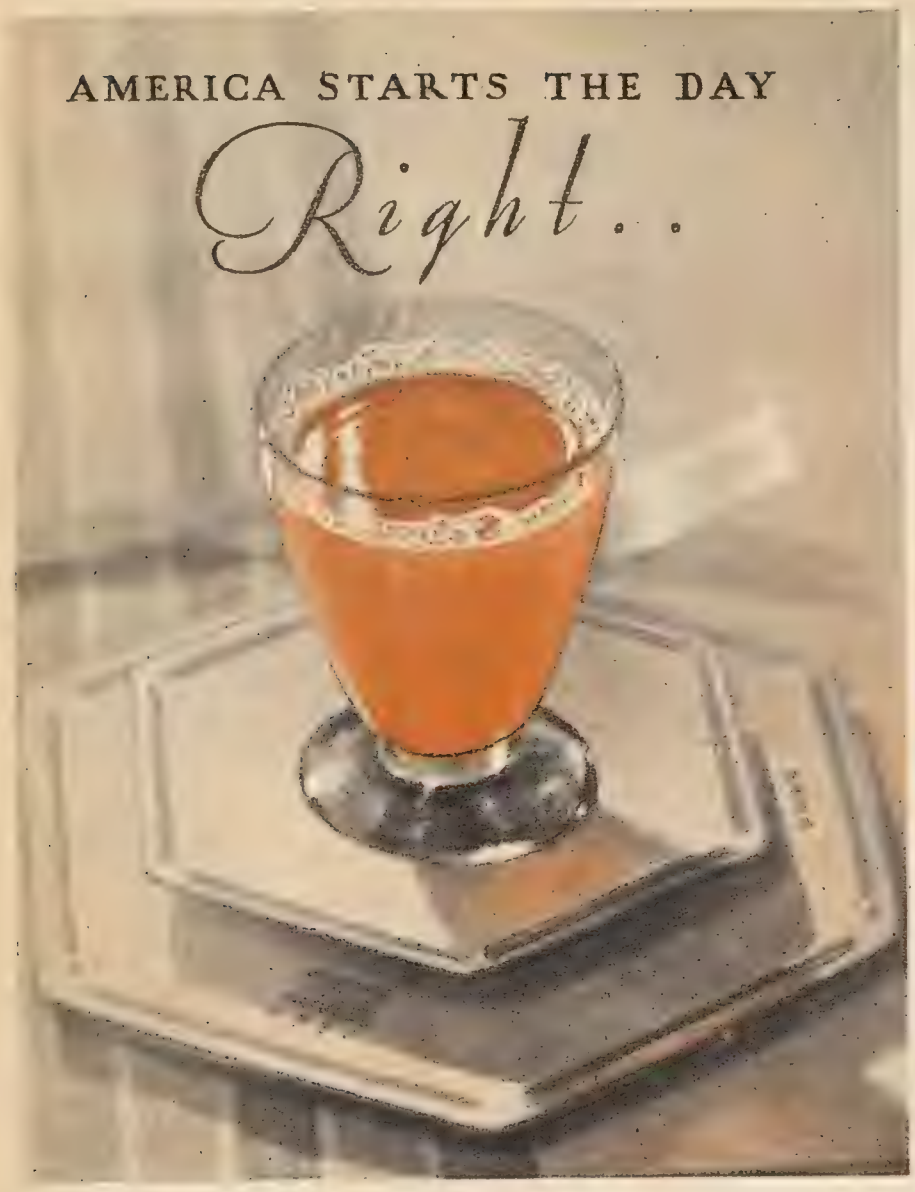
Get a tube—Today

Step up to the nearest drug counter and ask for a man-sized tube of Barbasol, 35c and 65c. Then tomorrow morning step into the bathroom and give yourself the quickest, smoothest, most comfortable shave you've ever had. Get a tube. The Barbasol Company, Indianapolis, Ind.

Women Like Their Men

young looking, bright and keenly fresh looking. Men like to be this way too. New Barbasol Skin Freshener cools, revives, freshens. Douse it on the face—after shaving—whenever tired. Nothing better . . . you'll agree!

Barbasol
For Modern Shaving



Richest, *finest-flavored* Orange Juice

SUNSHINE of an entire year is needed to mature California Seedless Navel Oranges. Science explains that is why they contain such a quantity of vitamins. Richest in juice and finest in flavor, these Sunkist Seedless Navels are delicious beyond comparison.

Fresh Orange Juice, like fresh Lemon Juice, though acid in taste, is *alkaline* in its reaction in the body. It is known to Medical Science as among the most potent correctives and preventives of Acidosis. This malady may expose the system to many ailments, forerunners of dreaded diseases such as Brights disease, Diabetes and "high blood pressure."

There is an abundance of juicy, delicious small-sized California Seedless Navel Oranges in market. They are trademarked "Sunkist" on the skin and on the wrapper. Reasonable price makes them economical and ideal for juice purposes.

Everyone subjected to our faulty, unbalanced American diet, usually consisting of too many acid-forming foods like meat, fish, eggs and cereals and too few of the alkaline-reaction fruits, vegetables and milk, must fight Acidosis. Oranges and Lemons, always available as fresh fruit, are everywhere prescribed to prevent and correct this prevalent and dangerous ailment.

Send for "Telling Fortunes with Foods," a free book endorsed by an eminent diet authority. It discusses Acidosis and gives normal anti-acidosis and Safe Reducing diets.

Mail the coupon below now!

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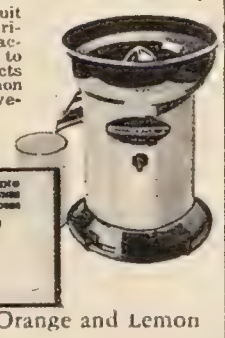
Sunkist
CALIFORNIA
ORANGES

Sunkist Junior Home Fruit Juice Extractor. Electrically powered; neat, attractive. Only two parts to clean after use. Extracts ALL the orange or lemon juice quickly and effectively. Sold under guarantee. $14.95. If your dealer cannot supply you send check or money order to address below. Carriage prepaid. In Canada $19.95.



California Fruit Growers Exchange
Dept. 902, Box 530, Station "C," Los Angeles, California

Enclosed find $14.95 (Canada $19.95) for one Sunkist Junior Orange and Lemon Juice Extractor.

☐ Please mail me a FREE copy of "Telling Fortunes with Foods," discussing Acidosis and containing normal anti-acidosis and Safe Reducing diets. Check if desired.

☐ Mail me free copy of Recipe Book. Check if desired.

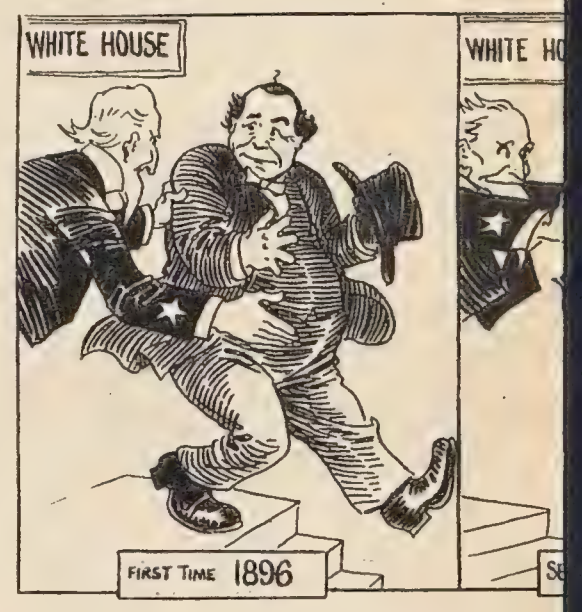
Name _____ *Street* _____

City _____ *State* _____

[BRYAN
Continued from page seventy-five]

The eastern Democrats had been making a fight to get the Democratic convention to declare in its platform in favor of a gold standard, and they had been fighting as hard as Bryan had been fighting for silver. It had finally been decided not to mention the currency question at all, since it was no longer an issue, but after he was nominated Alton B. Parker sent the following telegram to W. F. Sheehan:

I regard the gold standard as firmly and irrevocably established, and shall act accordingly if the action of the convention today shall be ratified by the people. As the platform is silent on the subject, my view should be made known to the convention, and if it is proved to be unsatisfactory to the majority, I request you to decline the nomination for me at once, so that another may be nominated before adjournment.
ALTON B. PARKER.



As the news of his third defeat re the drunk who, on being thrown on to those people. They don't wa McCutcheon applie

Rumors that a telegram from the nominee had been received flew about the convention, and there was great excitement. Bryan was in bed in his hotel nursing his cold. The telegram was finally read to the convention. Bryan appeared to denounce Parker, and there was an uproar in the convention as the delegates argued about what they should do concerning this unusual action by the candidate. Finally, in spite of vigorous protests from Bryan's followers, it was decided to ignore it and to inform the candidate that, as the platform did not discuss the currency question, his view of it did not prevent him from accepting the nomination. Bryan's beloved free silver issue was thus laid to rest for all time.

Bryan accepted defeat and remained in the party; he was too canny a politician to bolt, for he knew how difficult it is for a man to return to a party as its candidate once he has left it, and he was already looking forward to 1908. In this campaign of 1904 it was Bryan who was a Democrat still, but very still. After Parker's nomination he declared in the Commoner that he supported the ticket, but he added: "As soon as the election is over I shall, with the help of those who believe as I do, undertake to organize for the campaign of 1908, the object being to marshal the friends of popular government within the Democratic party to the support of a radical and progressive policy to make the Democratic party an efficient means in the hands of the people for securing relief from the plutocratic element that controls the Republican party and for the time being is in control of the Democratic party." Meanwhile, Mr. Bryan took a trip around the world.

MR. and Mrs. Bryan started around the world in September, 1905. In the accounts of his travels which Bryan sent back to be widely syndicated in American newspapers he reached the height of the commonplace. Bryan met and talked with Premier Balfour, President Loubet of France, President Adolphe Deucher of Switzerland, the Czar of Russia, Tolstoy, Pope Pius X, Cardinal Merry del Val; but his talks were not productive of any interesting comment in his articles, which are slightly duller than his other writings, with the possible exception of some editorials in the Commoner and most of his religious essays.

In a final article headed Notes on Europe he gave his millions of readers the reflections he had not had space for in his other articles. He noted, for instance,

that English railway cars were colder than American; that sheep graze in the very suburbs of London and make the best mutton chops in the world; that the wig is still worn by English judges, barristers, and solicitors; that "while the English are not given to the telling of stories as much as the Americans are, it must not be inferred that they are deficient in a sense of humor"; that "Westminster Abbey is one of the places which the visitor cannot well neglect"; and that "upon the streets of London, and in fact throughout the British Isles, the rule is 'turn to the left.'"

BRYAN sailed from San Francisco and arrived first in Honolulu, where he was received with hearty platitudes and the hope that he would be able to take back to the mainland some idea of the problems of Hawaii. In Japan he was treated with great respect and consideration. He attended the reception to Admiral Togo, who had just returned from the war. "This was the occasion," wrote Mrs. Bryan, "of Mr. Bryan's much discussed toast which he drank to Admiral Togo. Everyone at the banquet table drank the toast in champagne, while Mr. Bryan, teetotaler as he was, used water. Someone said: 'You should drink to the admiral in champagne. Why do you use water?' To which Mr. Bryan replied: 'Admiral Togo won his great victory on water, so I drank to him in water. When he wins a great victory on champagne, then I will drink to him in champagne.' This pleased the Japanese people very much." The Japanese people, being at the moment in a victorious mood, were not difficult to please.

McCutcheon in the Chicago Daily Tribune

Bryan told his pet story—about ... for the third time, said, "I'm ...re." The day after the election ...in this cartoon.

Bryan spent a day with the father of Yamashita, the Japanese boy he had educated in Nebraska. Mr. Yamashita lived in the country fifteen miles from Kagoshima. The school children of the town were lined up to welcome Bryan. "As young Yamashita and I rode between the lines," he wrote, "they waved their flags and shouted 'Banzai.' And so it was at other schools. Older people may be diplomatic and feign good will, but children speak from their hearts. There is no mistaking their meaning, and in my memory the echo of the voices of the children, mingling with the assurances of the men and women, convinces me that Japan entertains nothing but good will toward our nation."

Incredible as it seems, Bryan really believed what he said. As we shall see when we come to his career as secretary of state, he believed that as long as he could treat the world to one big, benevolent smile, the affairs of the world would right themselves.

In the Philippines Bryan was hailed by the natives as their savior, who believed in independence, and he pleased the American newspaper, the Manila Times, when in a speech he urged the Filipinos to take advantage of the benevolent opportunities of preparing themselves for the independence which was eventually to come to them by sampling the educational facilities established by their American conquerors. A popular banquet was held in Bryan's honor. Bryan spoke, and the Manila Times wrote next day: "In his own speech he took occasion to say that he did not feel at liberty to speak freely, as he would in the United States. Two or three times when his remarks were leading to a climax whose logical sequel appeared to be some reference to independence, his audience waited almost breathlessly; but he carefully evaded the seemingly logical dénouement and ended in some relevant but not thrilling ex-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

The Story of a Wise Wife

For a long time she had realized that coffee was thieving the sleep of the family. But she hated even the thought of giving up the drink they all liked so much. And as for her husband, John—she knew *he'd* never agree to the idea of a coffee substitute!

One day she read an advertisement—and that night a new brand of coffee came to dinner. It was delicious coffee—so good everybody took a second cup.

And next morning, wonder of wonders! Even John remarked on the good night's sleep he'd enjoyed! She, like a wise wife, said nothing. Not until a week later did she tell about the new coffee. It was Kaffee Hag Coffee—the coffee that lets you sleep, because it has 97% of the drug caffeine removed.

Perhaps there's someone in your family whom coffee makes nervous. Try this wonderful coffee. Kellogg's* Kaffee Hag Coffee is a blend of the world's finest coffees. Exceptionally mellow and delightful. With all the flavor and cheer you love. Real coffee! But it will not keep you awake nor affect nerves.

Order a can from your dealer. Comes ground or in the bean. The original caffeine-free coffee. Try it at hotels, on diners. Or let us send you a generous sample can. Mail the coupon.

KAFFEE HAG CORPORATION
1842 Davenport Ave., Cleveland, O.

Please send me, postpaid, enough Kaffee Hag to make ten cups of good coffee. I enclose ten cents (stamps or coin).

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

KAFFEE HAG COFFEE

The coffee that lets you sleep

. . . what a whale of a difference just a few *inches* make

YES

and what a whale of a difference just a few **cents** *make*

A definite extra price for a definite extra tobacco-goodness

fatima

CIGARETTES

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

[BRYAN Continued from page seventy-seven]

pression. One could sense rather than hear the sigh, in some cases of relief, in others of disappointment, which followed."

Those who were ruling the Philippines were afraid that Bryan, representing the Democratic party, which had declared in favor of their immediate independence in 1900, would upset their plans by advocating Philippine independence in the Philippines, as he had so frequently and so passionately in the United States. The Filipinos were hoping that he would thus aid their cause. But neither group knew Mr. Bryan.

Then he went on to India, where he delivered his favorite speech, The Prince of Peace, before a large audience in the town hall of Bombay.

As he stood gazing at the Himalayas his heart was filled with the following sentiments, which he sent back to his syndicate:

> How puny seem the works of man when brought into comparison with majestic nature! His groves, what pigmies when measured against the virgin forest! His noblest temples, how insignificant when contrasted with the masonry of the hills! What canvas can imitate the dawn and sunset! What inlaid work can match the mosaics of the mountains!

It was the Holy Land, however, which interested Bryan most, for here he could visit with his own feet the places once inhabited by the heroes of the Bible, the men he admired more than any on earth. As he stood by the waters of the river Jordan, Bryan for a fraction of a moment sympathized with Naaman when he became exceeding wroth at the suggestion of Elisha that he bathe in those waters. The nearby streams of Abana and Pharpar seemed more inviting to Bryan, as they had to Naaman. But then Bryan remembered, he tells us, "God moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform."

BRYAN arrived in London on the 3d of July, 1906, and the following day he delivered a Fourth of July speech which was applauded enthusiastically and quoted widely. In it there appeared this passage:

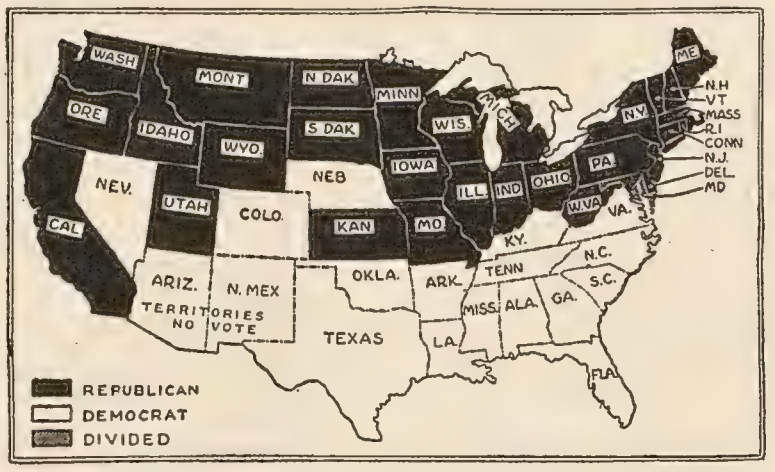
> As we are gathered tonight in England's capital, permit me to conclude with a sentiment suggested by a piece of statuary which stands in Windsor Castle. It represents the late lamented Queen Victoria leaning upon her royal consort; he has one arm about her, and with the other hand is pointing upward. The sculptor has told in marble an eloquent story of strength coupled with tenderness, of love rewarded with trust, of sorrow brightened by hope, and he has told the story so plainly that it was scarcely necessary to chisel the words: "Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way."
>
> It was a beautiful conception—more beautiful than that which gave to the world the Greek Slave, the Dying Gladiator, or the Goddess Athena, and it embodies an idea which, with the expanding feeling of comradeship, can be applied to the association of nations, as well as to the relations that exist between husband and wife. Let us indulge the hope that our nation may so measure up to its great opportunities, and so bear its share of the White Man's Burden, as to earn the right to symbolize its progress by a similar figure.

While he was in Norway Bryan had received an invitation to attend the Interparliamentary Union which was meeting in London to discuss ways and means of world peace. Bryan presented a plan he had already advocated in the Commoner and before the Bankers' Club of Tokyo for applying the machinery of arbitration of labor disputes to international affairs. He made a speech before the Interparliamentary Union in the course of which he told the assembled diplomats that "man excited is a very different animal from a man calm," and that "when men are mad they swagger around and tell what they can do; when they are calm they consider what they ought to do." He advocated a period of discussion before a declaration of war. The diplomats listened with respectful approval.

When Bryan returned from his world tour in the autumn of 1906, he was greeted in New York with great enthusiasm by Democrats and Nebraskans, who had traveled specially to New York to meet him. It was ar-

ranged that he should speak in Madison Square Garden before he left for his home in the West. After the nomination of Parker, Bryan had come out for more radical reforms. In the columns of The Commoner he advocated government ownership of railways and municipal ownership of municipal franchises. He also advocated in his newspaper government ownership and operation of the telegraph. He had continued to write in favor of an income tax and direct popular election of senators, and he also declared that he believed federal judges should be elected by the people for short terms instead of appointed for life.

During the years of Roosevelt's two administrations the development of trusts had gone on more rapidly than ever before, and with it came abuses and protests. Mr. Rockefeller had already made his famous statement on trusts: "The American Beauty rose can be produced in its splendor and fragrance only by sacrificing the early buds which grew up around it." In his speech at Madison Square Garden Bryan seized upon this illustration, and declared that the Democratic party "champions the cause of the ninety-nine enterprises which are menaced." He repeated his remedy of a federal license for all large corporations and urged the government to forbid offending monopolies the use of the mails, railroads, telegraphs, and the right to interstate commerce. He advocated that the government refuse a license to any corporation controlling more than a fixed proportion of the total product of its industry, so that free competition might be preserved.



The election of 1908, Bryan's final defeat for the Presidency.

THAT was enough to startle big business, but he went even further and said: "I have already reached the conclusion that railroads partake so much of the nature of a monopoly that they must ultimately become public property and be managed by public officials in the interest of the whole community in accordance with the well defined theory that public ownership is necessary where competition is impossible."

This sounded like rank socialism to many of his hearers, and it became perfectly clear that the issue of the next campaign would be plutocracy against democracy, trusts against competition, and that Bryan would be the leader of the Democrats and small business interests.

Now that he was back in the United States, Bryan came out boldly again for Philippine independence, and he also had a few criticisms to make of British rule in India, though he had only seen fit to give the Indians his Prince of Peace speech. He told a dinner of newspaper men in New York that the United States "is the greatest nation in the world," and that there was no doubt about it. He also remarked that he had ridden 800 miles in China "and never saw a single newspaper during the entire journey." This he thought regrettable. He urged the newspaper men never to write anything they did not believe, and he declared that he was not against wealth as such. On his way home Bryan stopped at Chicago and delivered two speeches against the trusts. It was generally recognized that he would probably be a candidate for President again in 1908.

Brown Bros. photo

Fairview, the home Bryan built outside of Lincoln, Nebraska.

When he arrived in Nebraska, Bryan was welcomed with great demonstrations. Trainloads of admirers came specially to Lincoln to see their Peerless Leader, and he was met at the station by the governor of the state, the mayor of Lincoln, six bands, and a mounted escort of policemen. Later in the day 35,000 persons listened to him speak in the state capitol grounds.

At his home at Normal, near Lincoln, he was welcomed again by his immediate neighbors. He told them: "We have visited the temples of the Orient, we have stood in the most magnificent cathedrals of Europe, my wife and I; but, after all, we'd rather be here in this little white church at Normal." Then he distributed to each member of the congregation a pebble from the Sea of Galilee.

Soon after he arrived home, Bryan left for a political speech-making tour of the South, and during 1907 he made political speeches throughout the far West. He had not yet admitted that he was a candidate, but he was practicing the method he had found so effective before of making his own nomination inevitable. This was made easier for him by the fact that the Democrats had been defeated very badly in 1904 when they had not nominated Bryan, and the party was therefore once more out of the control of the eastern managers and in the hands of Bryan and his followers.

ONCE more the Democrats found themselves without anybody of national publicity value except Bryan, who devoted all his time to enhancing that value by speeches and writing. A few men were beginning to talk of Professor Woodrow Wilson as a possible candidate for President in 1908, and Colonel Harvey had publicly advocated Wilson's nomination at a dinner in the Lotos Club on February 3, 1906. There were some Democrats who thought that Bryan should step aside, and they contemplated visiting him and asking him that he do so, but the strength of his followers was too great. Many men openly proclaimed that they would rather go down to defeat with Bryan than win with any other man.

After his return from Europe, he had a way of arriving in a state just as the politicians were planning to elect delegates to the next national convention who were antagonistic to him. His personal influence and oratorical powers usually defeated his opponents. He branded all those who disagreed with him as "tools of the interests" and "Wall Street men." If a Democratic candidate for the Senate or the House of Representatives opposed Bryan in his speeches, he soon found that another candidate, who spoke in favor of Bryan, appeared in his district, and the opponent was forced to become an admirer if he wished to preserve his political life.

Many Democrats were opposed to Bryan's stand on government ownership of railroads, and he himself did not wish to have that proposition included in the platform, but he insisted on his right to talk about this reform and others, including the initiative and referendum. Arthur Wallace Dunn reported the following conversation he listened to between Bryan and a group of southern Democrats in 1907:

"'You people also complain because I have declared for the initiative and referendum. That ought to be an issue,' asserted Bryan. 'I will drive every man out of the Democratic party who does not support it.'

"'Mr. Bryan,' almost wailed ex-Senator Berry of Arkansas, 'I want to live long enough to see another Democratic President, but I am afraid you are making it impossible. Why can't you leave these impossible issues and stick to those upon which you can win?'

"'Win! Win!' exclaimed Bryan. 'That's it! You want to win! You would sacrifice principle for success. I would not. I would not desire to be elected if the principles I stand for were not incorporated in the platform. I am not sure that defeat is not better than victory, if victory comes with the sacrifice of principles. What an empty thing victory would have been in 1904 when so

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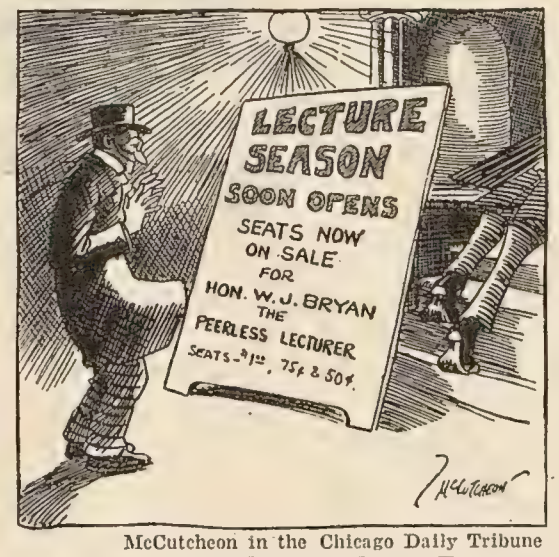
[BRYAN
Continued from page seventy-nine]

many of the principles of the party had been sacrificed! I intend, if I am the candidate, that the principles shall be preserved.'

"'But some of the things you have stood for in the past have proved to be wrong,' said Senator Daniel, 'and you may be wrong again.'

"'I have always been right,' asserted Bryan."

Bryan permitted the discussion as to whether he would be a candidate to continue until November, 1907, when he announced that he would make no effort to obtain the nomination, but that if the party wanted him, he would submit. Having made it absolutely impossible for the party to want anybody else, he bowed his head to the will of the people with unctuous humility.



McCutcheon in the Chicago Daily Tribune

A true prophecy that Bryan, being defeated, would now go in for lecturing.

The Democratic convention of 1908 was held in Denver, and on the way to the convention most of the leaders stopped off at Fairview to visit Bryan. He controlled the convention completely, and he was able to dictate the platform and his own candidacy and to pick John W. Kern as vice-presidential candidate. When the blind senator from Oklahoma, Gore, mentioned Bryan's name in the convention, the delegates cheered for an hour and twenty-seven minutes.

The band played Dixie and one Bryan enthusiast got it to play Tammany in the hope that the New York delegation would thereupon join the parade. But the delegates from New York remained seated and silent, their usual attitude in the face of an inevitable Bryan nomination. When one Bryan enthusiast tried to grab the New York standard and carry it in the procession, Charley White, an ex-prize fighter, sent him sprawling to the floor with a blow on the jaw. Cowboys and cowgirls with red bandannas round their necks carried pictures of Bryan and shrieked for him. The next night, July 9, Bryan was nominated, and there was another demonstration, to which he listened over the telephone.

During the campaign Bryan spent most of his oratorical energy denouncing the trusts. He also said, apropos of the fact that his opponent, William Howard Taft, was a Unitarian, that the American people would never elect a man President who disbelieved in the virgin birth and the divinity of Jesus. But when the votes were counted it was discovered that the American people had given Mr. Taft 1,269,804 more votes than Mr. Bryan, and he received 321 electoral votes to 162 for Bryan.

After his defeat in 1908 Bryan told his friends the parable of a drunken man who tried to force his way into a club. The first time he was gently pushed down the steps by the doorman. He tried again, got inside the door, and was thrown out. With inexhaustible patience he made a third attempt, when he was thrown violently down the stairs. As he got up and brushed off his clothes, he said: "I am on to those people. They don't want me in there." After election Bryan resumed his editorial work and his lecturing. He announced that he sincerely hoped that it would never become necessary for him to become a candidate for office again. It never was.

(Copyright, 1929, by M. R. Werner.)

Next week's installment will bring Mr. Werner's biography to the fighting climax of the most theatrical events of Bryan's political career, and the one whose consequences made world history. This event was his running amuck in 1912 at Baltimore, when he deadlocked the Democratic national convention and—presumably in an effort to secure the nomination for himself—prevented it from going to Champ Clark, with the result that Wilson became President.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 65

1—West Virginia.
2—In southwestern Germany.
3—The Walker International Amateur Golf Cup.
4—Threescore years and ten.
5—In the very act or just after. Literally, while the crime is blazing.
6—The political and social theory that all government is an evil.
7—Horse racing.
8—Twelve.
9—Curaçao.
10—One which is divisible by no number except itself or unity.
11—Napoleon Bonaparte.
12—A howling, as of a dog or wolf; a wailing.
13—A shallow sculpture or carving on a background, usually higher than the flat relief of a coin.
14—Ralph Waldo Emerson, in Civilization.
15—Stephen A. Douglas (1813-1861).
16—The Amati family.
17—Montreal.
18—By an ambassador.
19—Chester A. Arthur (1830-1886).
20—"A great fish" (Jonah i. 17).

Heralds of SPRING

By

BETTINA BEDWELL

Paris.

SPRINGTIME is moving time, and Paris fashions are on the move. Which way are they going? The first essential for any kind of moving is some place to go. Are our frocks going to move forward, backward, or sidewise? They have to go some place, because everybody is sick and tired of the straight-up-and-down static silhouette.

I, for one, and I think a good many other women, am obstinate about joining any fashion movement that favors the silhouette which goes up in front and down in back. We've had enough of it.

One of the most important moves in Paris fashions is backward, but there is no dip in the hemline to put a premium on perfection of limbs. And Paris styles are also moving forward. Then, too, they are going both forward and backward at the same time and in the same dress. There are, in addition, a variety of minor movements. These apply chiefly to the waist part of a costume, while the backward-forward movements apply to the skirt.

Lelong created this beautiful crêpe satin frock with its most effective backward and forward skirt movement.

The newest of Paris dresses have skirts that move forward with cleverly arranged fullness at the front of the skirt, and maybe some on the waist front for good measure. Others move backward by the same kind of treatment, and still others have fullness both in back and front. With each and every one of these the smart Paris frock has sleeves that look slim but that are gracefully ample on the upper arm. And there is no skimping and pinching the shoulder lines in the smart frock. The seam comes on the shoulder and not above it or below it. Remember this—it's most important.

Our first photograph shows a Lelong frock which has both the backward and the forward movement. It seems to me this will be becoming to almost any woman. This model was originally made in gray satin, with a simple blouse which, by its jabot movement, favors the going forward of fashions. The cutaway yoke of the skirt, which goes very low in back, is one of Lelong's cleverest style details. A circular panel is placed below this yoke in back, and another in front.

The second model shown is a new Worth dress in that new yellow-green crêpe which Paris is mad about. It's hard to wear, but completely smart. In this dress Worth keeps the front straight and places the fullness at the back of the tiered skirt by means of two radiating clusters of plaits at the hipline. The blouse has a down-

Paris is very fond of the back movement in this Worth creation.

This black wool crêpe tailored frock with white piqué trimmings is from Jean Patou.

A new chic is achieved by the attached scarf and the skirt fullness in this Worth dress of beige silk crêpe.

curving band which is highly flattering. A collar of white organdie ends in a long tassel.

THE lowest picture shows the tailored frock that Paris considers extremely smart for early spring. Jean Patou gave to the skirt of this dress the forward movement by placing plaits across the front. These plaits emerge from curved pieces which are stitched to keep the hipline flat in that universally becoming fitted movement. The dress is made of black ondamoussa (wool crêpe), and please notice how the sleeves and upper waist are made loose enough to be easy. The white piqué trimming at the neck and cuffs is a leading style item for spring.

Our photograph in the oval illustrates a Worth frock that moves smartly forward and leaves its back flat. This dress is made of beige silk crêpe, with a straight blouse that is given a forward movement by the new Worth scarf, which is attached under three stitched diagonal bands in front. The scarf has a band of brown down the center. The skirt has a clever shirred short ruffle and circular godet to make it flare in front. The sleeves are fitted in folds from elbow to wrist.

The Long and Short of It

By Eileen Bourne

Nickolas Muray photos

Eva Le Gallienne's beautiful head is still bobbed.

Lynn Fontanne is encouraging her locks to grow.

THE young girl may look to a Garbo, a Gaynor, a Louise Brooks for coiffure guidance; but her mature sister, her mother, and her aunt are guided by the seasoned stars of the stage for hints as to what to do with their locks.

For their benefit, therefore, a tour was made down the streets in which well known names glittered over theater façades, and count was taken of shorn locks and long ones.

The bobbed head, it proved, still triumphs in spite of rumors to the contrary, and in every form of artistry, from the sophisticated close-cropped trim to wind-blown abundance.

For long hair there is but one ending—the knot at the nape of the neck.

Here's the count for the winter day upon which it was taken:

Bobbed

Ethel Barrymore
Jane Cowl
Beatrice Lillie
Gertrude Lawrence
Irene Bordoni
Violet Heming
Evelyn Herbert
Janet Beecher
Fannie Brice
Helen Menken
Alice Brady
Ina Claire
Margaret Anglin
Billie Burke
Hope Williams
Fay Bainter
Chrystal Herne
Eva Le Gallienne
Florence Reed
Lenore Ulric
Blanche Ring
Lucille La Verne
Mrs. Coburn
Katherine Alexander

Long or Growing

Lynn Fontanne
Nazimova
Judith Anderson
Winifred Lenihan
Pauline Lord
Katharine Cornell
Helen Hayes
Blanche Yurka
Mae West
Peggy Wood
Elsie Ferguson

Katharine Cornell, starring in The Age of Innocence, of course wears long hair.

Alice Brady's bob arranged to resemble long hair.

Irving Chidnoff photo

Winifred Lenihan with unbobbed hair for Shaw's Major Barbara.

Peggy Wood wearing the conventional knot in A Play Without a Name.

Fay Bainter's hair is still short, though its luxuriance makes it appear long.

White Studio photo

Pach Bros. photo

Irene Bordoni's saucy haircut is her own and inimitable.

Beatrice Lillie, whose sleek bobbed head is in character with her clever clowning.

Florence Vandamm photo

Janet Beecher, starring in Courage, still retains the easy bob.

Pauline Lord's wavy hair in its graceful knot exactly expresses her type.

Florence Vandamm photo

Helen Menken's beautiful coiffure looks like long hair; it's bobbed.

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, Liberty Weekly, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Or, if you want Miss Bourne's 48-page Liberty Book of Youth and Beauty, full of invaluable information for those who always want to look their best, fill out the coupon and send it along with 10 cents.

LIBERTY'S Beauty Book,
247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

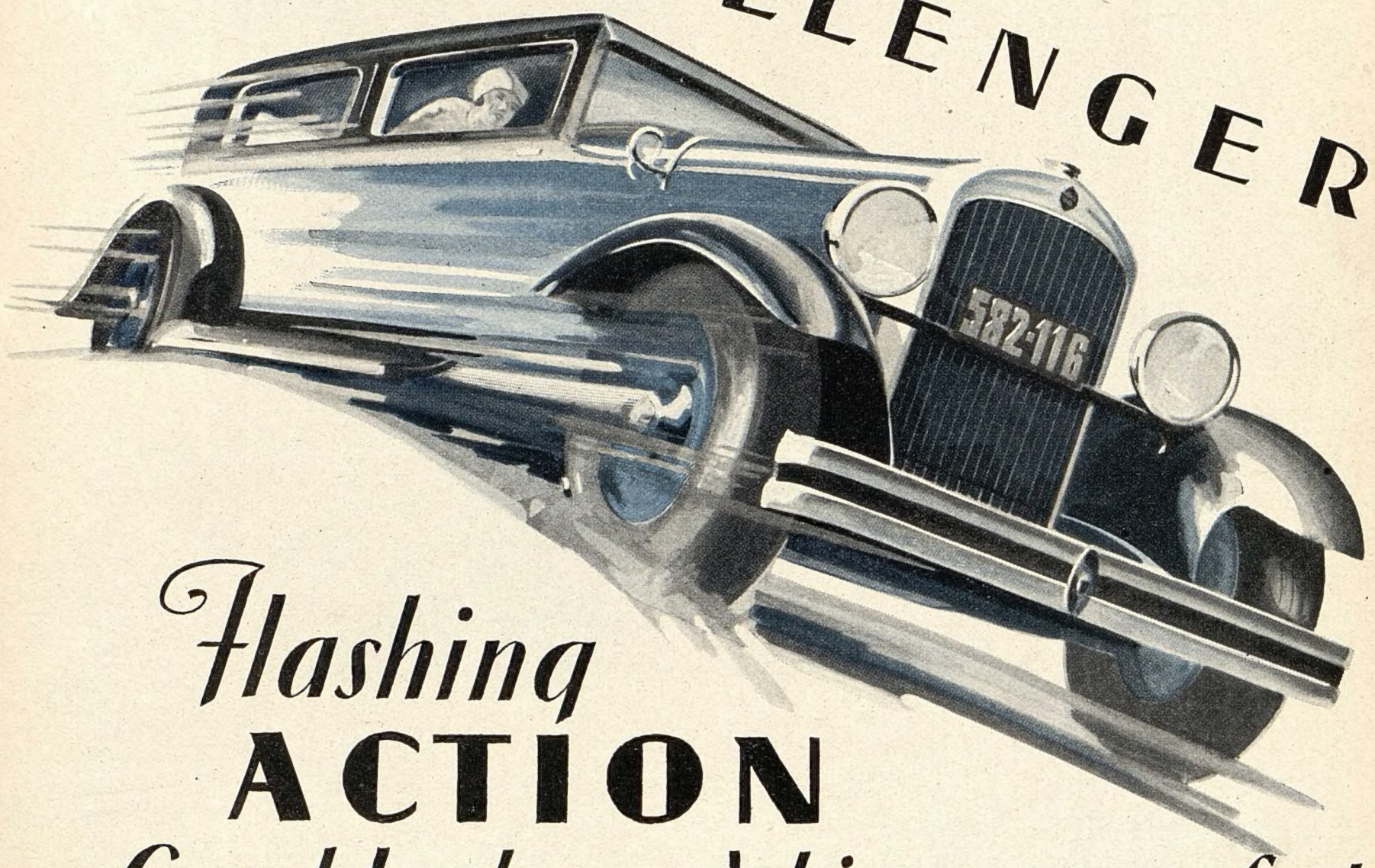
Please send me, for the inclosed 10 cents, a copy of Liberty's Book of Youth and Beauty by Eileen Bourne.

Name.....
(Please print or write plainly in ink)

Street and No.....

City.....State..... 131

ESSEX
THE CHALLENGER



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Standard Equipment includes: *4 hydraulic shock absorbers—electric gas and oil gauge—radiator shutters—saddle lamps—windshield wiper—rear view mirror—electro-lock—controls on steering wheel—starter on dash—all bright parts chromium-plated.*

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Phaeton - - -	695	Roadster - -	850
Coupe - - -	725	Convertible Coupe - - -	895
(with rumble seat)			

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and up..at factory

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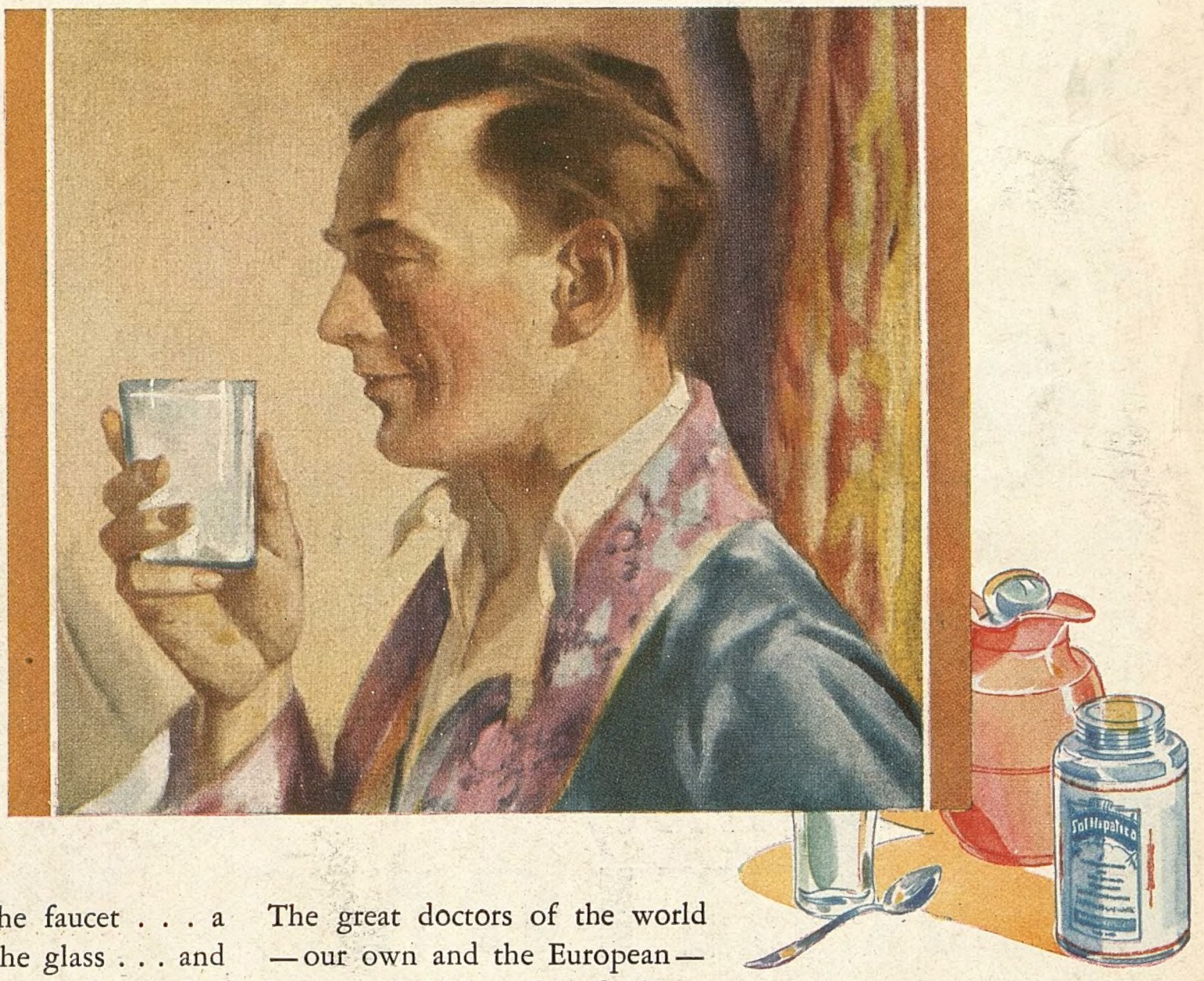

A TURN of the faucet . . . a reach for the glass . . . and into the pure fresh water, whisk a spoonful or two of Sal Hepatica.

Drink the sparkling, effervescent solution. It works promptly. It improves your whole day. It can and does affect your health and happiness.

For the saline method with Sal Hepatica not only banishes constipation promptly, but it rids the body of poisons and neutralizes acidity. It keeps you feeling "in the pink" all day long.

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The great doctors of the world—our own and the European—know well the benefits of salines, and the great "cure stations" of the Continent are thronged with visitors seeking relief by the saline method from a long list of bodily disorders, aches and pains.

Many are the ills that yield to the benefits of Sal Hepatica

The benefits brought about by these famous spas are the same benefits enjoyed by the use of Sal Hepatica. Sal Hepatica is the practical American equivalent of these Salines.

Constipation . . . self-poisoning . . . headaches . . . colds . . . rheumatism . . . digestive irregularities . . . troubles of the eliminatory organs . . . complexion disorders and many other ills that arise from faulty elimination yield to the good effects that follow the drinking of Sal Hepatica.

Ask your doctor to explain to you the great benefits of the saline method. Ask him about Sal Hepatica. Buy a bottle of it at your druggist's. And the next time you wake up feeling a little out of sorts—drink a morning glass of Sal Hepatica. It is prompt in its action . . . speedy in its results . . . You'll feel better the whole day long.

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